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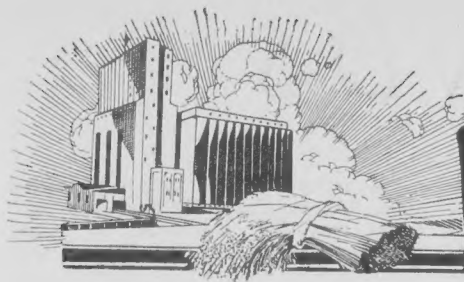
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EDITORIAL



Lloyd George

THE reception tendered to David Lloyd George by the people of Canada was a fitting tribute to his devotion, courage, and ability. His addresses were a tonic. He came, as he said, to thank Canadians for the part they played in the War, and though they are not a people who care to boast, they could not take unkindly his references to the glorious victories at Vimy Ridge and Ypres. Every one of his auditors caught something of his ardour and earnestness, and went away with greater love for the Empire, greater thankfulness to those who suffered and died, greater determination to end war and all that causes it—oppression, anarchy, and injustice.

It was no small thing for Canada to have the little War Premier pay this visit. Even though he spoke but at a few points, his messages reached the remotest section of the Dominion. They have done more to bind Canada to the Motherland than a dozen conferences of premiers.

There is only one other in recent years whose visit has had like effect, and that is the Prince. After all there is much in the personal touch. To meet and hear men like this is to love them and the Motherland forever.

The Next World Menace

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON, writing in *Foreign Affairs* predicts another European conflict, with France as the direct cause. Her desire to crush Germany, her zeal in building airships, her attitude on near-East problems, are all bringing about the inevitable struggle. To quote his words: "We are back in the times of Napoleonism. France is today in the exact position of the Corsican after Tilsit. She knows that no people will fight. She argues that she has twenty years to consolidate her physical hegemony. She thinks that by that time Germany will be broken up, driven apart into separate states, and that, when Russia returns to credit and national ambitions, she can re-form the old alliance, thus ruling over Europe for a century."

If it is asked why we should get excited about this we have to remember the words of Mr. Lloyd George in his addresses to Canadians: "The price you get for your wheat depends upon the conditions in Europe; the price you pay for manufactured goods depends upon the power of Europe to supply them." This, of course, is axiomatic, but it is only a partial answer to our query. The question of importance is this: "what can we do to avoid another world struggle?" and the answer given by Mr. Harrison is perhaps not just to our liking. Speaking of England he says: "We ought to do two things. Recall our army of occupation, at the same time denouncing our obligations under the Treaty, when we should be free to make new trade and treaty friendships. We should then, with America, summon a new conference, far from Europe, to consider the old Treaty, and re-establish Europe's broken credit mechanism. We should without delay build an immense air force—for defence."

From this it will be observed that Mr. Harrison has quite reconciled himself to the thought of another war. The thing to do is to get ready for it.

We are not disposed to take such a pessimistic view. It may be that in Europe "nobody discusses peace or the League or justice, nor believes in them." We on this side have not yet given up in despair. There seem to be two good reasons for putting forth an effort to avert further war, and the people of the world, even the most unreasonable, are yet appealed to by reason.

In the first place a war against others or among others spells our own destruction. The victor comes out of it just as badly as the conquered. If we wish to lose our possessions, comforts, life and all forms of happiness, just let us encourage another world war. We may not be in it at first, but in the end we must declare ourselves. Our lives are wrapped up in the lives of others. We cannot live to ourselves alone. If others perish, we perish with them. World peace is necessary to peace at home. This is the first and perhaps the most selfish reason for averting a struggle such as Mr. Harrison pictures.

The second reason is more telling. No man finds himself by limiting his sympathies to a small area or a small group. For two thousand years Europe has been cursed by excessive nationalism. That was the trouble in Germany. It is today the trouble in America. It is perhaps the trouble with some citizens of the British Empire. The world can never be right until each man has in his heart something of world-sympathy. The circle of a man's interests

should not be confined to himself, or his family, or his class, or his nation, even though he is loyal to all of these in turn. He should feel his kinship with all men and sympathize with all their trials and aspirations. This is a matter of education; perhaps one should say of evangelism. So long as men are narrow and brutal they will engage in war. As they become broadly sympathetic and Christian they will let love take the place of hate. And in the long run the nation that will live is the nation that seeks its greatness not in seizing from others, but in helping others. The one thing the British Empire has to be proud of is not her wealth, nor her territorial possessions, but her history, which is nothing but a struggle for freedom, not only for her own children, but for all peoples everywhere.

So while nations may prepare themselves for war, and while we ourselves may again have to give ourselves in war, there is something better than all this. We can through education learn the art of "finding ourselves through losing ourselves in the greater service," and by patient training can prepare ourselves for the leadership we must assume from this day onward. It is totally unbecoming for any great nation to find its highest satisfaction in destroying others. Greatness comes from building up one's own character rather than from ruining the happiness of others. The highest office of Canada, even though she is suffering somewhat with other nations, is to continue to promote peace and goodwill. Though all nations were shot through with selfishness, she would find the higher life only in service to humanity. And this of course does not stand in the way of healthy nationalism, nor does it shut us out of necessary defensive warfare, but it gives us a worthy mission to perform in the world. And we shall perform it.

Permanent greatness can only be obtained in this way, for there is nothing really great in ministering to self-interest.

Labor's Test

IN an interview, the assistant general manager of the Canadian Pacific says that if the maintenance-of-way men get the advance they are asking it will mean higher rates, and that means of course another burden on the public. It may be that in comparison with others the maintenance-of-way men are getting too little, but the question is in order—are labor men as a class getting more than they are entitled to? It is no longer capital, but labor, that is on trial. It is not the hired man, but the farmer who has a hard time. It is not the clerk, but the store-keeper, who is in distress. It is not the factory-hand but the owner of the factory who fears the sheriff. It may be that a few capitalists are guilty, under protection of law, of theft, extortion and selfish indulgence, but is it not true, that by arrangement or otherwise thousands of workmen are earning very much less than they are receiving? When a man sizes up what he has done in a day and places it over against what he has received in necessities and luxuries, he often has to wonder how he has managed to get so much for so little. As a matter of fact it is a marvel how a people producing or doing so little can afford such luxuries as they are permitted to enjoy. The chief trouble in Canada is that people do not give an equivalent in work for the money they receive. And this is quite as true of laborers as of men entrusted with management of capital. Under present conditions, outside of a few well-known individuals, the man called "capitalist" is a myth—but there is no myth when we speak of the poor working girl, the starving shop-keeper, the idle book-keeper, the bankrupt farmer. When a plumber's or a carpenter's wages is set up against a farmer's produce, the comparison is such as to make one ask, not "isn't labor getting far too little?" but "isn't it time some labor, at least, was earning a fraction of what it receives?" There is another side to all this. What of the thousands who do not get a chance to labor at all? The million and more in England and the thousands here and elsewhere show that there are more factors to be considered in arriving at a solution than capital and labor. Behind local conditions is the world condition, and the evil in world conditions may be traced to excessive nationalism. And this in its turn is but class feeling on a large scale. The remedy? Only one—education of the heart, which, after all, is the only education that really counts. The one rule that underlies right living, in families, communities, nations and the world is this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Empire

THERE lived once upon a time a lovely old couple whom everybody respected because of their many sterling qualities. They had a family of promising children who, as they advanced in years, formed attachments and settled down in homes of their own. Still they all looked back fondly to the old home, and there was many a reunion and many an exchange of gifts. The parents continued to talk about their children, and even though they were far distant, sometimes undertook to direct them in their affairs, while the children talked about their father and mother and often were thankful for their advice and counsel.

Now in the course of time neighbors of the old couple began to envy them and to plot against them, and finally ended in open combat. When the children heard of it they immediately volunteered assistance, and a quarrel arose that grew from worse to worse. From all directions they came, bringing such help as they could command, and at last they conquered the enemy and returned to their own homes.

It was not long before fresh trouble arose between the parents and other neighbors, and it was just here that complications arose. The boys had married daughters of some of these neighbors, and though they wanted to help their father and mother their wives were not so willing. Further than that, most of the boys had troubles of their own, and they began to feel that they should not be called upon to settle their parents' disputes when they were not consulted in the making of the quarrels. Some of them began to say: "Your fight is not our fight unless we voluntarily agree to it, and for family reasons we do not always wish to quarrel with your neighbors." Others said: "No matter what your fight is, we shall back you. We cannot rest, so long as you are in trouble. If our wives don't like it, they'll have to like it; if our own worries vex us, they will have to wait."

The upshot was that a big family gathering was called, and it was agreed that each family should be free to manage its own affairs, but that none should be bound to assist the others, not even the old folks, unless there was an understanding in advance. Towards that end there should be regular conferences at which the affairs of all the families should be discussed. Particularly should there be a free discussion of all the troubles of the old people, surrounded as they were with quarrelsome neighbors. Then there should be a careful enquiry as to how each family could by its produce and manufacture enrich the others. One discerning member said: "We used to be a family of parents and children, but now we are a family of families. We like to visit each other, and maybe some day the old people may come to live with one of us. Who knows? But we'll all stick together for old times' sake, and because we need one another so much and love one another so much. The bond will not be coercion, but affection." And they clasped hands across the table and sang the Song of the Seven Seas.

The Ku-Klux-Klan

IF one did not know the American people, he might take some of them for a lot of ungovernable school boys, with strong passions, unbounded self-assurance, tendency to run in gangs, and fondness for the spectacular. Late happenings in Oklahoma give outsiders the impression that in matters of government school boys would do better than some of their fathers. They would at least stand by the laws they had made; would respect constituted authority, and would in their wildest pranks stop short of cruelty and crime. It is all very well for men in fun to dress themselves in masks and to indulge in harmless horse-play, but when respectable citizens join with the riff-raff in serious organization, with the intention of supplanting courts and the prisons, it does not speak well for the country. Most countries would take it much to heart if they were defeated in war, but it is much more inglorious to lose out through lawlessness at home. And failure to administer law fairly is quite as great a crime as failure on the part of citizens to respect the law. Whether the governor was right or wrong we do not know, but a secret society for usurping authority is always wrong. The Ku-Klux-Klan is an organization that, as such, has nothing in its favor. We know nothing about the Governor of the State.

BLACK DIAMONDS

By Hugh A. Mason

THE towering mine tipples dwarfed to insignificance beside the river banks which rose tier on tier to the skyline. The roar of the coal chutes, the crash of freight trains, and the clatter of a thousand tongues in the ill-kept streets, caused the valley to ring with distorted echoes.

"Clang," "Clang," "Clang," echoed the bell in the hoist room. It was the signal for a change of shift. For eight hours the cages had raced up and down the three hundred foot shaft, carrying the cars of glistening coal to the shakers up in the tippie. "Clang!" A load of miners rose to the surface and were flung blinking into the strong sunlight, while the fresh men groped and stumbled as they descended, their tiny lamps striving vainly to quell the Stygian blackness.

From her office window Ada Turner thoughtfully regarded the scene in the mine yard. The grimy, sweat-streaked toilers revived her dwindling courage. She must have advice. Her father was dead. She wondered what he would have done. Whom could she consult? The directors had censured her father for the last improvements he had made. She would speak to Haywood, the fireboss. He had proven trustworthy.

As if in answer to her thoughts, the door behind her opened abruptly, admitting him.

"Mr. Haywood," she said, "I'd like to consult you about the stand the bank has taken over my indebtedness."

"Certainly, Miss Turner; what is the trouble?"

"Six months before my father's death, he borrowed enough money from the Mutual Bank to buy the Carswell stock and take out the new lease on the Willow Creek. Mr. Richmond, the manager, promised as long a term as was needed to repay it, and took the mine stock as security. Today he phoned me to go over and see him about it."

"And what did he say?"

"At last he has given me an answer, an ultimatum. I must pay the note in two months or he will foreclose and sell me out."

"How much do you owe them?"

He whistled as she stated the amount. "And he gave you no other alternative?"

"Yes, but the terms are impossible. If I accept his hand, all pressure will be relieved."

"How natural. Faint heart never won a fair lady. Could you not try the man higher up?"

"The Western superintendent is Richmond's uncle."

"Have you no other assets?"

"Yes, I have a small legacy from my mother."

"Would you care to risk it?"

"I'd spend my last cent to save Dad's mine. It represents his life's work," was the answer.

Haywood's rugged features contracted thoughtfully as he looked out into the yard. "Your only chance as I see it is in electrically driven machinery," he said at length. "With a few more men we could treble our output. It would also raise the grade of coal."

"How long would it take to install this machinery?" Ada asked.

"Six weeks hard work."

"But the note is due in eight weeks' time," she said anxiously.

"You'll have to risk that too."

"OF all the conceited upstarts," roared Wm. Hogg, director and second largest shareholder of the Black Diamond Collieries. "I'll put a spoke in that college bird's wheel, before he puts the whole works on the road. Young lady, what does this mean?" he demanded of Ada who smilingly regarded him from the office door.

"Why, Mr. Hogg, it means that you are part owner of a modern mine, equipped at my expense, and that we shall be shipping a superior grade of coal, and thus have a steadier market."

"But who gave you permission to make this change? Who's your pit boss since your father died? And who's

going to bear the expense when you fail?" he asked, ominously.

"Being the principal shareholder, I gave myself permission, and, since Mr. Haywood is a graduated engineer in mining, the law permits him to hold any position in the mine, and lastly, we aren't going to fail, so there will be no extra expense," she answered, confidently.

"We'll see about it, and don't forget I warned you," he said as he drove noisily away in his battered runabout.

The succeeding days passed like years as Ada watched the installation of the machinery.

"But, Mr. Haywood, do you realize that the bank will strike in exactly ten days?" she said to him when, at last, everything was ready.

"I surely do, Miss Turner, and the bank will have our answer in five or six days. And our output will be trebled."

"All set, boys?" Haywood asked the day shift a few mornings later.

"All ready," came the answer.

"I have a few words to say to you before you go down... Miss Turner, here, has risked everything in this new venture, and, unless we make a record

"Mr. Richmond, for now and all time, my answer is 'no.'"



today, she passes out. Remember, Honest John, her father was a friend to you all... if we reach our objective, every man in the pit will get two hours overtime."

"Heddyaway hinney," roared a brawny Newcastle man, "Let's till her," and with one hand he hoisted the ponderous shaft door in its grooves.

Up and down, down and up, glided the new double deck cages, dumping their glistening cargoes on to the screens above. By noon eight hundred tons were in the box cars waiting for the switch engine.

"It won't do," said Haywood to Ada as they watched the drivers come in with their trips. "It will have to come faster," then to the assembled drivers, "Tell every man in your districts that we're losing time, and we shall lose a big contract if we don't make that record. You will get three hour's overtime instead of two."

The announcement had an electrical effect. In an hour's time the long trips rolled into the shaftbottom like clockwork. Horses that had before hauled five or six cars were now bringing eight and ten. Districts that had previously turned out two trips an hour now sent five and six. The check wires were filled again and again to overflowing. The haulage ways resounded with the yells and curses of the frantic drivers urging on their reeking ponies.

Haywood and Ada sped from section to section, urging the men to top speed.

They stopped now by a half naked loader, "Roll 'em in, the bigger and heavier the better," and again by a big ironclad as it was undermining across an eighteen foot room, "Don't forget your overtime," he said again. His answer was a grin from the dust caked machine man, and a rise in the speed of the picks.

On every side echoed the boom of the blasting shots and the rattle of falling coal. Airways and entries reeked with the acrid odor of powder smoke. Up on top the hoistroom was taxed to its capacity; the ventilating fans were thrown wide open, and the switch engine backed in a new train of empty cars. Silently and snakily the big cables raced, while the air was rent by the hum of the dynamo, the shriek of the exhaust, and the rattle of the coal screens.

Every nerve seemed stretched to the breaking point, when suddenly the four o'clock whistle sounded, and the shift was over. Every tool throughout the

"Oh, come now," he said in his oiliest tone, "Ahem, I'm quite sure you can't resist me; I'm accustomed to having my own way, you know. Why, I have the future of hundreds of people in my hands. There are scores of prominent men in this district I can break at will."

"Heaven help them," she retorted sarcastically.

"Is there someone else?" he asked, his piggish eyes gleaming jealously.

"I'm not discussing my affairs with you," she answered.

"Maybe this Haywood is the dark horse," he insinuated.

"Mr. Richmond, if you do not leave at once, I shall have you ejected."

He arose, and carefully buttoned his coat. "I'll go, but, believe me, you will regret the stand you have taken," and he gave her a threatening look.

She watched his puffy face as he picked his way gingerly out of the yard.

"I wonder how far that man would dare go," she considered speculatively.

"OUR output has dropped nearly half since Tuesday," Haywood told her a few days later.

A Slav driver was passing the office. "What's the matter Steve? No coal coming out any more?"

"Work too hard, bimeby no chob al-ready," he answered evasively.

"Who told you that?"

The driver peered furtively over his shoulder before replying, "Mike Karchuk, de Red boss."

"And who told him?"

"Yah, no-um, nixferstay," and he tapped his head vacantly.

"Maybe you could find out," and Haywood thrust a greenback into his hand. "Boss, I'm tell you noddings, but I no go me near the power plant to-night."

"Thanks, Steve."

That night Ada paced the floor of her home anxiously as she thought of the Slav's warning. A thousand conjectures raced through her mind, each to be in turn cast aside as improbable. She decided to repair to the mine at once.

At that moment the telephone rang jarringly, "Hello, yes," came Haywood's excited voice. "We've captured two of them planting dynamite outside the generator room. They've promised to turn king's evidence," and he rang off abruptly.

"MR. Haywood, Richmond has kept his word this time," Ada said a few days later as Jim Haywood entered the office. "This is the sheriff with a writ of foreclosure. What shall I do?"

"Accept it, of course," answered Jim, kindly. "You can't do otherwise."

"I'm ruined," she said ruefully as the sheriff left the office.

"On the strength of what we have accomplished, we can call up the court and institute a stay of proceedings. I've had it ready for several days. Judge Mayes will grant an injunction for sixty days and that will be sufficient."

"I have to go home to Winnipeg," Jim announced one morning a month later, "Important business of my own and perhaps I can rustle up a little trade for the mine. We're getting caught up on our orders."

"Will you be long gone? You know the bank will start proceedings in four weeks' time and the directors' annual meeting is on the same day."

"I can't tell how long; two or three weeks or perhaps that many days."

EVERYTHING was running smoothly. The daily output was up to average, the machinery in good repair, men satisfied, yet Ada felt like Hercules when he was deserted by the old man of the sea. The shareholders had been all through the mine, representatives of the bank had looked things over and had gone away shaking their heads. There was only a small amount of cash on hand to meet the avalanche of debt, and Haywood was not back. This was one time when he was needed, as never before.

Continued on page 70

WHEN Mr. Lionel comes in send him at once to my study."

The words were spoken peremptorily by an elderly gentleman with a sharp, deeply-lined face, and narrow slit eyes. Morgan, the butler, knew from his master's tone that Mr. Lionel Trollope had in some way violated the paternal authority. With a sedate "Yes, sir," Morgan retreated, feeling a sense of benign pity for the breezy, blue-eyed youth—the only son of a book-worm and recluse.

"Wonder what Mr. Lionel has been up to now," Morgan remarked to his fellow-servants. "The master looks black as thunder this afternoon. I don't see he can expect a young gentleman to be always at home—when the place is as dull as ditchwater. But there! master might as well be at the North Pole for all the company he sees. Folks don't want to call to be growled and grumbled at. The fact is there are only two thoughts in his head—books and roses. If he's indoors, then it's them fusty, musty volumes; if he's out in the garden—all he thinks of is killing grubs and snorting over gloire de Dijons!"

With this scathing assertion Morgan waived the subject and collapsed into reverie.

Meanwhile the bookworm gazed unseeingly upon the open page before him. His brain was busy with wrath, he forgot the soft memories of youth, the clinging hand long mouldered into dust of a sweet-voiced wife who used to say: "Don't be hard on little Lionel."

And now "little Lionel" was a full-grown man—popular with everyone, through the effervescence of his sunny nature.

A glance round Mr. Trollope's study, the largest and most luxurious room in the house, showed him to be a man of taste and a collector. Besides his books, the Gobelin tapestry, the statue in bronze of St. Simon, and the model of the ship in which William Prince of Orange came to England, claimed attention. For these things were more to him than people of flesh and blood, inhabiting the outside world of Wolverditton, from which he withheld the patronage of his attention. Not entirely self-absorbed, he would on occasions assist the deserving poor if the vicar of the parish brought the case under his notice in a diplomatic and convincing manner.

Now he was thinking of his son, the lad from whom he expected great things, and even as he pondered the door opened unceremoniously. A tall young man with curly fair hair, and moustache of a deeper shade, stood before him.

"Oh! so you've come at last?" muttered the bookworm, closing the heavy volume on his desk and tapping its cover with nervous, irritable fingers.

"Yes, I did not know you wanted me till Morgan gave me your message," replied Lionel, "or I should have been in sooner."

Mr. Trollope made a sound like a growl.

"Hum!" he said, "you think because I don't go out and about in the world, that I sit at home hearing and seeing nothing. Allow me to tell you, sir, that in this you are mistaken. I do see—and I do hear—I am neither deaf nor blind—and rumor carries fast, evil rumor especially. Now explain if you can why you violate my expressed wishes and make for yourself associates of low-born actresses—women of the stage?"

"Really, I don't understand you," exclaimed Lionel, nevertheless flushing slightly.

"Well, put it in the singular," Mr. Trollope continued, relentlessly. "Can you deny that yesterday afternoon you were seen escorting a certain Miss Archville from the theatre at which she is playing, after the Wednesday matinee?"

"No,—I do not deny it."

"There, you see I was right, and I repeat again—a low-born actress, a penniless—"

Lionel rose to his feet, an angry gleam in the blue eyes usually so smiling.

"She is not low-born—nor penniless, for the matter of that," he burst out, hotly, "and I must beg you will not

THE FAIRY WITH A BEARD

By W. R. Gilbert

use these insulting terms to a lady who is a friend of mine."

"Oh! I know the sort of friends!" sneered Mr. Trollope, with bitter emphasis. "I'm not such a hermit, but I remember the way of the world. When young men make friends with such women—they generally end—"

"Father," broke in Lionel, "take care what you are saying! Don't you see you are talking in the dark? When you hear all the circumstances you will be sorry for your hasty judgment. Miss Archville is—"

"I don't want to know anything about her, I refuse to listen," thundered Mr. Trollope, glaring at the offender through

mind the woman's stolid expression would have dispelled all hope of a possible romance. But young hearts never despair, and Joan's anticipation rose as she made her request. Maria's mind was a blank; her stolid brain could weave no fairy fantasy to satisfy the craving of a child's desire. In order to turn the train of Joan's thoughts she paused by an iron gate, and pointed through the bars. "Look at the pretty flowers," she said.

Joan peered into the garden with her nose against the gate rails. A long line of rose trees in full bloom arrested her attention.

"White, pink, red, yellow", — she



She came right up to him—just feeling him with the tips of her fingers as if to make sure he was real.

counted the colors on her fingers. "Perhaps there is a fairy in that garden—a rose fairy, like the one in the pantomime last winter."

Maria considered a minute. She knew the house and its master well. Then she nodded her head and answered mysteriously: "Yes, you are right, Miss Joan: a fairy lives in there, just as kind a fairy as ever you could hope to meet, and if you are a good girl, I'll tell you all about it."

With this alluring prospect in view, Joan consented to walk demurely by Maria's side.

"It was the winter when mother fell ill, before I went out to service," she explained. "Father was not strong enough to work, and we hadn't any money. Suddenly one day, when things were just at their worst, help came. It appears the vicar found a good fairy in that very house, with plenty of money to spare, and the fairy sent the money to us just at Christmas time, with a bunch of roses for mother. In fairy gardens the roses never die."

This strange intelligence made a deeper impression on Joan than Maria could have guessed. A bewildering thrill passed through the silk-frocked frame, while the brown eyes grew big with wonder—and sudden hope.

"You—you were very unhappy," the child gasped, "and the fairy put everything right?"

Joan's fingers tightened with excitement over Maria's hand. The latter nodded in reply to the eager question.

"Everything," she said. "Mother got well, and father went away for a sea trip—he was able to work when he came home."

"What was the fairy like?" asked Joan, eagerly, her mind full of magic wands, spangles, and white wings.

"He was a funny-looking fairy," laughed Maria, "a fairy with a grey beard."

Joan paled from disappointment. "Oh!" she exclaimed, and her jaw dropped.

"But they are the best kind of fairies; they can do the most for you," Maria declared. Her tone was singularly convincing.

For a long while Joan walked in silence, busy with her own thoughts. When Maria turned to go back, a breathless wonder seized the child, as step by step they drew nearer to the rose garden.

"You will let me look just once again," she pleaded, when the iron gates came in sight. She had grown accustomed to the thought of a fairy with a grey beard, the first paralyzing effect having worn off after reflection. Maria smiled at the keen interest displayed, lingering a moment, while Joan feasted her eyes upon the magic garden where this strange freak of a fairy lived.

The moment Joan got home she crept softly to her sister's room and pushed the door open.

"It's only me, Patricia."

A tall girl, gowned in white, stood before a mirror, brushing a cloud of golden hair, which positively gleamed in the morning sunshine.

"Oh! are you getting up?" from the small questioner. "Is your headache better?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you're not crying now?"

"No," with a faint smile.

"I'm so glad," cooed Joan, as she nestled against the soft folds of Patricia's gown, "because it is going to come all right, and you need not be unhappy any more."

Patricia's eyes flashed with sudden light as she turned them eagerly upon Joan's flushed face. The brush fell from her hand.

"What do you mean? How do you know? You can't have heard."

"I—I mean," stammered Joan, "I am going to ask a good fairy; it's a wonderful secret of mine!"

Patricia stifled a sigh of disappointment—a sigh that was almost a groan.

"Oh, I see," she said. The glimmer of tears hung trembling under her long lashes.

SINCE the previous day when Lionel left his father's study with set lips and a dangerous glint in his blue eyes, the two men had not spoken. Mr. Trollope nursed his resentment in sulky silence—a settled cloud on his wrinkled brow.

"If he dare!" the old man muttered to himself, as he sat alone in his sanctum; "if he dare flout me!"

The window leading to the garden stood open, to admit a cool breeze, and the roses peeped in their faces warm from contact with the sun. Involuntarily, Mr. Trollope turned his eyes towards the garden, as if compelled. Was it that his ear caught the sound of a light footfall on the gravel or had he seen a tiny shadow mingling with the sunshine, as it played upon the curtains? Anyhow, he kept his gaze riveted upon the open window, as if expecting something.

A lovely child, dressed in the pink of the rose petals, strayed to the threshold, with hesitating steps. Hatless, she stood, her hair loosely framing her eager face from which a pair of bright eyes, twinkling like stars, looked straight across at Mr. Trollope, sitting in his big arm-chair.

He was too astonished to speak as the bold intruder advanced, walking bravely enough now towards the amazed old man. She came right up to him, laying one hand on the arm of the chair, and just feeling him with the tips of her disengaged fingers, as if to make sure he was real. Having satisfied herself on this point, she smiled up at him confidentially. He smiled back, somewhat grimly, it is true, but still he smiled.

"Are you a fairy?" she asked, in one of those big, childish whispers which travel round a room resonantly.

Mr. Trollope gave a start of surprise: he drew his eye-brows together, and coughed nervously.

"A fairy, my little girl! Whatever makes you think that?"

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ONLY one passenger alighted from the suburban trolley car where the line ended on the brow of the low hill overlooking the sea; Jack Squeers, a man thick set and short. For a moment after alighting he stood holding in his right hand the folds of the tied top of a bran sack, the bottom half of which was faintly agitated by tiny moving forms, the shapes indistinct against the coarse cloth of the sack. Then lifting the bag, and bringing his left hand to aid, he swung it over his shoulder, the weight of the moving load resting against the small of his back, and, leaving the track, walked rapidly down the rough road sloping sharply to the beach where the water of the calm Pacific broke with long washing swells, their toning a kin sound to the wind through full-leaved trees.

It was growing dusk, the melancholy crepuscular light of September's last day. Reaching the sandy beach Squeers went on until he had put a hundred feet between himself and the only dwelling near, a small, square frame shack, standing back some ten yards from the water edge in a clump of fir and cedar. The quiet sea stretched away like a faintly agitated mirror of leaded glass, an expanse vaguely mournful under the growing night and the low, scudding clouds retreating after hours of evacuating rain. The tide was coming in; was within half an hour of fullness. Standing with his feet almost touching the gently lapping water, Squeers swung the bag back and forward until, sufficient momentum gained for his purpose, he gave a quick, heaving throw, sending the weighted cloth a distance of fully twenty five feet out to where the water now with the rising tide had reached the depth of a fathom.

A moment the sack floated fiercely agitated, while agonized whimperings burst from its depths. Then it sank. The man did not wait to see its immersion, but turning quickly away walked rapidly toward the road by which he had come, quite unmoved by the hearing of the second-long shrillings emitted by the bag-encompassed beasts, cries impelled by terror of awful death instinctively recognized. Squeers' thoughts were not of the deed, but occupied in bemoaning his hard luck which had made this action necessary. Squeers raised dogs, specialized in airedale terriers. Four months previously through an unfortunate accident his prize female, Raratonga Queen, had mated with a mongrel, causing the destruction now of her puppies, marred with the mongrel strain.

As he walked up the road Squeers' soul was bitter with that sordid bitterness of a purely commercial soul mourning monetary loss. He had hoped for a litter of prize winning strain that would have brought many dollars. Instead had gotten a mongrel batch which he had the moment before thrown into the sea. Squeers was an anomaly rare among dog breeders: a man without love for the beasts he dealt in, a creature harsh, cold and unsympathetic, and miserably grasping. Even in this disposal of the litter, the intensely small money meanness of his nature had asserted, causing him to choose drowning in preference to ether, so merciful, but more expensive than the five cent car fare it had required to bring him to the sea; for Squeers, now unburdened of his load, decided to walk home, the half mile of distance he had previously ridden, thus accomplishing the saving of the five cents return fare. As he went, his lamentation on his loss gave way before another surge of feeling. He fell to silent recrimination of himself. "Now why couldn't I have knocked those pups on the head, and saved time and car fare and this walk?" he queried of his wizened soul, marvelling at his own strangeness. Squeers could get no answer of himself; no explanation. Mean and penny calculating to a degree unbelievable to the ordinary person, without sentiment or sympathy though he was, Squeers could not kill directly; and now that this weakness had caused the expenditure of even so small a sum as five cents, it left him angry as he thought of the walk before him necessary to bring him back to his kennels on the edge of this Canadian seaport city of Vancouver.

Squeers was too wise a dog breeder not to leave a litter of puppies with the mother until the first great flow of milk had regulated and slightly lessened, thus now making it safe to dry Raratonga Queen up by natural means. So the five puppies he had just thrown into the sea were four weeks old.

The GREAT FEAR

The Story of an Airedale

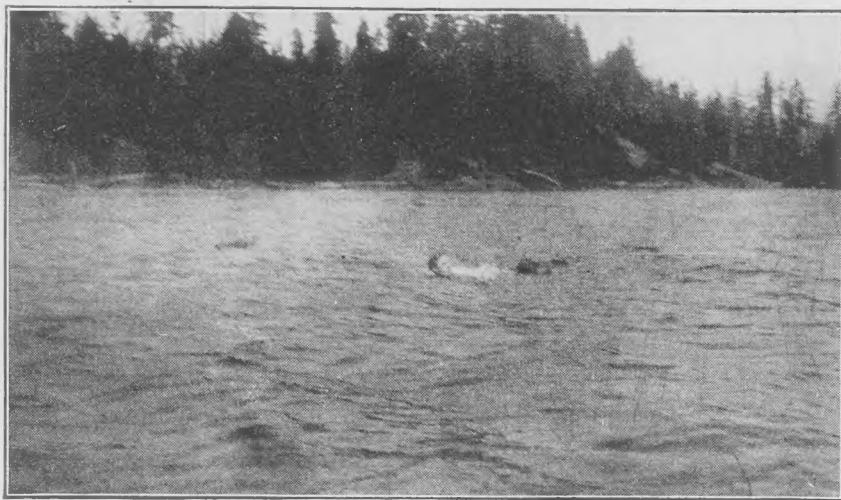
By Francis Dickie

As the chill waters of the September Pacific closed over their chubby shapes and their once voiced cries born of an awful terror died to a gurgling silence, each little form became a chemic mechanism reacting with efforts magnificent, desperate strugglings of the cosmic urge, the frantic will-to-life. Clawing, clawing, tearing at their prison they scrambled, a mad mass of tumbling fur in the black, airless, strangelingly-encompassing space. Perhaps five seconds of ghastly choking time they battled there for existence. Their bodies—till the moment of striking the water closely huddled together in the bottom of the sack—were forced apart by their strenuous strivings. The will-to-life of five healthy entities pressed against every portion of the sack till one pup reached the very neck of it where was the holding cord, a piece of cheap cotton string, looped once and drawn tight, but not knotted by Squeers. This puppy's paws, by good luck guided, pressed against the gate of his cloth prison. The looped cord without gave under the pressure. The bag top opened. The paws of the deliverer pushed the bag fold behind and the upward carrying force of the water made it free. Up, up it went, swiftly up the fathom length of distance it had sunk in the preceeding seconds, and, choking, strangled, near to death, came

the puppy's body was righted by the working together of the natural laws of gravitation and equilibrium of such forms in water; and it swam on an even keel, moving across the surface of the sea, moving—Ah, the wonder of it!—directly for the shore. No knowledge gained of experience had it by which to understand that that bulking line, seemingly dim in the distance and immensely far to its young eyes, spelled footing sound, and life which it so dearly clung to.

Across the long sand flats, that here ran for over a mile out into the sea, and to end on the "Spanish Banks" sheering suddenly to ten fathoms depth, the incoming tide flowed with current strong, and with a second shorefollowing current generally running westward; that is almost at right angles to the main current of the shoreward moving tide. At the moment Squeers had heaved the sack into the water, the tide was still half an hour from fullness. It was a "high" September tide, reaching the 13.2 foot mark, and surged quickly shoreward.

On the puppy swam, ever instinctively shorewards, but growing weaker with each forward taken stroke. But the mighty rush of the water of the incoming tide, majestically sweeping across the far-floored Pacific, proved an assisting other to this atom struggling so blindly



Boy swam to his master

to the surface, sole survivor of the litter. Its water-filled nostrils burred with a blubbling, gasping sound; then cleared, and air, reviving, and natural element, once more filled the passages, rushed through and on to lungs a little water touched, but still strong to save with oxygen's forthcoming guaranteed.

A moment coughing, spluttering chokingly, the puppy was before its breath again came even. All the while the four limbs moved with action instinctively mechanical. Yet, though swimming is an accomplishment natural to all animals, puppies, at least, are not masters of it in the first moments of immersion. So now this lucky sole survivor, freed from the sack, threw its forepaws far too high, so that they were thrust above the surface in rapid and frantic succession, a quickly exhausting effort fruitless of forward movement. Splashing, plunging thus in this unknown element, the puppy continued for the length of perhaps a full half second, its head and shoulders high out of the water, its body in a position almost vertical, while all the time it uttered whines, querulous and frightened, as breath-wasting and as wearying as its attempts at swimming. But its cries were too weak to reach across the water, and to the land where Squeers now trod. And Squeers never looked back, so was robbed of the unbelievable sight he might have seen.

BUT in the very shaping of the canine body, nature has created a swimming form of medium excellence, not quite so perfect as the seal, but much more serviceable than that of a pig, the legs of which are so short the hoofs sometimes cut its throat when moving through the water. Thus, after perhaps half a minute's plunging,

there on its bosom. And never was water calmer. Hardly a ripple stirred the sea. The shore drew nearer. But even with the aid of the uncaring though momentarily kindly ocean, the puppy, when still half a dozen feet from shore, came to the end of its infant strength. A panic of understanding, that bleak despair of utter exhaustion, came even to its intellect, as yet so embryonic; and one long wail was forced from its fear seared, withering canine mind, a keening of dreadful horror, a shrill protest and lamentation against departing this life of which it had known so little.

The body went under, rose again. Once more the puppy voiced its terror, a cry lower, a whine which the water cut off as it sank again. The art of floating to bring rest and vigor was not within the animal's ken, just as it was beyond the ken of all but few people when water with death-clutch has hold upon them. The little body was exhausted, done; life flickered close on the border of extinction. Still the puny limbs, so weak even at the outset of the struggle, moved mechanically, a feeble impulsion that now helped on its own drowning.

A third time it came to the surface, and one last wail, muffled, spluttering, went out across the sea and to the so near shore.

COMING home along the beach to his cabin just a few feet away, standing back among the fir and cedars, Charley Gordon heard the cry, turned his eyes to the water, then ran across the intervening half dozen yards of beach, waded out thigh deep into the water and snatched the puppy up.

Charley Gordon and his wife lived in the tiny cabin by the sea. He wrote

stories for a living. The coming of the pup appealed to his artistic side as well as his fondness for animals. To the pup he gave the name Boy. It grew rapidly, developing into a magnificent specimen of the airedale terrier breed, with never a sign of the mongrel strain that was his. Dark blue-black of hair was he from the back of his eyes to his tail, and black on the outer sides of his legs, and on the flanks well down towards the belly; brown was his muzzle, his chest and the inner side of his legs, with just one round spot of white on the breast, squarely between the legs. His rump was brown, with two little scallops as distinctive as the single patch on an antelope or a rabbit. His eyes were brown, brave and kindly, so typical of his breed.

Every day, winter or summer, Gordon bathed in the sea. When Boy was nine months old, Gordon, one warm June day, decided it was time Boy learned to swim. Arrayed in his bathing suit he entered the water to his hips. Always Boy had accompanied him to the water's edge, but always had stopped there, sitting down on his haunches and watching anxiously till his master emerged from the water.

Today, when in the water to his hips, Gordon turned and called. But Boy with one foot poised stood just at the water's edge. Something queer within him stirred, a part of his self unknown. Again Gordon called; but Boy stood there frozen, unable to go on. Once more the man called, his voice growing more insistently commanding. The dog wagged his tail, whining the while he knew not why. A little disappointed at this disobedience, Gordon walked to the water's edge and laid a petting hand upon the animal's head, then backing slowly called coaxingly. Boy strove to follow; put one foot in the water, but was halted there by an unknown something within he did not understand. He shivered all over with sudden apprehension, a vague dread of this swaying liquid surface before him.

For five minutes Gordon strove by kind inducement and stern command to make Boy do his bidding, and with all his might the dog strove to answer, yet could not. Stronger than himself, stronger than his obedience and love, and loyalty to the man, was a cringing resulting from the far distant day when he had been tossed in the bran sack into this same sea. Upon him was a ghastly, shrivelling fear, robbing him of power to move beyond that line where shore and water met.

Gordon, at last angered by the dog's refusal, came to shore, caught the nearly full grown pup in his arms, and with the forty pounds of weight squirming in his arms went splashing out until the water reached his middle, then dropped the dog into the sea. Straight for shore Boy went, swimming frantically, his paws at first rising high out of the water.

Every day for a week Gordon repeated this procedure, thinking by it to accustom Boy to the water. And each day, loyal for all his shrinking, the dog followed faithfully to the water's edge; each day strove unsuccessfully to answer his master's command to enter the water; each day in terror let Gordon pick him up to carry him out into the sea; and each day with heart so fast beating it nearly made him cease to breathe, Boy swam with terror-driven speed to shore, there to sit and wait his master's coming. At the end of the week Gordon gave it up. He was puzzled and annoyed, could arrive at no explanation. Airedales as a rule he knew were not averse to water.

Yet, though refusing to enter the water, Boy always followed his master to the water's edge. Every day while the man swam he sat on his haunches on the sand just above the water's edge, his one paw slightly upraised, his ears alert, his eyes following every motion of the swimmer, in the brown orbs a wistfully anxious light, the haunting fear of an understood dread, instinct in him, while his whole body trembled with a peculiar ague. Always the fearful light died from his eyes and the trembling ceased as Gordon stepped ashore. A great gladness filled him. Leaping about the man and barking joyously he would lead the way to the house just a few yards removed from high tide mark.

Along West Point Grey beach the tide runs in fast and strong across the mile and a quarter of flats that reach a high sandy stretch from the shore to the

Continued on page 14

THE TRIBULATIONS OF

MR. Bellamy walked out to the kitchen where his wife was preparing the dinner.

"I think—uh—I think, Alicia, that I am in for a siege. I have a sharp pain here,"—he thumped a spot on the right side of his chest—"no, here."

His wife, flushed from stooping over the hot stove, looked up at him. She had the distraught look of one who tries to do two things at once. It was an obviously difficult task to give her undivided attention to the browning croquettes, and, at the same time, suffuse her face with sympathetic concern; but for a few seconds she managed it.

"Have you, dear? That's too bad. Perhaps, if you would go in and rest until I have dinner ready—Oh, my dear! You've put your sleeve in the gravy!"

Mrs. Bellamy put the platter with the roast and the finished croquettes into the warming oven, and then wiped the gravy carefully from his sleeve with a piece of paper, backing him slowly into a corner as she did so. During this performance Mr. Bellamy kept on repeating vaguely, "It hurts me here . . . no, here," and he looked about him resentfully when his wife went back to the stove.

At a table, by the window, his eldest daughter, Lenore, was calmly making salad. She cut fresh pears into long strips and placed them daintily on lettuce leaves. Mr. Bellamy drifted pathetically over to the table where she was working and accosted her indifferently.

"It has bothered me for days. I can't sleep. I—"

"Dad, back up, will you please? I want the paring-knife out of that drawer."

"Now, I don't get excited over any little thing that upsets you women!" His voice rose challengingly, "No little headache or shopping bout knocks me out. I tell you, this is something serious, or it wouldn't—Why, I was examined for insurance just last week, and Dr. Turnbull said I had a wonderful physique for a man of my age. He said I—what? . . . Well, keep out of my way when you're making salad dressing, that's all! As I was saying, Dr. Turnbull—"

But Lenore had gone into the dining-room with the salad.

Mr. Bellamy walked disconsolately back to the stove where his wife was making the gravy. She sprinkled flour into the roasting pan and stirred it slowly with a fork. His voice rose determinedly above the sputtering and sizzling.

"As I was saying—not many men of my age are so well preserved. Simply a matter of hygienic living, that's all. Early hours, plain food, a little exercise every day—say, what's the matter? Are you all dumb around here?"

His wife tipped the roasting pan up on end and poured the steaming gravy into the gravy boat. Then she put the gravy boat up in the warming oven and turned to her husband. Her face had just the faintest trace of exasperation.

"If you would just wait, dear, until dinner is served—then I could talk to you. Just now I have so many things to attend to all at once. While I am cooking I must keep my mind on what I am doing or something will go wrong."

"Good Lord! Do I have to act as if I were at a funeral just because there is a roast in the oven? I am actually in pain—suffering, I tell you! I merely mention it, and you—"

"Oh George, take care! You'll knock those hot plates off the oven door!"

Mr. Bellamy muttered something that sounded vaguely like: "Damn the hot plates!" and retired, crestfallen and resentful, to the dining-room.

"If I ever marry," said Lenore irrelevantly, "it will be a travelling salesman."

MR. BELLAMY

A Humorous Sketch

By Clare Lane

MR. Bellamy's youngest daughter, Vida, came bouncing in from school. He faced her with a look of steely heroism.

"Well, I guess Vida's old playmate is on the shelf."

"Who—Rover?"

"Rover! I'm surprised! Hasn't Vida a better playmate than Rover?"

"Cookie Lathrop?"

"Cookie Lathrop! You mean that moon-faced, chalk-legged boy next door. No! I mean your father. Me!"

"Now, did you say, dear, that you had—?"

"A sharp pain in the right side of my chest. It hurts me here—no, here."

"Daddy smokes too much," this from Vida.

Mrs. Bellamy's face was slightly troubled.

"I am afraid she's right, dear. You know, ten years ago when you had pneumonia the doctor said it would be better if you stopped—"

Thunderously, "Dr. Turnbull said just

was anything that upset him, anything that unspeakably irritated him, it was to have one of his jokes fall flat.

"If I thought it wasn't anything serious I wouldn't say anything about it. But—I haven't slept for nights. I—"

His daughter, Lenore, made exasperating eyebrows at him.

Lenore had the most maddening eyebrows. They were high and thin-lined, with wide, full arches, and Lenore could convey any meaning she liked, any subtle shade of a meaning, by just raising them a fraction of an inch. During the controversy on tobacco she had shown no more interest than if she were on another planet; but this sudden vacillation of her eyebrows savoured so unmistakably of criticism that Mr. Bellamy could not let it go by.

He laid down the carvers and addressed himself explosively to the uplifted eyebrows.

"Look here! It isn't the pain so much. I could bear that—(with the air of one habitually accustomed to bearing untold agony), "but it's the uncertainty. It's—"

"It's indigestion."

Having delivered her verdict Lenore lowered her eye-brows an imperceptible fraction of an inch and devoted herself to the croquettes.

Mr. Bellamy's neck turned a peculiarly vivid shade of purple.

"Indig— Say! That's one thing I won't take—from you! Indigestion! Me! I never had indigestion in my life. I never eat anything to give me indigestion. I—"

Lenore laid down her fork and surveyed her infuriated parent coolly.

"Last night you came in at half past eleven. You went to the refrigerator and ate a plate of cold lamb left from dinner. Then you finished almost half a mince pie and the cheese I was saving for the salad to-day. On top of that, I believe, you smoked a cigar. The night before—"

"That will do! There's such a thing as going too far! Good Lord! If you think you— You women make me sick! Ever since you've come back from that school of diet— dietetics, Lenore, you've—well, the Lord knows what has got into you! Why, you act as if you know as much as your mother and I do! Do you think I don't know what's good for me? Go as far as you like with your raw turnip salads; but for the love of mike, don't start criticizing what I eat! I'll eat what I like! Get that? Trouble with you women, there is no sympathy in you. If you were going through what I'm going through now you'd have all the blinds down, and that sap-headed Dr. Alvor down holding your hand, or sending you off to some fool sanitarium to eat grass!" Mr. Bellamy paused for breath, and helped himself liberally to the tomato croquettes. "You'd talk so much about it no one would hear anything else for days. You'd— That the telephone? Answer it, Vida, answer it. If it's the chairman of the church board tell him I can't possibly get down to the board meeting to-night. Not well. Not at all well. Tell him I'm not even going out—what? . . . Doc. Rennels? Good Lord! I haven't seen him for five years! Doc. Rennels! Well! Well! Well!"

And Mr. Bellamy joyously hastened to the telephone.

"Hello, hello, Doc? . . . Well, if it isn't great to hear the old sawbones again! Back for long? . . . Only two days! Well! We'll have to get busy and give the old scalp-chaser a celebration. . . . Oh, you are! . . . to-night? . . . You bet I could! Scratch game, eh? . . . Me off game! Say, you wait! . . . Yes, tiger cat! . . . Ice in good condition, too. . . . Seven o'clock? All right, I'll watch out for you. . . . Sure, run in on your way down. It's on your way, anyway. . . . All right. All right. Goodbye."

Mr. Bellamy came back from the telephone waving his table napkin ecstatically.

"Say—remember old Doc. Rennels? Left here for the south five years ago."

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The first snow

"Oh! What is it Daddy?"

"I have a sharp pain here—no, here." Vida threw her books on a side-table and faced him accusingly.

"I know. That's tobacco."

"Tobacco! Tobacco! How could tobacco—?" amazed and wrathful.

"But I know," determinedly, "it is tobacco. It is in our hygiene book. We have it every Wednesday, and last week our teacher told us about tobacco. She said it hurt the heart and muscles. It's the nic—nicotine—"

"Well," fuming, "this is a great age! Children of ten know more than their parents. Little Vida thinks that she is wiser than her old Daddy," sentimentally, "her poor old Daddy, with a pain in his chest. He lived forty years before Vida was born, but—Oh, he doesn't know much, I guess!"

Mrs. Bellamy and Lenore began lifting the dinner. When she had brought in the last dish from the kitchen Mrs. Bellamy took off her apron, smoothed her hair, and assumed that look of affectionate, attentive concern that had mollified her husband at meal times for over twenty years.

last week that I had more stamina than any man of my age around here! He said—"

"I know, George. But he warned you to stop. You did for a while, you remember, and how much better you felt! Even when you cut down to one cigar a day you said yourself—But now, every day, as soon as you come in—"

"There you go! You all think you know so much more than I do! That's the whole trouble. Dr. Turnbull said you could look for miles and not find—"

"I know, dear," propitiating, "you really are wonderful. No one would ever guess that you are nearly fifty-one. But that doesn't prove that you don't have to be careful."

"Smoking," said Mr. Bellamy, facetiously, "kills people. It killed my father at ninety-five."

It was his standard joke. It hadn't failed for years to provoke a responsive ripple. This time it didn't even provoke a shadow of a ripple. Nobody spoke. Nobody smiled.

Mr. Bellamy attacked the roast in front of him belligerently. If there

THE CANADIAN AIR FORCE UNIT

at Jericho Beach, Vancouver

By Marion G. Bradshaw

COMPARATIVELY few men of today can boast of having achieved the heights of their boyhood aspirations. Such, however, has been the good fortune of one who mapped out his career, and who through pluck and perseverance has accomplished the cherished desires of his boyhood.

Some years ago, while fashioning aeroplanes out of paper, pasteboard and wood, Earl Godfrey, as he dreamed his boyish dreams, pictured himself the hero of many imaginary flights—and though he has since that time had many and varied experiences, it may be truthfully be said that he has actually reached the heights of ambitious youth, for he has accomplished countless daring flights and has been placed in command of one of Canada's most important air stations. He recently assumed his duties at Jericho Beach Aerodrome in the City of Vancouver, where, as a boy, he gave way to his dreams of flights over sea and mountains.

It has often been said that: "a prophet is not recognized in his own country," but if this is a rule there must be some exceptions to it, for the ability of Major Godfrey has been recognized not only in the East, where he received his appointment, but in the West as well, and his advancements in his chosen profession have been followed with keen interest and pride by his fellow citizens, who realize that this promotion has come to him through ability, and not through "pull."

A true "Soldier of the King," Major Godfrey enlisted with the 1st Canadian Pioneer Battalion, but in England transferred to the Flying Corps, where he passed his examinations as an observer. He later became a pilot. After spending some time in France he served with the Home Defence Air Force in England. With the termination of the war he returned to Canada, where he was placed in command at Beamsville, which during the war was one of the largest camps in Canada, and accommodated as many as 125 officers.

Under the new National Defence Act the various air stations throughout Canada have been taken over by the Government, the Canadian Air Board having amalgamated with the Canadian Air Force. Since Major Godfrey has taken command of the station at Vancouver, the members of the staff, numbering approximately thirty men have signed on as members of the Canadian Air Force and are now under military regime, assuming the name of "The Canadian Air Force Unit, Jericho Beach, Vancouver."

The duties attendant upon those in office at the different air stations naturally vary according to location, but it might be said that they are mostly of a protective nature. In British Columbia one duty is to protect the country (as far as possible) against the ravages of forest fires. Considering the forest growth of B.C., and the tremendous loss the province has sustained through forest fires in past years, the advantage of the air patrol system may be readily estimated, for through it the location of fires may be quickly ascertained and reported upon, and fire-fighters hurried to the scene. During the past summer great assistance was rendered by aviators in locating fires, as well as conveying fire-fighters to the scene of conflagration. The little feathered messengers—the carrier pigeons that always accompany the aviators on their flights, are released to carry news back to the station, of the whereabouts of the aviators and their plans.

Smuggling in one form or another has been accomplished by means of various ships that call at different ports. Recently it has been found that this practice has increased to an alarming extent. Boxes of narcotics have been brought from the Orient, and secretly dropped into the sea close to the harbour, where they were later picked up by Oriental "fishermen," who succeeded in getting the contents into the City of Vancouver. Some of the boxes washed ashore, and revealed the method of operation.

An active campaign against drugs is being carried on in B.C., to which the

Government is lending valuable assistance by means of the air force. It is now the duty of the aviators to escort all ocean liners both out of and into port, and at the same time keep a watchful eye below. This practice is known as "Customs Patrol."

THERE are numerous other duties performed by those engaged in flying. Land is surveyed by them, forest growth estimated, and geographical photographs are taken with wonderful results.



Releasing Carrier Pigeon to report at station, location of fires, etc.

A mosaic portrait of the Fraser Valley furnishes a striking example of what excellent results are being obtained in this way, by the placing of successive photographs together. Thus the course of the river is followed and a clear photograph of it for many miles around furnished.



Locating forest fire at Haslam Lake, B. C.

Recently while on a visit to Jericho Aerodrome, we were privileged to see Major Godfrey, accompanied by the official photographer, start out on a short trip. Advantage is taken of almost every clear day to obtain photographs, or to make trial flights, and on this beautiful early winter afternoon we could not repress a feeling of admiration as we watched the plane first taxi around in the water like a swift launch, then, like a huge swan, lightly rise and soar up, where it circled away above us. Gaining speed, it flew on and on, and soon disappeared from view. The machine used for this flight, though not the largest

one at the station, is by no means small, having a wing-span of seventy-five feet.

Seaplanes differ from land machines in that the propellers are placed behind the engine (with the exception of the large twin-engine planes which have twin propellers placed in front of the engines). The body part is built in the shape of a launch, while under each wing hangs the wing-tip float, which is somewhat similar to a small closed-in canoe. The suggestive name explains the use of these appendages.

reflect the sun's rays as the aviator soars aloft.

All necessary parts, tools and instruments are to be found in the stores, and though the engines are sent regularly to Camp Borden to be overhauled, utensils for repair work in case of emergency are always kept on hand. A workshop lorry having a complete lighting plant and equipped with lathe, full blacksmith's outfit, etc., is a useful accessory which may be quickly hurried to any needed place. The eight-cylinder winch used to haul the planes up from the water to the hangar is one which was in use in France during the war, for hauling down balloons.

With the return of the aviators we were given an exhibition of a perfect landing; the plane dipped lightly into the water, glided along for a short distance, and then turned and came swiftly to the shore. Here it was immediately drawn up to the 6,000 gallon tank and filled with the specially refined gas which is always kept in store. Then, by the aid of the winch, it was drawn to its place in the hangar, where it stood ready for a flight at a moment's notice.

Since the air force has become a permanent arm (or rather wing) of the Canadian Militia, we may rest assured that it will prove to be a very helpful asset. Seldom do we stop to consider, as we hear the planes humming, and see them circling away above us, that their mission in doing so may be of greatest significance, and of the utmost importance in the service of the Dominion.

Stretching "from sea to sea" in Canada today, from Vancouver to Dartmouth, there are nine air stations, and we may voice our appreciation of their worth as an excellent means of safeguarding our Dominion, the land of which we sing:—

"O Canada, our heritage, our love;
Thy worth we praise all other lands
above;
From sea to sea throughout thy length,
From pole to borderland,
At Britain's side whate'er betide
Unflinchingly we'll stand.
With heart we sing "God save the King,"
Guide thou our empire wide do we im-
plore,
And prosper Canada, from shore to
shore."

Dear Old Mothers

God bless the dear old mothers
With the shining silver hair;
For once those faded locks were golden,
And those tired faces fair;
Those dear, dim eyes were glad and bright,
Those wrinkled hands were soft and white,
And for you they've done their share.

God bless the sweet sad mothers,
Who have suffered for their own,
And have carried many burdens
For the children who have grown;
But who never pause to thank them,
For the many years they gave them,
For the hours all unknown.

God bless the dear tired mothers,
For the watching hours of night
Spent in sickness with their darlings,
Who for them made life so bright.
Do they ever stop to kiss them?
Do they ever pause to help them?
They, who made their burdens light.

God bless the suffering mothers
Who won their joy through pain,
Who thought it naught a life to give
That a treasure they might gain,
Have they e'er done aught to cheer them?
Through the years been very near them?
Or was suffering borne in vain?

God bless the patient mothers,
Who toil through all the years
For the ones who soon forget them,
But who smile amid their tears;
Won't you show them once a kindness?
They will surely show their gladness:
You will brighten waning years.
Evangeline Hicks.

Rolls-Royce, which, together with the Liberty engine, enjoys the widest popularity throughout the world.

The numerous buildings adjacent to the hangars include stores, repair shops, assembling rooms and several offices.

With the exception of the engines, all parts of the planes are manufactured on the premises. It is especially interesting to see the manner in which the huge wings are made. Seeing the material for them first stitched up on a sewing machine like any household linen, then stretched on to frames, we found it difficult to picture these as the highly polished wings which when completed

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The original and genuine naptha soap,
in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy
it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

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Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

For a more healthful home!

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink. Safely cleans anything soap-and-water will clean.



Fels-Naptha Cleanliness is entire cleanliness. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap does its work, vanishes completely, and leaves that delightful clean-clothes smell!

YOU know the fresh sweet smell of clothes made thoroughly clean! You can tell it the instant you bury your face in clothes washed with Fels-Naptha Soap. That deep, sweet, wholesome cleanliness shows you how healthful they are.

And white! Their brightness is astonishing!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the dirt, and safely makes it let go of every thread. Only a light rub on extremely soiled places is occasionally necessary. Then a good rinse—and clothes are so clean, so fresh, so sweet. You are amazed at the ease with which you get perfect cleanliness. Not ordinary cleanliness, but *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that gives you the best of both these two great cleaners at the same time, and in one economical golden bar.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

TEST the wonderful efficiency of Fels-Naptha. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

"Oh, I don't think—I know," she answered triumphantly; "because Maria, my nurse, told me. I know it is you—Maria said the fairy had a grey beard!" Joan stammered out the words, so great was her excitement.

Mr. Trollope listened to the intelligence with profound interest.

"You can do everything," the child continued, leaning up against him coaxingly; "that is why I came here today. Why, even your roses grow in the winter, because it's a magic garden!"

"Do they really?" exclaimed the old man, becoming engrossed in the conversation.

"Yes—you know they do," laughing, "and Maria said you were just as good a fairy as anyone could hope to meet, though you had got a grey beard!"

"Most obliging of Maria to give me such an estimable character, I'm sure," murmured Mr. Trollope, gratified as well as amused at the child's confidence.

"Oh! Maria knows," his uninvited guest informed him: "So I thought I would just get you to make it all right for Patricia. She is my sister, and I simply can't bear to see her cry. She's ever so unhappy about something, that was why I came here to-day. I had to slip away when nobody was looking, and I could not wait to get my hat. It is the first time I have been out alone, and I ran all the way. I asked a lady to open your gate for me it was so heavy, and the handle seemed rather high up. I was looking for you a long time in the garden, for I thought fairies always lived out of doors."

"No, I come in sometimes just for a change."

"And do you like the house?" she inquired, politely.

"Well, I don't exactly mind it," Mr. Trollope owned, with a glance round his spacious study. He felt for the moment as if the unexpected advent of this pretty, confiding child had cast a spell over the sombre room, making it verily and indeed a charmed palace.

He found himself half unconsciously stroking her tumbled hair, and the silky texture of those sunny locks stirred some hidden chord of emotion in his breast.

"Little girl," he said, "you are very sure of your fancies, but even fairies may fail us sometimes, however deeply we trust in them. When you grow older you will find the fairies drifting farther away, and the hard things of the world creeping in! I don't want to shatter your illusions—Heaven knows, they are precious enough, though they perish so soon—but you must not be too disappointed if you find out I am not a fairy after all."

He spoke with intense earnestness, and a mist gathered before his eyes, blotting out the grave face upturned to his, for Joan's smiles were fading now.

"Oh!" she cried, "I knew it all along—I knew you were only a gnome!"

This was a fresh surprise for Mr. Trollope: he blinked his eyelids, while his mind groped back to the folk-lore of his forgotten childhood.

"Let me see, what is a gnome?" he asked, acknowledging his ignorance, frankly.

"Oh! you know," Joan persisted speaking incredulously, "a little thing that runs about in a wood. But I think you look too nice for a gnome," she added on second thoughts; "and then, Maria always speaks the truth, because she says if people don't, they'll never get to Heaven. You see, Maria has several relations there already, so she has to be particular."

Mr. Trollope did not understand children in the least, yet he keenly appreciated Joan. The wonder with which her eyes were riveted upon him made the old man feel a stranger to himself; her quaint speech pleased his imagination.

"Are you quite alone here?" she asked. "Haven't you any subjects under you? Perhaps there is a fairy queen—I should like to see her!"

"There was a queen once," he answered, his voice dropping almost to a whisper. "But she has gone away. Would you like to see her portrait?"

He fumbled with something at his watch chain—a gold locket, which opened as he pressed a spring. Joan

clambered on his knee in order to inspect the picture. A sweet face peeped out of the locket, seeming to smile at the child.

"Isn't she lovely!" Joan exclaimed. "I wish she had not gone; it is a pity! Where is she now?"

"In Heaven," murmured the old man, staring down at the picture, a far away expression in his eyes.

"Oh! with Maria's friends!"

As she spoke the door opened, and Morgan, with his solemn face and stately bearing, entered the room. He was carrying a card on a silver salver, which he nearly dropped at the sight of his master earnestly conversing with a hatless mite in a pink smock.

Mr. Trollope started too at being thus discovered, and half pushed the child from him. She was so sure of his good nature that the action failed to shatter her confidence but, attracted at that moment by the model ship, she strayed away leaving Mr. Trollope under Morgan's stern eye.

"A lady has called, sir."

make for beauty. A trifle pale, her face lit up with a wonderful smile at sight of little Joan perched on the arm of Mr. Trollope's chair.

"We were so frightened," she said. "Joan disappeared! A friend told us that she had been seen in this garden I could hardly believe it, but I came to find out. I don't know how to apologize sufficiently for her intrusion."

The girl had a low sweet voice, which reminded Mr. Trollope of the voice which used to say: "Don't be hard on little Lionel."

And this was the sister whose sorrow he had been asked to cure, who was "ever so unhappy about something."

"Pray—pray—don't apologize," he begged. "I am only too pleased to think little Miss Jean strayed in such a safe direction. I rather fancy my roses attracted her. I have a fine show of blossoms which can be seen from the road."

He was terribly afraid lest Miss Egerton should discover the fallacy of the fairy, for in feminine society Mr. Trol-

lope the previous day, but his anger temporarily thawed under the magnetic influence of Patricia.

Lionel looked round astonished at seeing strangers. To discover his father busily entertaining a beautiful girl, while a small, pink-clad child played at his feet was a revelation indeed! No wonder the young man came eagerly forward, amazed to see, and relieved at, this sudden change.

Without explaining the reason of Miss Egerton's presence, Mr. Trollope murmured an introduction, noting with inward satisfaction, that the lady seemed favorably impressed with his scapegrace son. She smiled, and grew unexpectedly red, till her cheeks were the color of the scarlet roses. Lionel looked equally pleased. Mr. Trollope, observing this, became suddenly engrossed with little Joan, allowing the child to drag him away on an exploring expedition.

"And how do you like my magic garden?" he asked, when they were out of earshot.

"It isn't so very different to other gardens," Joan confessed, a touch of disappointment in her tone.

"Perhaps," Mr. Trollope replied, "you will now believe I was not a fairy after all—perhaps, my dear, without knowing it, you were the fairy yourself."

"Oh, no," laughed Joan, "I wash, and eat and go to bed. I couldn't be a fairy!"

The old man sighed.

"Of course," the child continued, "I see Maria was right. Patricia looks quite happy—since you worked the spell."

Joan's simple faith staggered Mr. Trollope! As she made this calm assertion he glanced back, catching sight of Miss Egerton's face, which brought the force of the child's words home to him.

"By Jove!" he muttered to himself. "I believe the boy is making love to her already! What a gay young dog he is! Yet only yesterday his head was turned by a designing minx of the theatre. Well, I'll get him out of that, if the luck turns and he settles his affections on something decent!"

MR. TROLLOPE and his son stood side by side at the garden gate, watching two figures as they vanished down the road. One—tall, graceful, and slim—did not look back; the other turned repeatedly to wave an energetic hand.

"A beautiful girl, Miss Egerton!" muttered Mr. Trollope, Sr., with a shake of his grey head. "Everything to recommend her. Youth, position, looks, fortune! Why on earth can't you fall in love with a girl like that?"

"I have fallen in love with her!" said Lionel.

A low whistle escaped the old man. He looked at his son critically.

"Not taken long about it, eh? Well, well, I don't know what this generation is coming to! In my day, young men's hearts were not quite so susceptible; but you know my opinion of your other affair—so I can but be glad. Miss Egerton has intelligence as well as beauty; she would be a prize worth the winning."

They were strolling back to the house, apparently forgetful of the quarrel which had divided them since the previous afternoon.

"Oh, yes," replied Lionel, "if you had not so entirely given up the world and society you would know that Miss Egerton is remarkably talented—in fact, one of the cleverest women of the day. She has written the most popular comedy now running in London. Her people encourage her to write, and are proud of her success. Her last play was accepted on the condition that, for the first few weeks at least, she would herself embody the heroine. She takes no salary, but plays from the sheer love of art, under the name of Archville. I asked her to be my wife only two nights ago. Though deigning to love me, she made me promise to keep our engagement secret, till she relinquished her part in the play. I pledged her my word, and for that reason could not speak when you took me to task. I wrote detailing our quarrel, and she has been fretting

Continued on page 30

ON LIFE'S ROAD

By Fred Scott Shepard

You have travelled quite a piece
On life's road,
You have bravely borne your share
Of its load;
You were built of sterner stuff
Than to every cry "Enough,"
Though at times the way was rough
Which you trod.

You have had a work to do
By the way,
Which you faithfully have done,
Day by day;
Be not envious, if the throng
Has not praised you loud and long;
List not for its fickle song—
Turn away!

There are guerdons better far
To be won,
If you labor to the set
Of the sun;
Friends will love you, never fear;
Honest men will give you cheer;
Best of all, you then will hear
God's "Well done!"

Mr. Trollope peered at the card through his glasses.

"Miss Egerton," he said. "Who the dickens is Miss Egerton?"

"Lives in the big house at the corner, sir," replied Morgan, in an undertone; "the Hon. Miss Egerton. She is thought a deal of in the neighborhood. I think she has come after a little girl." As he spoke he indicated Joan, flitting about amongst Mr. Trollope's treasures.

"Show her in, Morgan."

The words came sharply from the old man's lips; he drew his brows together to a puzzled frown, and thought deeply.

Miss Egerton, the Hon. Miss Egerton—the class of woman with whom Lionel might have been expected to fall in love. Instead, he was wasting himself on an actress—some brazen favorite of the boards, born most likely in the gutter, risen from the last realm of—nowhere.

An excited childish voice dispelled his reverie.

"You really must settle about Patricia," it was saying in his ear, "because that is why I came. Oh!" as the door opened again, "Why, here she is! Have you a magic wand after all? Did you make her come?"

Mr. Trollope rose to bow courteously. A tall, golden-haired girl stood before him. Her eyes were large and hazel, with those dark spots in them which

lope was intensely shy. He flew to his roses for protection, though Joan was quite ready to contradict him.

"I come because Maria said—" broke in the little voice, but Mr. Trollope interrupted hastily:—

"Perhaps you would like to see some specimen trees; roses are a hobby of mine. I am quite learned on the subject!"

He hustled Joan into the garden as Miss Egerton gladly consented. Her eyes wore an enigmatical expression as they followed the figure of the old man.

Once amongst his rose trees he appeared entirely at his ease, discoursing upon the various species animatedly, now and again plucking the choicest for his fair companion.

"There's that son of mine," he said, pointing across the lawn to a figure in a riding-suit making its way towards the stables. "He is a wild young beggar, but I should like to introduce him to you, Miss Egerton, if you have no objection. He will be somewhat surprised to find me with visitors, for you may have heard I am quite a recluse."

Miss Egerton smiled.

"Then you are being very good to us," she said, and her eyes travelled across the lawn.

"Lionel!" shouted Mr. Trollope. "Li-o-nel!"

He had not spoken to his son since



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ternal. So one of the greatest dental problems has been to fight that film.

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THE COWARD

By Lilian D. Milner

AS Geoffrey Harding's telephone rang he made an involuntary movement towards the receiver; then checked himself, remembering that he had told his housekeeper to answer his calls and say that he was indisposed and would not be able to see any patients that evening.

He frowned as, a moment later, the woman knocked at his consulting room door. "Yes!—what is it?" he asked abruptly.

"Doctor Osman is coming over," she answered. "I told him you were not well, but he said that was all the more reason why he should see you."

"All right! Show him in here when he comes." The doctor's tone was still sharp, betraying an unusual irritability.

So Osman had been insistent, he mused, leaning back wearily in his chair. That could mean only one thing. Miss Maynard, the only person who knew of his blunder, must have told Doctor Osman, who was her uncle, about it. He wondered what she had said. He had been about to perform an operation for a "pea" cataract, a form which is not easily discernible, when Miss Maynard, the nurse assisting him, had made a horrified gesture just in time to prevent his plunging his scalpel into the wrong eye!

The thing had shaken him but he had braced himself and gone on with the operation, completing it successfully. It was after it was all over that he had felt the reaction from the shock. He knew that his momentary aberration had been due to overtiredness and that he needed a holiday. In addition to attending to his rapidly growing practice, he was spending several mornings of each week at St. Luke's Hospital, and Dr. Cameron, the eye specialist in charge of the clinic, who was getting on in years, had been letting him do most of the work. He had heard that Cameron was thinking of retiring, and had hoped that he might take the old man's place.

And now Osman, who was chief of the consulting staff at St. Luke's, was coming to see him, perhaps to tell him that, because of his blunder, he would be barred from using the operating room or attending the clinics! The medical association might even take steps to prevent him from practising!

The doorbell rang, and he lifted his head and sat up straight as Doctor Osman, a stout, little man with a ruddy face, and short-clipped white moustache, was ushered into the room.

"Well, Harding," he said, "what's this I hear about you?"

His tone was lightsome, but his usually merry blue eyes were very grave as he glanced keenly at the young man's pale face, noting the tenseness of his thin-lipped mouth and the heaviness of his dark grey eyes.

"Head aching?" he asked, as Geoffrey did not respond to his question. "I thought so," he added as the young man nodded. "Sleeping well?"

"No," answered Geoffrey. "I waken every night, or rather morning, about two o'clock, and I won't get to sleep again until I should be getting up."

"Humph!" grunted Osman, pursing his lips thoughtfully. "Nerves are jangled evidently! That will never do for a budding eye specialist!"

Geoffrey Harding had been resting his head on his hand, but when the older man said: "You'd better give up work altogether," he gripped the arms of his chair until his knuckles showed white under the strain.

"For three months or so," continued Osman, after a moment's thought. "I know the place for you,—Klondyke. Oh, not the gold country!" he laughed, as the young man looked up in surprise. "The Klondyke I mean is a small village a few miles north of Long Portage."

Geoffrey said nothing. If he followed the doctor's suggestion Miss Maynard might think he was running away. She would come to the conclusion that he was not only incompetent but that he was also a coward. He loved Audrey Maynard, and though he realized now that she would never reciprocate his feeling for her, he wanted to stand as well in her eyes as was possible.

"I have a niece living there who would put you up," Doctor Osman went

on. "Her name is Waldron. Her husband is chief fire ranger for the province. He's organizing an aerial ranging service just now and is away a good deal. She has two boys, one just turned four and the other about two. If you can stand the youngsters their society would be good for you. They would help to take you out of yourself and that's what you need. What do you say to getting away tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow!" Geoffrey repeated helplessly.

"Yes, there isn't any reason why you shouldn't go right away," the doctor

his hand. "Let me know how you get on. I'll be hoping to have good reports from you. Good-bye."

Doctor Osman's face was unusually thoughtful as he got into his car.

"He's worrying himself sick for fear someone will get Cameron's job," he murmured to himself. "He needn't for the old man wouldn't have asked me to sound him on the subject and see if he's willing to take it if he hadn't been pretty sure the Board would approve of his appointment. If I'd told Harding that tonight, though, he'd probably have refused to take the holiday,



English Pumpkins for our American Cousins

continued. "I'll explain things to Cameron. He won't mind your deserting him under the circumstances, and young Matthews would take over your office patients and be glad of the chance. Is there anything else I can do?" he asked, getting up to go.

Geoffrey's face flushed. "Doctor Osman," he said, "would you mind telling me—I mean I'd like to know what they're going to do about me and—" Again he broke off in embarrassment, and stood biting his underlip.

Doctor Osman patted his shoulder reassuringly. "Don't you worry about that," he said, smiling. "It will keep until you come back. I'll promise you nothing will be done in the matter until your return. "No," he added firmly, as Geoffrey was about to speak, "I won't discuss it with you tonight. There's no use our talking it over until your nerves are better. I may not see you again before you go, but I'll send over a letter of introduction to Nancy in the morning. They get their mail at Long Portage, but when Bert is not at home Nancy only goes for it about once a week and I want you to get off right away. I'd advise you not to let anyone know you are a doctor. If you do they'll be finding you some work up there, and"—his tone was very emphatic as he added: "I don't want that." He held out

and he needs it. He's in for a bad breakdown if he isn't careful."

Osman had meant to be kind in putting the matter off, mused Geoffrey, but he wished the chief had given him some idea of what they intended to do with him. This sending him off to Klondyke was just bluff, of course. For instance, the doctor had suggested that he give up his work altogether, adding the rider, "for three months or so," in order to let him down lightly. He was afraid—the young man's lips twisted in a bitter smile—that there would be more mistakes!

MRS. WALDRON did not seem very much surprised when Geoffrey arrived next day at her home, a grey stucco bungalow on the brow of a hill overlooking a river. She was a plump little woman with fair hair and smiling blue eyes. The children were asleep and he did not make their acquaintance until the next morning. Gordon, the eldest of the two, was a chubby, cherub-faced child, with fair curls and his mother's light blue eyes. The younger boy resembled his father, Mrs. Waldron told Geoffrey, and had mischievous dark brown eyes and thick dark hair with just a hint of wave.

"His name's Norman Maynard Waldron," Gordon informed the doctor in answer to his inquiry; "but we just call

him Norman, 'cepting Auntie Audrey she calls him 'Baby'! He doesn't like to be called 'Baby'!"

"Maynard was my maiden name," explained Mrs. Waldron. Geoffrey gave a start. He had not thought, when Dr. Osman said Mrs. Waldron was his niece of the possibility of her being Miss Maynard's sister. He was running a risk of meeting the nurse if he stayed here, and he did not want that to happen. However, he reflected, if she were to come to Klondyke he would hear of her coming in time to get out of the way.

The children demanded stories and he smiled as he realized the truth of Dr. Osman's remark that they would take him out of himself. Story-telling was new work to him and he found it difficult at first. Fortunately they asked for the same stories over and over again, and the tax was on his memory rather than his imagination. There were times when he welcomed the children's insistent demands, for they kept him from brooding over his trouble, but there were other days when, not having slept well, he sought refuge from them by going for long paddling expeditions in the Waldron's canoe.

It was on one of these days that he returned to the cottage about four o'clock in the afternoon, and found Mrs. Waldron transferring young tomato plants from a hothead in the garden. Gordon came running from the back of the house to meet him.

"Where's Norman, Gordon?" asked Mrs. Waldron, suddenly noticing the absence of her younger son.

"He's in the woodshed," answered the boy. "He's not doing anything bad," he added quickly, forestalling his mother's next query. "I gave him your box of seeds to play with. That will keep him out of mischief," he added, with an unconsciousness imitation of an adult's manner which amused Geoffrey Harding.

Mrs. Waldron jumped to her feet, exclaiming: "He'll have everything mixed up!" She hurried around to the woodshed, and a moment later the doctor heard her scream: "Oh, Mr. Harding, come quickly! Oh, my baby, my baby!"

He was with her in an instant, taking Norman, who was evidently choking, from her arms and thumping him between the shoulders. Tears were rolling down the child's cheeks, which were flushed until they were almost purple. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his little hands, clutching at the doctor as he fought for breath, were clammy in their touch.

"Mrs. Waldron," Geoffrey said hurriedly, as he carried the child into the kitchen, "there isn't any time for explanations now, but I'm a doctor. I believe I can give him air by performing an operation we sometimes use in diphtheria. Will you let me try?"

"Yes, yes!" she sobbed. "Do anything! Try anything!"

He handed her his pocket knife. "You'll find some hydrogen peroxide on my dressing table," he said. "Put the knife in a dish and pour the peroxide over it. Be as quick as you can!"

The child's face was getting darker now, and his eyes were upturned in agony. He was struggling less violently, a sign that he was becoming exhausted. Geoffrey sighed in relief as he heard quick steps across the dining room floor. It would be primitive surgery but he must do his best.

The next moment he caught his breath as Audrey Maynard's voice sang out blithely: "Is anyone at home? Hello, Nancy! Don't you ever go for your mail? I brought up my own letter telling—why, what's the matter?"

She was standing in the kitchen doorway now, wide-eyed in amazement, but she grasped the situation at once. "Don't be afraid, darling," she said to the child, as she rolled up the sleeves of her blue linen frock. "Auntie Audrey and the doctor will make you better in a minute. Nancy, give me that dish, and you"—she glanced around the room and noticed that her other nephew was missing—"you go and look for Gordon," she suggested. "Don't come back until I call you."

Mrs. Waldron, realizing the futility of protest, went out through the screen

Continued on page 71



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THE GREAT FEAR—Continued from page 6

"Spanish Banks." Just as strongly does it ebb, creating a current which, on days when the tides are highest, flows outward with a power that forces even a capable swimmer to considerable exertion to make way against it.

Gordon was adept in water. He always chose his hour of bathing to correspond nearly with the time of high tide; sometimes going in a little before it, sometimes when the ebb had begun, for, owing to the long sand flat, this was the only time when deep water was afforded without wading far out. The beach was lonely, visited by few bathers where he went even in the summer. In the other seasons of the year, by none at all. No diving raft or tall resting poles far out in the water, usual to frequented bathing spots, were here. But Gordon cared nothing for such assistance. Half an hour at a time was nothing to his water experienced limbs. To buck the tide at its strongest was his pleasure.

Then one evening late in September as he swam shoreward, with the beach a good hundred and fifty yards away, Gordon's heart went cold as a pain sharply stabbing ran through both legs, and brought to them impotence. Cramps he knew from past experience. But always heretofore the attack had been confined to a single lower limb, enabling him, great swimmer that he was, to make the shore in safety.

Now for one breathless second terror seized him, that blind, uncontrollable panic which settles on even the stoutest of hearts in such a predicament. Then calmness came, and level headed action. He did that which even strong swimmers

ing, seize with hopeful mind the absurdest suggestion for delivery. So now Gordon, looking shoreward, was moved to act accordingly.

"Boy! Bo-o-oy!" he cried. The dog rose from his haunches, moved strangely by a fibrous something in the man's tone never heard before. Along the beach he ran until he came opposite to where his master showed upon the water. Whining querulously, his body all aquiver, he gazed with fearful wondering eyes.

One more Gordon cried, his voice pregnant with death's terror, though still he was cool.

Inwardly moved by message of expression, rather than the hearing of his name, Boy ran to the water's edge, but stopped, frozen there, held by the bondage of the past.

Gordon saw the halt he had expected, and this one feeble hope went flickering. Yet, such was his plight, he could not let hope die without one more appeal. The danger fathered invention. He began a mighty splashing with both hands churning the water, while he did so raised his voice in continual summoning cry.

Standing shivering there, a whine upon his lips, Boy watched these actions new and strange. Never before had he seen Gordon act in this manner. And suddenly all the shrivelling water-fear with which Boy's canine soul had been seared, was conquered by his master's need.

Still whining; but now within the cry something eager and unafraid, he ran clumsily into the sea, was lifted from his feet by the deepening water and swam on straight out to where Gordon now waiting



Alternately swimming and floating, Boy towed him to shore

when so stricken sometimes forget to do: turned on his back and floated, hoping the attack might pass.

Instead the cramps continued, gripping harder in the immediately following seconds, a pain of excruciating torture peculiar to this affection; one only comprehensible to those who have suffered it. Slightly turning, Gordon eyed the shore, gauged the distance, and felt he was lost, for fast the tide was ebbing, rushing out in answer to the cosmic tug of the turning world, a current today doubly strong with the force of high water that had reached the fourteen foot mark.

But despairing though he was of successfully swimming against the so powerful outward flow, love of life forced him to the issue. His long arms, time trained and hardened by many years of practice flashed out in overhand strokes that so often in former days had carried him where he willed to go. For a moment he forged ahead, then his impotent limbs, two stiff drags of pain, dead weights terrible, made felt the awful handicap they were. Twice before, with one leg cramped and actually hurting, he had made a much greater distance. Even now he brought the shore nearer by a distance of several yards. But he was quickly impelled to floating to bring up his downdragging moveless limbs; and in the next seconds of floating was carried back all he had gained. He tried swimming on his back, but here the need of legs were even greater. Again and again, while ten appalling minutes measured off their returnless space, Gordon struggled shoreward, but ever the seaward flooding water, mightily moved by earth motion and the drawing moon, fought him, held him stationary. And no human being stirred on all the long expanse of beach.

Drowning men, and indeed all those who look upon death inexorably descend-

floated.

Right to his master Boy came, his eyes queerly lighted by a fire that never there had burned before. He would have swam right over the man in his excitement and inexperience, forcing him under. But Gordon slightly turned aside, and as the dog passed caught his stubby tail, offering one good hand's breadth of length.

Turning straight for the shore Boy went, swimming frantically, fear once more returned with the feel of the dragging weight upon his tail. Gordon, with one hand exerting driving stroke, did much in aiding his own rescue; reached the shallow water, and dragged himself up the shelving beach, there to lie until the cramp had passed.

Then wearily arising he went home to his nearby cabin, while Boy led the way, as of old, joyously barking.

Thanksgiving

A babbling brook beside the way,
A tuft of simple wayside flowers,
The splendour of the evening sky,
Or sunshine after April showers.

The vivid green of meadow grass
In early Spring, the noise of bees,
The noon-day sun upon a wood,
In shafts of light amid the trees.

The song of birds in wayside hedge,
The scent of pine-trees after rain,
A glistening stretch of yellow sand,
Or sound of ocean's glad refrain.

I am full glad that I have known
Before the victory of Death,
These rare and sweet delights of earth,
In this brief spell of human breath.

—Samuel J. Looker.

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THE RETURN OF KEITH McDIARMID

By M. E. Colman

CONSTABLE MARSH stamped the snow from his boots as he knocked at David McDiarmid's door. David himself opened to him, letting out a rush of warm, spicy air.

"Come in, come in, and have a warm, Constable," he cried heartily, "and which of us is it you're to arrest today?"

"Thanks, David, I'll be glad of a chance to toast my toes for a bit, if Mistress McDiarmid will allow me."

"Eh, fine you ken you're welcome, John Marsh. Sit you down by the range while I set a pot of tea. I've just been baking gingerbread, a bit of that'll no go so bad with a hot drink the day."

The Constable sat down with a sigh of content and loosened his coat.

"It's an ill wind blows me here, David. Word's come there's a convict escaped from the penitentiary, a desperate fellow, and there's reason to believe he's headed this way, so I'm warning you. Keep a close lock, and don't be letting every chance stranger in, Mistress McDiarmid."

"Eh, the poor body! Such weather to be fleeing in."

David laughed. "Mother'll just be thinking how cold the poor fellow is. If he comes here she'll tell him to come here while she sets a dish of tea, I'll warrant!"

"And what for no?" demanded his wife, "Sure it'd be gey ill to turn a body away this cruel weather, no matter who he'd be. And well you know you'd do the same, David, for all your hard talking. But do you be telling John Marsh our news."

"Eh, but we've rare fine news, John," said David as the Constable supped his tea and made valiant inroads on the plate of warm gingerbread Jean had set beside him.

"...Rare fine news. You've often heard us speak of Keith, our son? Well, he's coming home."

"Its ten years since he went away, John Marsh, and its long since we heard from him. But we received a letter last night, and he'll be here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow. His mother's been baking and scrubbing, and airing sheets, and singing the whole blessed day..."

"And what for no? Ah, he was a bonnie lad, John Marsh. Do ye mind, David, the time when he was such a little chap, and you gave him five cents to buy me a birthday present, and told him to be sure and get something useful?"

"Aye, I mind fine," David chuckled, settling the tobacco in his pipe with a horny finger.

"We lived in town, then," explained Jean, "and he went to the market, did the wee lad, and bought a great, green cabbage, near as big as himself: he could hardly carry it. He came stumbling up the garden walk, all out of breath, 'There, mother,' he said 'its for your birthday. It's the most usefulest thing I could get for five cents.' The dear lad! And he's coming home, tomorrow."

Mistress McDiarmid wiped a happy tear with the corner of her spotless apron.

"He was a limb for mischief, that fellow," chuckled the father, "do you mind, mother, the time he came home from school, all blood and dirt, and said he had been fighting the battle of the Lord and of Gideon?"

"Eh, fine I mind it. And you pandied him and sent him to bed supperless, and we had his favorite pudding that night, too. I always held you were too hard on him, that time, Davie, he fought for his sister, you know."

"Aye, maybe I was too hard on him that time. We didn't know why he fought till after, though, and a man can't put himself in the wrong with a lad, you know."

"It seems, John Marsh, that one of the boys cried after his sister. 'See Mary McDiarmid shakin' her tails' and he fought him for it. Mary was wearing a new gingham dress that day and swung it out finely she was given to vanity. was Marv. Keith was a clip at his lessons. But he wouldn't stay at school. He wanted to earn his living, and he wanted to go 'West,' and West he went, when he was still but a hobblededdy not sixteen. At first he wrote every week,

as regular as the clock. Then, whiles he'd miss a week, then a month, then he stopped altogether. You know what boys are, John Marsh, they don't think. But he was always a good lad, the finest of the lot. So bright, and gay, always ready to help a body."

"We'd heard nothing for six years till last night, but his mother always held he'd come back some day," said McDiarmid, "the other bairns are settled and married. They write every week, and send us a bit present, occasionally, to tide us over. But mother here, she always held Keith her favorite."

"Ah, Mistress McDiarmid, you mothers are all alike," rallied the Constable, "you love best the child that grieves you most."

"Ah, John Marsh, he needs it most," answered Jean softly.

There was a moment's silence, then the constable rose.

"Well, I must be going. Thanks ever so much, Mistress McDiarmid, for the tea, it sure hits the right spot a day like this. Looks as though we were in for a blizzard to-night. Train'll be late tomorrow, David, but it's a happy pair you'll be, around the fire with your home-come lad! Don't forget what I said about that convict fellow, will you? There's a five hundred dollar reward out for him, dead or alive. Well, so long, I'm off. Thanks again."

"Drop in again soon, Marsh. The old lady here will set you a pot of tea any day, and you can have a crack with Keith. You'll take to each other, I'm sure," said David as he opened the door.

John Marsh climbed into his little car, and waving a good-bye to the happy couple set off to warn the next telephone-less household.

AS he had predicted the wind shrieked, and the snow fell that night. It was the "thirtieth-year blizzard" of Indian legend, and it lasted two terrible days. The roads were impassible; to venture out of doors at all was to risk one's life, for in the stinging, blinding snow one might easily lose oneself and die within a few yards of home.

On the third day David McDiarmid, with infinite difficulty, made his way to the railroad station, three miles from his home: The snow had ceased falling during the night and the whole countryside lay under its white pall. The train, already detained forty-eight hours by the storm, was very late and the station house was a rallying point for most of the men of the neighborhood who gathered to discuss the blizzard and recount its tragedies.

"Did you hear Len Thompson pretty near got frozen to death?"

"No. Is that a fact? How'd it happen?"

"Well, it was this way. Len, he thought he'd go to the store, just as the blizzard was commencing, and..."

"Is Marsh there? Hey, where's the Constable?" cried a man who came running in.

"Here." Marsh detached himself from the group around the stove and went forward. The newcomer addressed him rapidly, in a low voice, and Marsh, looking startled went out of the room with him.

In a moment he came in again followed by four men who carried a stretcher on which lay the figure of a man. Silently the men crowded around. The one who called for Marsh spoke.

"We found him lying on the road, just beyond McDiarmid's. Not five hundred yards from the house. Frozen to death, poor chap."

David pressed forward, a sudden, unreasonable fear at his heart.

"Let me see," he said hoarsely. Marsh lifted the cloth from the body. David bent forward and scanned the face carefully. He lifted the fair hair from the forehead of the youth, for he was no more, and pointed to a short, livid scar.

"It's nigh ten years," he said, in a strange dead voice, "and his face has changed some, but not so's I wouldn't know it."

Continued on page 72



Photo by M. E. Hewitt.

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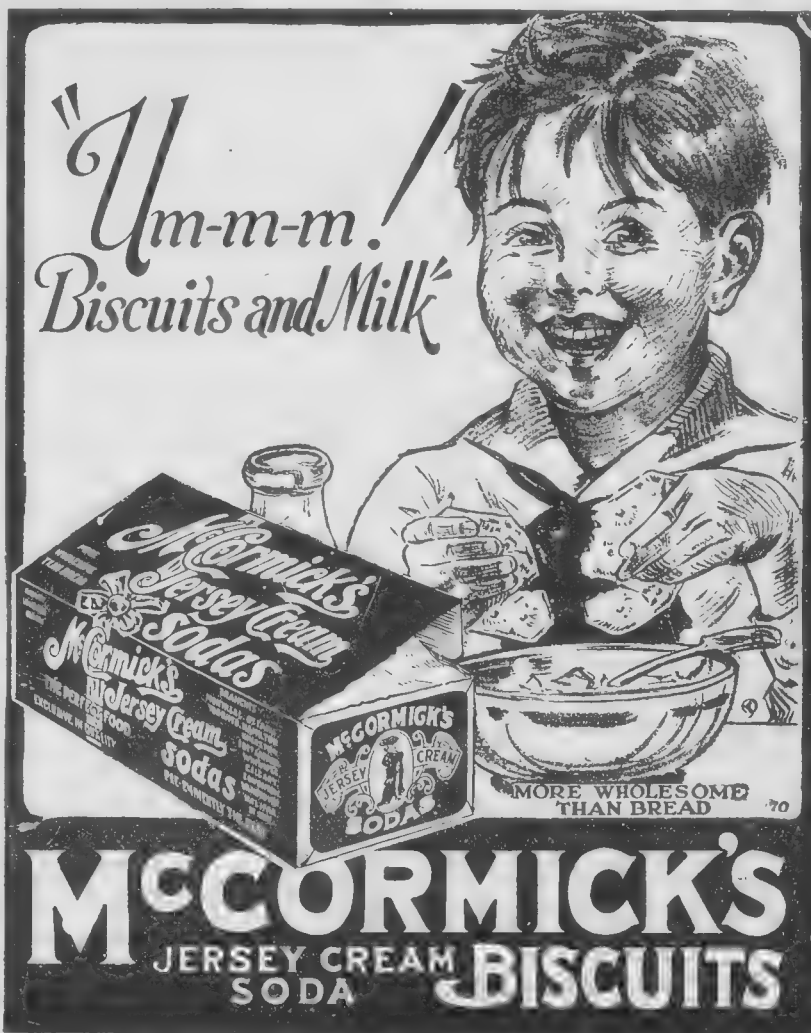
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MOON TOURIST OR MANIAC?

"YOU can well understand, Doctor," he said, leaning back carefully in my swing chair, and gazing languidly around my surgery, "You can well understand, that when such an opportunity arose, I was ready to risk death in the cause for which I had devoted my life.

"Well, we went. Montucla's invention was successful. Its initial speed of seven miles a second enabled us to escape the gravitational pull of the earth, and on the first hour of synodic period, when the moon was near the first of Aries—it coats along the eastern horizon of the earth, about then,—the projectile with the four of us landed on the moon, near Aristarchus in the very heart of one of those variable spots which one can see from the earth. Negombo, an Arabian mathematician, Baron Nondsjeuns, the scientist, and myself were in that projectile, and we did it, Doctor, did what men have dreamed of and written of for centuries, we spent a month on the moon—twenty seven days, seven hours, forty three minutes, and some seconds on the moon, on the moon," he repeated and I noticed a glint in his eyes that warned me to watch the strange fellow more closely.

HE had entered my surgery in a manner that at once aroused my suspicions. That glint in his eyes furthered them. It was a cold, blustery night. There was just enough frost in the air, to freeze the drifting sleet on the sidewalk and roads. A wind howled down the streets, and whistled in the house tops and telegraph wires. It was just the sort of night that one is pleased to be comfortably at home, warming oneself in front of a fire, and browsing over a good book. I had picked up "Silas Marner," the fire's glow on the floor had reminded me of the book, and was just settling down into my Morris chair, thankful that I had no professional calls, when I heard a knock, at the outside door.

The very knock aroused in me, something akin to fear, something eerie. I believe I sat upright, apprehensive, expectant. The knock was steady, not loud, yet there was a hard sound to it, that carried. It sounded like the bare knuckles of a skeleton being banged on a coffin lid.

I went to the door, rather angry with myself for the unreasoning apprehension that had seized me. I was about to throw open the door, and see who it was that knocked with such weird effects, when the door opened from without, and the stranger slipped in, slipped is the very word. His steps were short and sharp, he seemed to slide over the threshold, rather than walk. There was an air of stealth, of fear, about him.

He gently closed the door, turned towards me, and looking at me with his head slightly tilted towards his right shoulder, motioned me towards the fire. I followed. Still without any word, the stranger, a short stocky figure, strongly built legs, seated himself in my swing chair. For at least four minutes, he sat, his head tilted to one side, and his eyes furtively examining the room, the books in the bookcase, the shelf where reposed some of my surgical instruments, and finally, myself.

I had been following his eyes, and watching his every movement, trying to ascertain something of his character and position. It did not strike me to interrupt his silence, or question him on the method of his entry. His manner and appearance seemed to command my silence, and wait his own free explanation.

He struck me as being a shrewd individual, far sighted, and once of some position in the world. He had an air of authority about him, he had the poise of one who had moved in the best of circles. His clothes bore out this assumption. He wore a morning coat, now faded green and tarnished at the ends of the sleeves and around the edges with a rusty brown color—something like the burn of acids, I judged

Was the Strange Patient Who Died in His Surgery an Imbecile or a Scientist Returned from a Trip to the Moon?—This was the Question a Doctor had to Ask Himself by a Strange Sequence of Events By Graham Spry

him to be a professor or a literary man, or perhaps a Presbyterian minister. But I could judge nothing from his appearance which would indicate a cause for his condition, now, or for his entry.

At last, he spoke. His voice was low, and wheezy. He looked about sixty years of age, his voice was that of an octogenarian.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," he said. "I am rather unstrung; I have had a terrible experience. I must tell it, before I go....."

And, then, he told the story to me, just as I am telling it to you, told me how the expedition was first thought of, how it was planned, how the projectile left, and how, finally, the four of them landed on the moon.

But to resume his story—

"The moon," continued the stranger, "We found to be but a mass of dust and rock both bearing the traces of such metal as is found in meteorites.

Stygian, black shadow,"—his voice was rising, his eyes were sparkling, there were signs of hysteria: I seized his arm. "Be calm," I ordered him, and he quietened.

"You know, of course," he resumed, "that as soon as darkness falls on any part of the moon, even only shadow darkness, all in the darkness becomes immediately frozen. The temperature drops to one hundred and twenty degrees below zero, and would have meant immediate death to us. No human could live in the conditions existing. But Montucla, with his usual astuteness, insisted that if reflected sunlight could be directed into one of those shadows cast by a ridge, or in a crater, the intense cold could be overcome. Without atmosphere, any heat in the sunlight would not be dispersed but would remain concentrated in the light ray alone—this is a physical fact, and knowing this we permitted him to erect a simple apparatus with what



KING TUTANKHAMEN'S WISHING CUP.

The King's Wishing Cup in beautiful semi-translucent alabaster. The bowl of lotus-form is engraved in low relief, upon it a whorl of calices. In the centre, in black, is the protocol of the king. On either side, springing from the stem, are lotus flowers supporting the emblems of eternal life. Around the rim are the titles of the king, and the wish which reads: "Live they Ka and mayest thou spend millions of years, thou lover of Thebes, sitting with thy face to the Northward and thy eyes beholding felicity."

Atmosphere, such as we know it, was totally absent—but there was something, some vapour—its discovery cost us the life of Nondsjeuns in one of the rills. He removed his mask and head-piece to test this vapour, and it killed him." And the visitor stopped to take out a small metal flask, and placed it on the table warning me not to open it, except under safe conditions in the laboratory.

He rose from his chair, slipped almost stealthily up to my side, and in a low confidential voice murmured,—“And, Doctor, we found life on this dead burned out object, life that has no parallel on this earth, not a breathing life, but a machine life, a machine with all the signs of life, with motion, with some of the senses, but without those qualities which we consider essential to existence, the power to breathe, to see, to—ugh,” he muttered, and again, I noticed that shining in his eyes.

"It was on the 24th day, that is the twenty fourth series of twenty four hours—it is light for a month at a time—" he continued, "and we were beginning to make preparations for our return.

"For a whole week, Negombo and Montucla had been making up their minds to venture into one of those deadly shadows, one of those shadows that we had been avoiding, an evil

means we had. It was an arrangement of mirrors and steel plates, and cast a beam of light into the approaching shadow.

"On the 24th day, the apparatus was set up. Montucla and Negombo wrapped up in all the blankets and warm clothing in the expedition commenced to walk into the line of light that I was casting with arrangement of reflectors. Doctor, till I die, I will always remember the clutching feeling at my heart, the awe-inspiring feeling of oppressiveness, a dreadful expectation of the worst happening.

"And, my God, Doctor, it did!

"Barely had they stepped into the gloom, and were slowly becoming accustomed to the poorly reflected light, when I saw a huge tentacle swaying behind Negombo, the last of the two. I saw this huge arm pick up my friend, and carry him into that awful shadow. Struck dumb with terror, I could not recover my self-possession before that same terrifying arm returned—empty—and swayed towards Montucla.

"He saw the light shine on it, as it swung through the reflected light, and turned in terror to make his way out of the shadow. It was futile. The tentacle lengthened out with tremendous speed, seized him, lifted him struggling from the ground, and drew him into the shadow."

THE visitor stopped. A look of supreme terror was written on his features, and I saw that under the strain of the thought of his experiences, real or imagined, his mind was inevitably failing. He recovered for a moment.

"I could stand it no longer.—I found myself, running, running as if the tentacle of that creature in the shadow were following me. I fled in mortal terror away from that shadow, away from that unknown creature, that had, had—God, Doctor—" he cried, burying his head in hands.

"I was the only living human on the moon....."

"In the middle of the day after the awful incident I reached the projectile. There was over a day and a half to wait before the projectile would return. And shall I ever forget that supreme dread those remaining hours inspired in me? Alone on a dead world with only the fearsome mystery of the shadow to bear me company. And then, the fear that perhaps the projectile would not start its automatically timed motion, and I would be left to linger out a few terrifying hours on the moon, till the shadow fell on me, or that creature siezed me.

"I tried the door of the projectile—it was locked. the key and the bar for opening the door were missing, they had been used in setting up the arrangement of mirrors....."

"I must either return and face that shadow, or await its relentless approach—And with a courage, I did not possess, I commenced to return to the projectile. How I had strength to make my way again, I do not know. But a terror drove me.

"It had taken me nearly eighteen hours to return from the projectile—I had but forty hours to make my way back, secure the mechanism which would release the barring on the door, and return to the projectile. Could I, weak as I was, and as terrorized as I was, hurry to the mirrors, arrive there before the shadow, find the mechanism, and take it back to the projectile before it left?

"I cannot recall that walk back to the shadow. It is but a mist in the mind, a chaos of fear so great that it benumbs the very senses, stuns the memory. The shadow, the creature, the possibility of the projectile leaving before I arrived, or not leaving at all; these thoughts to me, now, seem like the throbbing of some pulse, a thudding in the mind that has never left me .. But, somehow, I did get to the machine, find the bar for opening the door, and arrive back at the projectile.

"Well, enough of that. The projectile left. It was accurate to the second. On the eleventh and half second of the forty third minute of the twenty seventh day, the apparatus began its automatically timed motion, and left the moon. I alone returned from the trip"

He sank back in his chair, almost exhausted by his explanations. He rested for a moment. He seemed enervated, and fatigued. There was an appearance of fever in his eye.

He aroused himself. A fierce look of determination appeared in his face.

"Doctor, there was life on the moon. There may be more of it. When I reached the mirrors, I found that they had been the means of the death of the creature that had siezed Negombo and Montucla. The light had penetrated that shadow, and, Doctor, it had killed the creature. Light had proved fatal to it, only in darkness, apparently could it live. In its death throws, it had cast itself out of the shadow and I saw it, there, lying in the light, saw the huge unnatural mass of dark flesh. It was like no creature on earth—it had no mouth, no nose. There were three sockets, like the eyes of a steegoccephalon, and it had—it—it had——"

He clutched at the air, doubled up, slipped from his seat, and fell on to the floor.

Continued on page 72



Of the quality of many foods you buy, there is no sure test but the tasting at the table. Not until then can you tell how wisely you have spent. But how different it is when you buy a ham! Then you can rely on the Premium label and wrapper, the Swift's Premium Ham brand on the rind, and the blue identification tag, to pick out for you, every time, that which is acknowledged to be quite the best of its kind.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Make sure it's Premium



PROTECTION

LITTLE folk asleep: the sight arouses the tenderest feelings and appeals to the loftiest emotions.

How parents have their duty borne in upon them as they gaze upon slumbering innocence and realize the pitfalls and trials of the road ahead.

Most parents provide shelter, food and clothing for their children and furnish them with PROTECTION against every form of adversity—except one—the loss of their protectors—the parents themselves.

The London Life Insurance Company issues policies particularly planned to continue, in the event of the death of a parent or parents, the benevolent protection of children which would have been extended over them in the natural course of things.

Shelter, food, clothing, an education, a chance in life, may all be contained in the folded document called a "London Life Insurance Policy" especially planned by you, with our agent's help, to ensure the continuance of these things for your child or children—no matter what happens to you.

There are many convertible plans which provide for changing the nature of the policy to meet changed conditions as time goes on.

And, most pleasant thought of all, you may easily live to see the children grow up and enjoy the fruits of your splendid provision for them.

Write the Head Office or ask the nearest London Life agent about a special policy to meet your family requirements.

The
London Life
Insurance Company

Policies "Good as Gold"

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Agencies in All Principal Cities

POLLY'S black eyes flashed. She wheeled round and clenched her fists.

"I tell ye it won't work," she said, hardly, "I tell ye if ye wanted a machine to work for ye, why the deuce didn't ye buy one, instead o' tryin' to hire one from the orphan's home. No sir, I've told you onct an' that's that. To-morrow is the last day I'll dress yer spoilt kid that howls and kicks every time I go near him. I'll take me horse an' me possessions—and that's enough. Ye talk about givin' a kid a chance, ye talk about the opportunities ye're agivin me, an' there you are. I tell ye I'm through, an' I'm thankful I've got me own Irish sperrit to tell me when I've had enough!"

There was a sudden toss of a black head, and with a slam of the kitchen door, Polly was gone.

Mary Jackson's lips quivered, and she looked at her husband anxiously. "Will she go, John, d'ye think?"

"Let the girl go where she wants to," said Jackson slowly, "I never had no use for the kid nohow—an' if she don't help any, why let her go. We don't want the likes of that of a temper."

"Oh, but John," murmured Mary, timorously, "I'm half afraid, ye know."

"Gosh, you're always afraid woman. Get a mind o' your own once in a way, and let the girl go."

"Just as you say, John, of course," agreed the frightened little woman, as she went on with the cooking. This had been the final word in every discussion so far, and there seemed to the disappointed, bullied-rancher's wife, no reason why it should ever be otherwise.

Outside the house, however, matters were not dismissed so easily. The outward rebellion had been made, but the inward was not so easy. After the scene in the kitchen, Polly, almost terrified by the fact that her long, brooded-over say had at last been voiced, had fled to the barn, where, in the company of Tess, her one true friend, the Airdale, she could rage, storm, or cry, as her impulsive little Irish heart bade her.

It was not a sudden idea—this of leaving everything behind. From the day when she had said goodbye to the dingy old orphans' home—to every door, window and wooden chair inside, to her beautiful Miss Elsie, who used to tell her fairy stories of elves and goblins dear to her little Irish heart—Miss Elsie, who had kissed her goodbye, telling her that now she would have a real mother to love—ever since that day the seeds of rebellion had been sprouting. She remembered the way John Jackson had hurried her into the democrat, as she stood on the station, her precious baggage in hand, waiting to be called for, and quivering with excited anticipation, as she thought her longed for dreams were really coming true at last. She remembered her new mother's indifferent "Hullo, hurry and take your wraps off," as she walked into the stiff, dingy sitting room.

And then there were the promises—rich, beautiful promises of being allowed to go to school, of books she might read, of holidays to go to see Miss Elsie—each just as much unfulfilled as the last, for John Jackson didn't believe in "spoilin' a brat like that," and the timid Mary thought, of course, that "John's alla's knew best."

"Ach, Tess love," sighed Polly, "Me heart's sinful, I guess, an' maybe as the Lord'll blast me some fine day, but it's them as made it black as should suffer—them with their soft words an' their coal black souls. We'll teach em, Tess, you an' me, to take care o' their own kid, and do their own chores. I'm a ignorant know-nothin', darlin', but it ain't been all my own fault," and with an oath which would have indeed surprised the good matrons of the orphans' home, Polly turned on her heel and mounted up the ladder to the hayloft.

NEXT morning came the departure. Polly was up before the sun that morning, as, half ashamed, she crept into the room where all lay asleep, and gently laid a kiss on the baby's forehead. The little boy stirred in his sleep and smiled—so peacefully and happily that Polly could hardly imagine him as the spoilt, bad-tempered, little rascal, who, even yesterday, had rushed at her with the butcher knife. He looked so sweet and lovable that something salt and

POLLY GROWS UP

By Barbara Villy

wet began to gather in the girl's eyes, and she turned abruptly.

Just as the sun climbed up over the eastern hills, Polly got up on Mike's back—Mike, the ugly, bad-tempered little Indian pony, for which she had traded some of her old treasures.

"Ye'r soul's as black as mine, anyway, beastie," she said to him bitterly, "So I guess we'd best stay together. Come, Tess darlin', ye the only honest one of us here," and as the sun's rays lit up the old barn, the strange trio disappeared round the bend.

Where to? Polly had had many ideas about this before, but the strongest was to go to town—to see people—all kinds of them, others than the five or six monotonous faces that appeared on the ranch from time to time. "An' then,"

eyes were not enough to pierce through the stony depths of the hospital matron's heart.

"How many years schooling have you had?" she asked suddenly.

"I ain't jist sure, ma'am," evaded Polly even more sweetly, "I never counted them at all—but," she went on again, "I guess I can read and write still, though I've mebbe forgot some."

"I'm sorry," returned the matron, "But I'm afraid we don't need you. But stay, we could do with another girl in the kitchen, if you would care to do kitchen work."

The bewitching smile vanished, and the black eyes flashed. "An' if ye're thinkin' I've come all the way here to wash dishes, ma'am, I feel obliged to disappoint ye," she retorted hotly, and

A FOREST LULLABY

Harold F. Cruickshank

Hush my babe, sleep on sleep on,
heed not the woesome night
Turn your face to the cradle side;
rest till the morning light.
Your tiny ears, they need not hear
the shrieking gale so nigh.
So sleep on in trundle cot
to mother's lullaby.

Sleep on....Sleep on....
And have no fear of night.

Father is out in the torrent's grip,
far from the firelight's glow:
There where the tempest furies leap—
out in the blinding snow.
Sleep, that mother to heaven may pray
for his safe return once more;
Cuddle down in your haven nest:
sail to the dreamland shore.

Sleep on....Sleep on....
Heed not the raging night.

The twinkling stars have closed their eyes;
the moon is hid from view;
The winds have long since hushed to sleep
the birds in the branches too.
In dreamland you will meet them—
away beyond the sky.
So sleep on in trundle cot
to mother's lullaby.

Sleep on....Sleep on....
And rest till the morning light.

her thoughts went on, "I'm too old to go to school. No great big ignorant lump o' seventeen can learn nothin'. Besides, I'm no kid, and I've got to earn my way. I reckon I could be a nurse if they'd have me—but I don't know."

Accordingly, to the town she went, where, indeed, Polly spent many an hour looking, "jist lookin', an' a-lookin'" to see if I couldn't see somethin', as she afterwards said. She peeped into pool rooms and Chinese restaurants, and walked up one street and down the next. It was strange how old and independent she felt. She could not dream of going to school now, or, indeed, of doing anything that children did. She was a woman, and grown up—in her own eyes at least.

With her head several inches higher she at last made her way to the hospital. She pulled her hat a little further over her eyes and put on her most bewitching smile—for it was not for nothing that she had practised some varied forms of facial expression in front of the cracked old kitchen looking glass. But even the bunch of T. Eaton's roses in the straw hat, and the sparkling, sunny black

with a short "Good day," she was gone again.

As she walked down the path, Polly felt a trifle humbled. Why didn't they want her, she'd like to know? And what in the world was she to do?

She looked round and saw the faithful Tess following behind. "Good old Tess," she murmured, "They don't seem to want us in this place. Guess they have enough without us, darlin'."

Suddenly she heard a voice in front of her. "Good day to ye. Aren't you the little girl as ran away from Jackson's?"

Polly wheeled round at once. In front of her stood a tall man, smiling down upon her out of his twinkling blue eyes.

"You'll be from Ireland, I'm thinkin'?" he asked.

Polly could not help smiling, though the term "little girl" did not seem to her to be particularly appropriate. "Sure and it's from Ireland ye are verself," she said simply, "But I'd have ye know as I didn't run away, an' I'm no baby either to be told what to do and what not."

The man paused, but his eyes twinkled all the more. "An' they're not needin' you at the hospital I'm hearin'," he went

on, "Sure and it's often they don't know what's good."

"Indeed, an' you know too much," retorted Polly. She tossed her black head in the air and made as if to turn away. But the man stopped her, his his twinkle softening down to a look of pity.

"Little girl," he said, "Ye know as I'm Irish, and I know as ye're Irish. I'm Timothy Browne, and I know some about Jackson's. I reckon I know why you quit, but I reckon I don't know what ye're goin' to do next, and I reckon again that you don't know yerself even."

Polly drew herself up haughtily. "I reckon I can look after meself Mr. Browne," she said.

Timothy's eyes twinkled once more. "No, but ye can't," he said quietly, "or you'd have stayed in the hospital when they asked ye. You ain't grown up yet awhile—an' it ain't all Jackson's fault ye know. He's a friend of mine."

After all, Polly was a very helpless little unit in the big town, and as the thought began to grow upon her, she felt more humble than she had done for a long time. Why was it that everybody here seemed to treat her as a little girl? She had felt old enough a little while ago. But her big Irish friend left her in a moment or so, and nothing was left for her to do but to take his advice, and go back to the hospital. Accordingly, back she went—sorrowful and disappointed, to ask for work.

SO began a new life for Polly, washing and scrubbing, and yet so different from the life on the ranch, with an occasional treat, or visit from her one human friend, the big, twinkly-eyed Timothy. And one night she went to a pictureshow with Timothy, something so new, so strange and so dazzlingly beautiful that she sat with mouth wide open, as if to drink all the wonderful sights and sounds.

One day Timothy and she had a long talk.

"I was over at Jackson's last night," he said suddenly. Polly made no answer. "They was wonderin' about you, but I didn't tell them nothin'." Still no answer. "I s'pose you'll be goin' back there some day, when you're a fine lady and all grown up," he said.

Polly laughed, her own clear musical laugh, that they heard so much around the hospital lately. "How silly you are, Timothy Browne. Wasn't I tellin' you that I grew up the day I came away?"

"And wasn't I tellin' you that ye didn't?" answered Tim. "No, colleen," he went on earnestly, "You'll see things different when ye're grown up. An' some people never do grow up I'm thinkin', Polly girl."

"Well, old man," chirped Polly merrily, "Tell us how it feels to be old—as old as you are."

But Tim was determined to be serious that day. "When ye're a kid," he began, "Ye think what isn't being done for you, an' then ye grumble about that. When ye're a man, ye think what you aren't doing for the other fellow."

There was a long silence, and Polly laughed at the end of it.

"How was the little kid?" she asked suddenly.

Tim looked at her. "Not very good," he answered shortly, "Mary's been some worried with the kid sick, and the old man worse cranky than ever." Polly said nothing, but she thought a great deal. Suddenly, somehow, she began to feel sorry for the poor, bullied woman she had left.

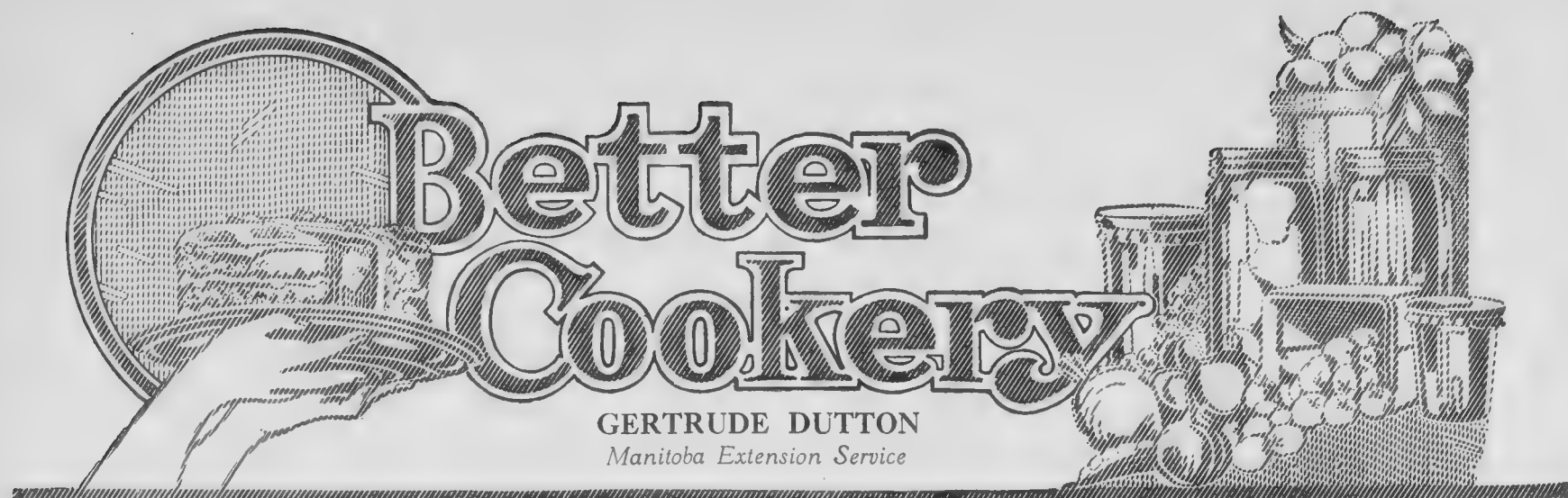
It seemed strange to think of things going on just the same way, for a whole year and a half, while she had been making new friends and seeing new people all the time. The thought of it somehow fell heavily on her. Poor Mary!

"Tim," she said suddenly, "Is the kid sick?" Tim nodded, inquiringly, "Been a bad winter for most things," he said.

"Tim," she said again, "Will you drive me back? I've got to go." Tim's deep blue eyes softened again. "It's a-comin'," he whispered, and out loud, "It's good, Polly girl. They need ye, leastways Mary does. Ye can learn yer nursing afterwards."

So it was that Polly took her first holiday from the hospital, where from her Irish wit and willingness to learn, she had made such good friends—not a holiday for ever, though, for Polly was on the fair way to becoming a nurse after all.

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Meals for the Cooler Weather

FALL days bring heartier appetites, so that meals somewhat more substantial must be planned. In the majority of homes the heaviest meal of the day is eaten at noon. A large proportion of our children eat the noon meal at school, so if they are to receive the food necessary for growth and health, their supper menu must contain the articles of diet not provided at noon. Each day's meals should contain fruits and vegetables, canned and fresh; building foods such as meat, fish, eggs, milk, and cheese; cereal foods, which include breads, sweets and fats.

Planning meals for a week at a time saves a great deal of labor, both in preparing the meals and in marketing. A plan of menu building which many women have found successful is to write lists of various dishes such as soups, vegetables, potato recipes, breakfast dishes, desserts, pie fillings, cookies, hot bread, etc., etc. So often we forget all about some favorite dish for months at a time. Having lists before one, acts as a reminder, and also helps one to arrange suitable combinations of foods.

Many people have swung from the very hearty breakfast of meat and potatoes, pie, hot biscuits, etc., to the opposite extreme of not eating sufficient breakfast. Toast and marmalade is not enough to enable one to do good work during the forenoon. A good many hours pass between supper time and noon of the next day. Years of teaching has convinced us that the children who eat a very sketchy breakfast, if they take time for any at all, cannot do as good work as those who eat an adequate breakfast. There should be something hot. Nothing is better than a well-cooked cereal—it may be accompanied by a hot drink—hot milk or cocoa for the children.

At supper time, only a few minutes are required to put the cereal in the double boiler, where it may cook slowly all evening, where there is a fire in the range. Or one may be the fortunate possessor of a fireless cooker.

In very many homes the family income will not permit of having raw fruit for breakfast every morning. Much as we enjoy grapefruit, not many of us can afford it. Oranges are delicious, but nobody but the baby can expect to have one every day, and sometimes he must have his iron in the form of prunes or spinach or peas. Apples, we can afford more frequently, either raw, baked, or in apple sauce. The various dried fruits may be used, and when properly cooked are delicious. But, if our budget will not stretch to cover fruits, our bodies need not suffer, for vegetables have the same food value.

Why not serve a vegetable for breakfast quite often? We don't because nobody else does, but there is no reason for not doing it, except the time sometimes required for cooking. The children who must carry a lunch basket, must have their share of vegetables, and part of it might well be eaten in the morning. There are many ways of warming over the vegetables which were cooked the day before, in order that the mother of the household will not have to start preparing breakfast too early in the morning. Men frequently like some

protein food, such as fish and eggs, or some such light meat as bacon.

Some Breakfast Suggestions

Cereals

Oatmeal
Cream of Wheat with dates
Corn Meal
Oatmeal with raisins
Steamed rice, with milk and brown sugar or maple sugar
Cracked Wheat
Cream of Barley
Pettijohn's

Two cereals may occasionally be combined with satisfactory results.



Lima beans with tomato sauce and rashers of bacon

Hot Breakfast Dishes

French Toast
Poached Eggs on Toast
Sausages with Creamed Potatoes
Broiled Liver
Bacon Omelette
Broiled Ham
Scrambled Eggs with Vegetables
Codfish Hash
Minced Meat on Toast with Vegetables
Creamed Dried Beef
Coddled Eggs
Creamed fish
Omelettes of all kinds
Meat and Potato Hash
Corn Fritters
Broiled Tomatoes

Hot breads such as muffins and corn bread do not take too long to prepare, if one measures and sifts and mixes the dry ingredients the night before, and has a fire in the range all night, so that the oven may be quickly heated.

Drop Biscuits

Flour, 2 c. Shortening, 2 tb.
Baking Powder, 5 t. Milk, 1 c. or more
Salt, ½ t.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in the shortening. Add gradually, enough milk to make a batter which may be dropped from a spoon half an inch apart on a pan. Bake in a hot oven. Chopped nuts may be sprinkled on top.

Corn Meal Muffins

Corn Meal, ½ c. Melted butter, 1 tb.
Flour, 1 c. Salt, ½ t.
Baking Powder, 3 t. Egg, 1
Sugar, 1 tb. Milk, ½ c.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add gradually the milk, well beaten egg, and melted butter. Bake in a hot oven in buttered muffin pans.

Rice Muffins

Flour, 2¼ c. Milk, 1 c.
Cooked rice, ¾ c. Egg 1
Baking Powder, 5 t. Melted Butter, 2 tb.

Sugar, 2 tb. Salt, ½ t.

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add half of the milk, the well beaten egg, then the remainder of the milk, mixed with the rice. Beat thoroughly, then add the melted butter. Bake in buttered muffin pans.

French Toast

Eggs, 2 or 3 Milk, 1 c.
Salt, ½ t. Slice of bread

Beat the eggs, add salt and milk, and turn into a shallow dish. Soak the bread in it, then brown one side on a hot greased pan. Turn and brown the other side.

Serve with butter, jelly, marmalade, or syrup.

Coddled Eggs

Have ready a sauce pan of boiling water. Carefully place in it the number of eggs required, having sufficient water to cover them. Set the sauce pan where the water will not boil, and leave the eggs in it from 6 to 10 minutes, according to the degree of "hardness" wished.

Creamed Eggs

Hard Cooked Eggs White Sauce
Cook the eggs, remove the shells and chop or slice them. Heat in well-seasoned white sauce. Serve on toast.

Fish a la Creme

Cooked fish, 1½ to 2 c. Slice of lemon
Milk, 1 c. Butter, 1 tb.
Bay Leaf, 1 small bit Flour, 1 tb.
Buttered Crumbs. Salt Pepper

Scald the milk with the bit of bay leaf and onion. Make a white sauce of the seasoned milk, flour, butter, salt and pepper. Place in alternate layers with the fish, in a baking dish. Add more seasoning if necessary. Cover with buttered crumbs, and place in a hot oven till the crumbs are browned.

Soups and Entrees for Supper

Scotch Broth

3 lbs. Mutton ½ Onion
2 qts. Cold Water ¼ Cup Flour
½ tb. Salt ½ Cup Carrots
¼ t. Pepper 2 tb. Pearl Barley
2 Slices Turnip

Wipe the meat, remove the skin and fat. Cut meat in small pieces. Add the water, heat gradually to the boiling point, skim, and cook slowly two hours. Add the salt, pepper, turnip and onion at the end of 1 hour's cooking. Strain. Cool and remove the fat. Soak barley overnight and cook in boiling water till soft. Add to the soup, which has been re-heated and thickened with the flour

mixed with enough cold water that it may pour. Cook the diced carrots till soft, in boiling water and add to the soup.

Baked Bean Soup

Cold Baked Beans, 3 c. Water, 3 pts.
Onion, 1 Celery 2 stalks
Stewed Tomatoes 1 cup Butter 2 tb.
Flour 2 tb. Salt, Pepper

Cook slowly in a saucepan, the beans, water, onion, and celery, for 3 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add the butter and flour creamed together, salt and pepper and if it requires more seasoning, add a tablespoon of tomato catsup. Cook long enough to cook the flour. Serve with crackers.

Split Pea Soup

Dried Split Peas 1 c. Cold Water 2½ qts.
Milk 1 pt. Butter 3 tb.
Flour 2 tb. Salt ½ t.
Pepper ½ t. Onion 1
Fat Salt Pork 1 Slice

Pick over the peas and soak over night. Drain, add cold water, pork and onion. Simmer till soft (3 or 4 hours). Rub through a sieve, add the butter, flour, salt and pepper, and the milk, adding more milk if necessary.

Mullagatawny Soup

Beef drippings 1 tb. Onion 1 large
Stock 2 qts. Chopped Carrot ¼ c.
Chopped Celery ¼ c. Vinegar 2 t.
Cloves 2 Pepper corns 2
Curry Powder ½ t. Salt ½ t.
Boiled Rice 2 tb.
Cooked Chicken or Veal ½ c.

Fry the sliced onion in the dripping. Put it with the stock, carrot, celery, vinegar, cloves and peppercorns in the soup kettle. Mix the curry powder and salt to a paste with a little water, and add. Simmer 1 hour. Remove the fat. Add the rice and chicken, reheat and serve.

Ham Surprise

Cooked Chopped Ham 1 c.
Fine Bread Crumbs ¼ c.
Butter 1 tb. Salt ½ t.
Pepper ¼ t. Milk or Stock 1 c.

Mix the ingredients thoroughly, and put in the bottom of buttered individual dishes, such as custard cups. Break an egg into each. Dust with salt and pepper, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven 8 minutes or till the eggs are cooked.

Corn and Cheese Souffle

Butter 1 tb.
Peppers, Green, Chopped, 1 tb.
Flour ¼ c. Milk 2 c.
Grated Cheese 1 c. Corn 1 c.
Eggs 3 Salt ½ t.

Melt the butter and cook the pepper in it. Add the flour, milk and cheese to make a sauce. Add the corn, egg yolks and seasoning. Fold in the egg whites, stiffly beaten. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

Creamed Hash

Cooked Cold Meat 2 c. Salt and Pepper
Chopped Parsley 1 tb. Onion Juice 1 t.
White Sauce 1 c.

Chop the meat, add the seasoning. Combine with the white sauce, heat well and serve on squares of buttered toast.

Continued on page 21

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 20

Eating for Health

IT is much more important to eat for health than for the mere pleasure and satisfaction of eating. But why not plan your meals for both?

For Easier Digestion

An extended scientific investigation, just completed by high scientific authorities proves that Knox Sparkling Gelatine has a remarkable "colloidal action" which means that it helps natural digestion by softening the food eaten.

For Beneficial Delight

It is so easy to eat for health as well as for pleasure, by often serving for lunch or dinner one of the many delicious desserts and salads, a jellied consommé, or meat, fish and vegetable dishes easily and economically made with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

And science has gone even further in proving that Knox Gelatine is naturally rich in Lysine—the valuable protein element which promotes healthy growth.

For Child Health

For this reason, Knox Sparkling Gelatine—being a plain, unflavored, edible Gelatine—should be given freely and regularly to the children in their daily diet of pure fruit juices, soups, milk, eggs, cereals, and desserts.

Important Book—FREE

This investigation disclosed so many important facts about the health value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine that they have been recorded in book, "The Health Value of Gelatine," which everyone should read—especially mothers. This (together with recipe books) will be sent free, on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name. Address:

Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.,
Dept. K, 189 St. Paul St. W., Montreal



Veal Cakes

Cold Chopped Veal 1 lb.
Soaked Bread Crumbs $\frac{1}{2}$ as much
Chopped Onion 1 t.
Salt, Pepper
Butter or dripping 2 tb.

Mix the veal, bread crumbs, seasoning. Melt the fat and brown the cakes in it.

Fish Cutlets

Cooked Fish 1 c. Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Butter 2 tb. Flour 2 tb.
Egg 1 yolk Chopped Onion $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Chopped Parsley $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Pepper Bread Crumbs and Egg

Make a sauce of the milk, butter and flour. Add the egg, fish and seasonings. Mix and let cool. Form into cutlet shapes, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry. A small piece of uncooked macaroni may be inserted in the narrow end of each.

Sausages in Biscuits

Make ordinary biscuit dough. Roll to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness. Cut in rounds about 4 inches in diameter. On each place a sausage. Fold over like a turnover, and fasten with toothpicks. Bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Fish Hash

Use equal parts of cold flaked fish and boiled potatoes. Chop and mix well together, adding salt and pepper if necessary. Heat a little pork drippings in a frying pan, turn in the fish and potatoes, stir till heated, then cook till well browned on the bottom and fold like an omelette.

Meat Hash

Cooked, chopped left-over beef, veal, or corned beef, may be used instead of fish in the recipe for fish hash. Other chopped vegetables, such as carrots or



Fish Cakes

Baked Beans

Brown Bread

beets may be used in place of part of the potatoes.

Fish Balls

If salt codfish is used, pick it in pieces and soak in lukewarm water. The length of time will depend on the hardness and saltiness of the fish. To 1 cup of fish, use 2 cups of potatoes which have been pared and cut in uniform small pieces. Cook the fish and potatoes in boiling water till the potatoes are soft. Drain very thoroughly and mash well. Add 1 well-beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. of butter, a little pepper and salt if necessary. Shape in balls and fry in deep fat, or brown in the frying pan, with enough dripping to keep from sticking to the pan.

Broiled Liver

Cut the liver in half inch slices. Cover with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes to draw out the blood. Drain, wipe and remove the veins and outside skin. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook on a hot greased pan, turning often. Spread with butter, salt and pepper.

The pieces of liver may be dredged with flour before cooking.

Minced Meat on Toast

Chop cold roast lamb or veal or beef. Heat in a well greased frying pan, season with salt, pepper, and celery salt. Dredge with flour, stir, add enough stock or hot water to moisten, and stir till well heated. Serve on buttered toast.

Blanquette of Veal

Cut cold cooked veal in small cubes. Reheat in white sauce, using $\frac{1}{2}$ as much as meat. Serve in a border of mashed potato, well seasoned. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Beets

Boiled—Wash the beets and cook whole in boiling water till tender. Drain, put in cold water to loosen the skins, which are easily removed.

Buttered—Slice hot boiled beets, add butter, salt and pepper.

Harvard Beets—Cut boiled beets in slices or cubes. Make a sauce of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. cornstarch, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, boiled 5 minutes. Pour over the beets and let stand where they will keep hot for 30 minutes. When ready to serve add 2 tb. butter.

Scalloped Cabbage

Chop boiled cabbage. Put with alternate layers of white sauce in a buttered baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake till the crumbs are browned.

Cauliflower

Creamed—Make a cream sauce in the double boiler. In it heat boiled cauliflower which has been separated into flowerets. Season.

Au Gratin—Separate boiled cauliflower into flowerets. Place in layers in a buttered baking dish, alternately with white sauce and grated cheese, having sauce and cheese on top. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and bake in a hot oven till the crumbs are browned.

Celery-in-Cream

Cut celery in small pieces, drop in cold water till ready to cook. Drop into boiling water, and cook till tender. Salt when partly cooked. Reheat in well seasoned white sauce.

Boiled carrots, turnips, onions, parsnips, potatoes, asparagus, peas, beans, canned corn, vegetable marrow, may be reheated in a well seasoned white sauce, and may be served on buttered toasts, if desired.

Succotash

Mix together canned corn and boiled lima beans, using the liquid in which the beans were cooked. Season with butter, salt and pepper.

Corn Oysters

Corn 1 c. Flour $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Egg 1 Salt

Pepper

Mix well, and drop by spoonfuls on a hot well-greased pan. Cook till browned.

Potato Omelet

Season mashed potato well. Melt 1 tb. butter in a hot pan. Spread the potato evenly on the pan. Heat slowly till browned on the bottom. Fold like an omelet.

Creamed Potatoes

Reheat cooked potatoes (baked are specially good). Cut in cubes, in well seasoned white sauce.

Potatoes au Gratin

Put creamed potatoes in a shallow baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, and buttered crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are browned.

Lyonnais Potatoes

Cook 1 thinly sliced onion in 3 tb. butter. Add cold boiled potatoes which have been cut in thin slices. Mix well, cook till thoroughly heated and the potatoes are slightly browned. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Potato Puff

Allow half a cup of milk and one egg to each quart of mashed potatoes. Beat till smooth and creamy, and add salt and pepper to taste. Pour into a buttered baking dish and brown in the oven.

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KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Mother's Gelatine Spread

2 teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful orange juice.
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls juice from orange peel
A few grains of salt.
1 cupful Karo Syrup (Red Label) or any crystal clear syrup.

Soak Gelatine in strained orange juice for five minutes. Set cup containing this in boiling water. When Gelatine is dissolved, remove cup from hot water and stir in syrup, salt, and liquid from orange peel, keeping in refrigerator until it congeals or reaches a "spreadable" consistency. Make the orange peel liquid by shaving off the yellow rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange (do not use the inner white part), add $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful cold water; cover and boil about ten minutes. Drain and use this liquid as directed above.

A Valuable Book—FREE

Science has discovered some very remarkable facts about Knox Sparkling Gelatine. As a plain, unflavored, edible gelatine it has proved to be one of our most beneficial foods in aiding digestion and in promoting child growth.

Everyone, especially mothers, should read our book, "The Health Value of Gelatine." It will be sent free, together with the recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.,
Dept. K, 189 St. Paul St. W., Montreal
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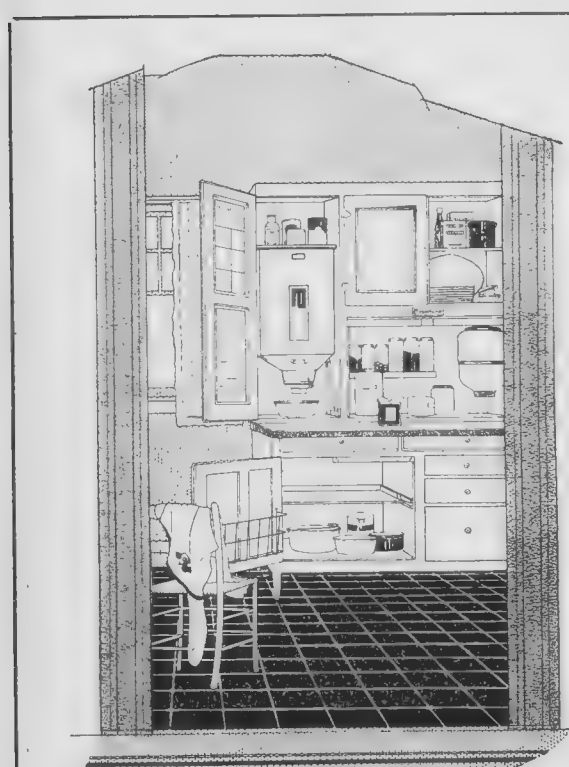


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A Dozen Ways of Using Left Over Meat

FREQUENTLY it is a problem how to serve relatively small portions of left-over meat in such a manner as to be appetizing and acceptable. The family naturally enjoys facing an entirely fresh portion, but it is not possible, within the limits of most incomes, to do other than to make the best of what has been purchased, and that which is still nourishing.

It is really worth while to have a number of ways of using left over meat, so that what appears unpromising will make a delicious meal for those to be served. Here are a few ideas which it will be well to file, and to have for future reference.

Creole Toast

Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, bacon fat, or butter substitute. Gradually add and blend with this four level tablespoonfuls of flour. Gradually pour on two cups of stewed, strained tomato, and when smooth stir in a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little cold water. Season with two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper. Heat until it reaches boiling point. Add two-thirds of a cup of milk and allow to come to the boiling point again. Have slices of buttered toast ready on a hot platter, pour about one-third of the sauce over the toast and set in the oven a moment to soften. Have ready one cup of diced bits of cold, cooked corned beef. Heat thoroughly and pour over the toast. Garnish with a couple of tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and half a dozen sprays of parsley.

Creole Toast, Plain

Take one pint of tomato, do not strain. Add to this three tablespoonfuls of minced onion, one tablespoonful chopped green peppers and a small carrot cut into tiny strips. Simmer until the vegetables are tender. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Thicken with three level tablespoonfuls of flour stirred smooth in a little cold water. Add a cup of milk to which half a teaspoonful of soda has been added. Bring to the boiling point, and when well blended, add one cupful of cold diced chicken, lamb, beef, or corned beef. Serve on toast and garnish with a few pimiento stuffed olives.

Luncheon Rice with Chicken

Make one pint of white sauce by taking two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour. Blend together, add gradually one pint of hot milk. Stir until smooth. Season with salt, white pepper, and a dash of cayenne. Add three-quarters of a cup of cold diced chicken and quarter of a cup of diced boiled ham. Heat thoroughly. Have ready boiled rice which is hot and light with the grains tender and distinct. Serve a mound of rice on each plate, dent with the bottom of a cup to make a little well. Pour the chicken and ham mixture over this. Garnish with a couple of stalks of hot buttered asparagus, and two strips of sweet pimiento crossed on top of the mound.

Luncheon Rice with Oysters

Prepare exactly as above only using equal parts of chicken and large fat oysters in place of the chicken and ham. Prepare the oysters by removing the tough muscle. Put the chicken in first and when thoroughly heated add the oysters. Cook until the edges ruffle only. Serve on the rice.

Meat Loaf

All one kind of meat may be used or a mixture of cold veal and beef. A measuring cup holds half a pint. To each measuring cup of meat allow an equal amount of dried, finely rolled crumbs, and half a cup of milk, an egg, a tablespoonful of minced onion, and salt and pepper as may be necessary. If the meat is very dry a couple of tablespoonfuls of thickened meat gravy will be an improvement. Blend thoroughly. The meat must be finely ground, and the whole mass should not be too moist. Have ready a greased mould of suitable size. Pack the mixture in very tightly, fitting well into the corners. The secret of a good loaf of this kind is not to over cook it, as everything is cooked except the egg, and it is a matter of heating and binding.

The loaf can be served in a Pyrex dish or turned out on a platter, and served either plain or with tomato sauce. The

easiest way to make the tomato sauce is to use a can of tomato soup, thickening it slightly.

Cold Meat Croquettes

Lamb or beef may be used separately or mixed. The secret of a good croquette is having it deliciously flavored, so blended that it will keep its shape, and served with an appetizing sauce.

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, and fry a tablespoonful of minced onion slowly in the butter. Blend two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour with the butter and onion. Add one cup of milk or one cup of rich meat stock, but do not use both. Season with cayenne—use only a few grains, and a little salt. Beat in the yolk of an egg, and add two cups of finely chopped cold cooked meat. The mass should be very thick. Allow it to get cool enough to handle, and then shape into cylinder rolls, three inches long and one and a half inch in diameter. Dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs. Fry in either deep fat, or carefully in shallow fat. The eggs will go farther and do equally good work if a tablespoonful of water is added to it. Lay the croquettes on a hot platter, and serve with either tomato or a medium-thick, white sauce.

French Croquettes

For these the same rule is followed except that one cup of meat is used or a little more than this, and two-thirds of a cup of a whole cup of finely diced cold boiled potato. Remember to have two cups in all of the meat and potato.

English Gelatine

Either raw or cold cooked meat may be used, but the raw is nicer. To each pound of finely minced beef, veal, lamb or mutton, or any two kinds mixed, allow three slices of minced lean bacon. Mix together with one cupful of fine bread crumbs, and one well-beaten egg. Salt and pepper to taste. If the mass is too dry, moisten with a small amount of equal portions of milk and water. Blend thoroughly, and pack in rather a deep greased mould. Cover with greased paper, and steam for two and a half hours if raw meat is used, or one and a half hours if cooked meat is used. Unmould, and serve either hot or cold, with pickles or currant jelly.

Border Hash

Blend one-third finely chopped meat and two-thirds finely chopped potato. Season with salt and pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook a minced onion in the butter and when it is golden brown turn in the hashed meat and potatoes. Heat piping hot. Serve in small mounds with a dent on the top of each. Have ready freshly poached eggs and drop one egg into each hollow. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, put a tiny piece of butter on top, set in the oven a moment, and serve.

Colonial Meat Pie

Cut strips of cold cooked beef into finger-length pieces. Cover with water, slices of onion, and a few strips of carrot. Cook until the vegetables are tender. There should be very little water left. Add a bowl of left-over gravy, and if liked, add a cupful of stewed tomato. Put into a greased baking dish, cover with a rich biseuit dough rolled half an inch thick. Score deeply and bake in a quick oven. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.

Shepherd's Pie

Prepare the meat in a gravy with or without the vegetables as above described. Put an inch-deep layer of mashed potato in the bottom of the baking dish. Turn in the meat and vegetables which should be quite thick. Finish with a covering of mashed potato at least one inch thick. Serve with brown gravy. If you wish you can put thinner layers of potato, and have a layer of potato and a layer of meat, a third layer of potato, and fourth a layer of meat, fifth a layer of potato—making a double decker of about the same thickness.

Platter Roast

Slice cold meat in attractive serving pieces. Fry or saute very lightly and quickly in hot butter. Serve on a platter with brown gravy poured over and garnish with parsley.

If you wish you can also make a stew of the cold meat in a rich gravy, served with a border of dumplings.

The Thanksgiving Turkey

To select Poultry and Game. A chicken is known by soft feet, smooth skin, and soft cartilage at end of breast bone. An abundance of pin-feathers always indicate a young bird, while the presence of long hairs denotes age. Cook turkeys are usually better eating than hen turkeys, unless hen turkey is young, small and plump. A good turkey should be plump, have smooth dark legs, and cartilage at end of breast-bone soft and pliable. Good geese abound in pinfeathers. Small birds should be plump, have soft feet and pliable bills.

To Dress and Clean Poultry. Remove hairs and down by holding bird over a flame and constantly changing position until all parts of surface have been exposed to flame: This is called singeing. Cut off the head and draw out pinfeathers, using a small pointed knife. Cut through the skin around the leg one and one-half inches below the leg-joint, care being taken not to cut tendons. Place leg at this cut over edge of board, press downward to snap bone, then take foot in right hand, holding bird firmly in left hand and pull off foot, and with it the tendons. In old birds the tendons must be drawn separately, which is best accomplished by using a steel skewer. Make an incision through skin below breast-bone, just large enough to admit the hand. With the hand remove entrails, gizzard, heart and liver, these last three being known as the giblets. The gall bladder, lying on the under surface of the right lobe of the liver, is removed with liver, and great care must be taken that it is not broken, as a small quantity of the bile which it contains would impart a bitter flavor to the parts with which it came in contact. Enclosed by the ribs, on either side of

putting them in cold water and heating water quickly that some of the flavor may be drawn out into stock which is to be used for making gravy or moistening dressing.

To stuff Poultry. Put stuffing by spoonfuls in neck end, using enough to sufficiently fill the skin, that bird may look plump when served. Where cracker stuffing is used allow room for swelling of crackers, otherwise skin may burst during cooking. Put remaining stuffing in body; if the body is full, sew skin; if not full, bring skin together with a skewer.

To Truss Fowl. Draw thighs close to body and hold by inserting a steel skewer under middle joint running it through the body, coming out under middle joint on other side. Cut piece three-fourths inch wide from neck skin, and with it fasten legs together at ends; or cross drumsticks, tie securely with a long string, and fasten to tail. Place wings close to body, and hold them by inserting a second skewer through wing, body and wing on opposite side. Draw neck skin back and fasten with a small wooden skewer. Turn bird on its breast. Cross string attached to tail piece and draw it around each end of upper skewer; again cross string and draw around each end of upper skewer; fasten string in knot and cut off ends. In birds that are not stuffed, legs are often passed through incisions cut in body under bones near tail.

Roast Turkey

Dress, clean, stuff, and truss a ten-pound turkey. Place on its side on rack in a dripping pan, rub entire surface with salt, and spread breast, legs, and wings with one-third cup of butter, rubbed until creamy and mixed with one-fourth cup



Turkey prepared for roasting.

backbone, may be found the lungs, of spongy consistency and bright red color. Make sure that every part of them is removed, also the kidneys, lying in the hollow near end of backbone. The windpipe and crop may be withdrawn by introducing the first two fingers under the skin close to the neck. Draw down neck skin and cut off neck close to body, leaving skin long enough to fasten under the back. Remove oil bag, and wash bird by allowing cold water to run through it, not allowing bird to soak in cold water. Wipe inside and outside, looking carefully to see that everything has been withdrawn.

Poultry dressed at market seldom have tendons removed unless so ordered. It is always desirable to have them withdrawn, as they become hard and bony during cooking. It is the practice of market-men to cut a gash through the skin to easier reach crop and windpipe. This gash must be sewed before stuffing, and causes bird to look less attractive when cooked.

To clean Giblets. Remove thin membrane, arteries, veins and clotted blood around heart. Separate gall bladder from liver, cutting off any liver that may have a greenish tinge. Cut fat and membranes from gizzard. Make a gash through thickest part of gizzard, and cut as far as inner lining, being careful not to pierce it. Remove the inner sack and discard. Wash giblets and cook until tender, with neck and tips of wings,

flour. Dredge bottom of pan with flour. Place in hot oven, and when flour on turkey begins to brown, reduce heat, and baste every fifteen minutes until turkey is cooked, which will require about three hours. For basting use one-half cup butter melted in one-half cup boiling water and after this is used baste with fat in pan. Pour water in pan during the cooking as needed to prevent flour from burning. During cooking turn turkey frequently, that it may brown evenly. If turkey is browning too fast, cover with buttered paper to prevent burning. Remove string and skewers before serving. Garnish with parsley, or celery tips, or curled celery and rings and discs of carrots strung on fine wire.

Oyster Stuffing

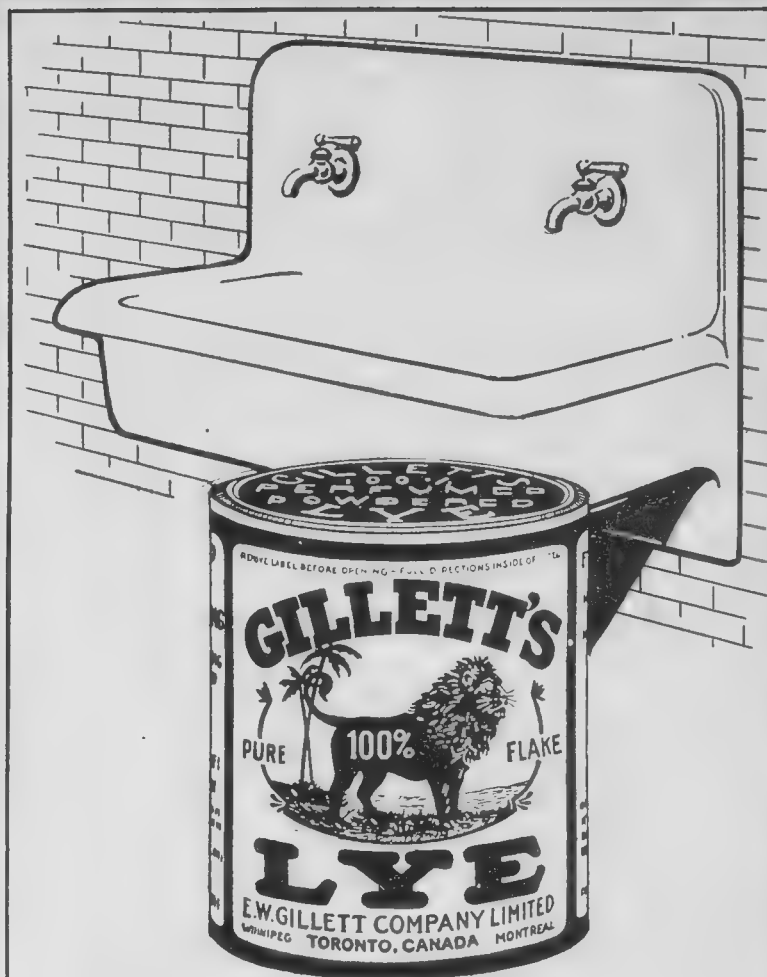
3 cups stale bread crumbs
Salt and pepper
½ cup melted butter
few drops onion juice
1 pint oysters

Mix the ingredients in the order given, add oysters, cleaned and drained from their liquor.

Turkey Stuffing (Swedish Style)

2 cups stale bread crumbs
½ cup walnutmeats broken in pieces
¾ cup melted butter
salt and pepper
sage
½ cup raisins, seeded and cut in pieces

Mix ingredients in order given.



SINKS AND DRAINS

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GILLETT'S 100% PURE FLAKE LYE

Gelatine Recipes

Use of Gelatine in General Cookery

Gelatine has become a household necessity because of its adaptability to so many uses. There was a time when gelatine was considered only when desserts were being planned, but today it has its place in every course from soup to dessert. Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Ices, Salads and Candies are only a few dishes one can make or improve with plain gelatine. To insure the success of attractive, appetizing and healthful gelatine dishes one should use pure, plain gelatine only and add pure flavoring, sweetening, etc. The careful teacher or dietician will recommend and use only a wholesome, colorless, odorless and tasteless gelatine, which is found in sparkling gelatine.

General Rules for Making Gelatine Dishes

One package of Sparkling Gelatine, Gelatine, about four tablespoonfuls, will stiffen two quarts of liquid. In hot weather a little more is required.

No matter what kind of a gelatine dish you are making these steps are followed:

1. Soften the gelatine in a little cold water, usually one quarter cup of water to each tablespoonful of gelatine.

2. Add boiling liquid—water, fruit juice, milk or whatever it may be—according to the recipe you are following—to the softened gelatine; also sugar and salt.

3. When the gelatine is dissolved, strain it through a fine strainer and add any solid food—rice, fruit, vegetables or meat.

4. If beaten egg whites or whipped cream are to be added, do not beat them in until the jelly is almost set.

5. Pour the gelatine into a wet mould, cover and put in a cool place to set.

6. To remove jelly from mould, dip quickly in and out of hot water or apply a cloth wrung out of hot water to the outside of the mold after same has been inverted on serving dish.

7. Garnish the dishes with pieces of fresh or canned fruit; fruit syrups, whipped cream or custards. Gelatine salads, should, of course, be served on lettuce leaves with a cooked or mayonnaise dressing, or garnished with mint or watercress.

DESSERT RECIPES

Maple Sponge

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups brown or maple sugar
1½ cup cold water
½ cup hot water
Whites of 2 eggs
1 cup chopped nut meats

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put sugar and hot water in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Pour syrup gradually on soaked gelatine. Cool, and when nearly set, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with custard made of yolks of eggs, sugar, a few grains of salt, milk and flavoring.

Spanish Cream

½ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
3 cups milk
Whites of two eggs
Yolks of two eggs
½ cup sugar (scant)
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in one-half cup milk. Scald remaining milk, and pour slowly on the yolks of eggs well beaten. Add sugar and salt and return to double boiler. Cook until mixture thickens somewhat. Remove from stove, and add gelatine and whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Flavor, and turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream. More gelatine will be required if large molds are used.

Chocolate Blanc Mange

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 quart milk
2 ozs. grated unsweetened chocolate
1 cup sugar
Few grains salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Scald milk, and add sugar, grated chocolate and salt. When sugar is dissolved, add soaked gelatine; then add flavoring. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Perfection Salad

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup mild vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice or ½ teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring found in Acidulated package
2 cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cup cabbage, finely shredded
2 cups celery, cut in small pieces
2 pimientoes, cut in small pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimientoes.

A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

Fruit Salad Supreme

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
2 cups boiling water
½ cup lemon juice or ½ of the Lemon Flavoring found in Acidulated package
½ cup sugar
3 cups fresh fruit, cut in small pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, lemon juice and sugar. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves, and accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

Meat Loaf

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water
2 cups stock, well seasoned
1 onion, peeled and sliced
1 stalk celery
Juice of 1 lemon or ½ teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring found in Acidulated package
2 cups chopped cold cooked veal, ham, beef or chicken
½ cup canned pimientoes, cut in thin strips
½ tablespoonful finely chopped parsley

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add onion and celery to stock, bring to the boiling point, let boil three minutes, strain and pour over soaked gelatine. Add lemon juice, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add meat, pimientoes, and chopped parsley. Turn into brick mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold, and cut in slices for serving.

Salmon and Rice Loaf

½ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cupful of cold water
1 teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful of pepper
1 can of salmon
1 cupful of cooked rice
¾ cupful of milk
1 tablespoonful of melted butter
Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by adding the hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner.

Pineapple Sponge

½ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
Yolks of three eggs
Grated rind of one lemon
2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
½ cup sugar
Few grains salt
¾ cup grated canned pineapple
½ cup cold water
½ cup heavy cream
Whites of three eggs

Beat yolks of eggs slightly, and add grated rind, lemon juice, sugar and salt. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from range, and add gelatine (which has soaked in cold water five minutes) and pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken, add cream, beaten until stiff, and whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with whole and half slices of



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TRY THESE CARNATION RECIPES

DIVINITY FUDGE—2½ cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, ½ cup corn syrup, whites of 2 eggs. Put sugar, corn syrup, milk and water in a saucepan. Stir thoroughly. Place over fire; continue stirring until it begins to boil. Boil until it registers 255 degrees, or until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire; let stand while beating the whites of eggs. Beat the eggs very stiff. Pour the syrup slowly over the beaten whites, beating constantly. Add nuts if desired.

OPERA CARAMELS—2 cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful raspberry extract. Put sugar, Carnation Milk and water in a saucepan, stir until it boils; add cream of tartar and boil, stirring carefully to prevent burning until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour on a large plate which has been wet with cold water. With a broad spatula or spoon, work the candy back and forth until it becomes firm. Add extract; put into a buttered plate; cut in squares.

You'll enjoy the other tested recipes given in the Carnation Cook Book just as much as the ten for candies. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy.

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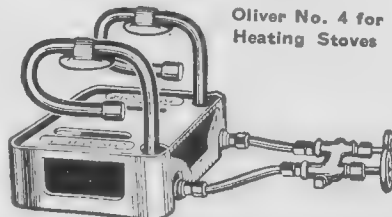
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GELATINE RECIPES—Continued from page 24

canned pineapple (around the edge of which there is a piping of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla), glazed cherries, and green leaves.

Mocha Sponge

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
 2 cups strong boiled coffee
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 Whites of three eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add to hot coffee; then add sugar. Strain into pan, set in larger pan of ice water, cool slightly, then beat, using a wire whisk, until quite stiff. Add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and continue the beating until mixture will hold its shape. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water. Chill thoroughly, remove from mold, and serve with sugar and thin cream.

Banana Sponge

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
 1 cup banana pulp
 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Whites of two eggs beaten stiff
 1 dozen blanched Pistachio nuts, finely chopped

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put banana pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, and stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff, turn into wet mould or paper cases, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Cocoanut Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water



Fruit Salad Supreme

3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 2 cups milk
 1 cup shredded cocoanut
 Few grains salt
 1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Make custard of yolks of eggs, sugar and milk; remove from range and add soaked gelatine. When mixture begins to set, add cocoanut, whites of eggs beaten until stiff, salt and flavoring. Line a mold with sections of orange, pour in mixture and chill.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water
 1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla
 1 cup seeded raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates or figs, if desired
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced citron or nuts, as preferred
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ squares chocolate
 1 pint milk
 Pinch salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate, and when scalding point is reached add sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add vanilla, fruit and nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla.

SALAD RECIPES**Jewel Salad**

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cucumber
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned sliced pineapple
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup pineapple syrup

1 tablespoonful tarragon vinegar
 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
 Few grains salt

Pare, chop and drain cucumber; there should be one-half cup. Chop and drain pineapple; there should be one-half cup. Mix cucumber and pineapple, and add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved in boiling water; then add remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nest of lettuce leaves. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing.

Cheese Salad

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
 2 cream cheeses
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup American cheese, cut in very small pieces
 1 cup heavy cream, beaten until stiff
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful paprika

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve over hot water. Work cream cheese until smooth, add American cheese whipped cream and soaked gelatine. Season with salt and paprika, turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves, and garnish with mayonnaise.

AN "INCH-HIGH" ICING**Fluffy Icing**

1 teaspoonful Sparkling Gealtine
 3 tablespoonfuls cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla
 1 teaspoonful orange extract, if desired
 1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water
 2 egg whites

Soak the gelatine in the cold water in a small cup and dissolve by melting over hot water. Add the sugar to the hot water and cook directly over the fire until the syrup will spin a thread. Turn out the heat, or remove pan from the fire, and add the liquid gelatine immediately, pouring it through a strainer into the syrup. Have egg whites beaten until stiff on a platter or a very large plate, and very slowly add the syrup beating constantly between additions. When all the syrup has been added, add flavoring, pour icing in top of double boiler and cook over hot water, beating constantly with a slotted or other wooden spoon. When icing becomes so thick spoon can be drawn through it without icing running together again, it is ready to pile on cake. Remove from fire and pile icing quickly on cake, evening top with a broad-bladed knife. If the icing should lose its shine, continue icing cake as usual but leave a little of the icing in the double boiler; to this add two or three tablespoonfuls of hot water and cook until thickened, but not as thick as the first icing. Pour this on top of the dull icing and a glossy finish will be the result.

This recipe makes an icing that is an inch or over in height, soft in texture inside, with a glossy smooth appearance on top.

If desired, half of it may be used as a cake filling previous to cooking in the double boiler, and the other half used as an icing. This quantity will make an inch-high icing for the top of a medium sized cake. For a layer cake, double the quantities given here.

To keep silver-ware bright when not in use, put it away in unbleached cotton-flannel bags, as nearly air-tight as possible. Bleached cotton is not best, as the sulphur used in bleaching is liable to tarnish the silver.

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38

NOVEMBER is now with us, and with it comes the thought of Christmas and Christmas gifts. There is something about home-made presents that makes them especially dear to the hearts of the recipients, and fortunate indeed is the woman who knows how to knit, crochet, embroider and sew, for she can fashion dainty and useful articles for every member of the family at very little expense.

The sweaters illustrated on this page are not difficult to make, and will surely be most appreciated by your friends or members of the family

A Smart Pull-over Size 36

8 Balls Monarch Down.
1 Pair No. 7 Needles.

Back—Cast on 101 sts. Knit 5 ridges. Then in pattern as follows:—

1st Row—Knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, * knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together,



A Smart Pull-over for Any Season.

pass slip st. over, knit 4 sts., make 1, knit 1, make 1, repeat from * across row, ending with make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2.

2nd Row—Knit 2, purl 99, knit 2.

3rd Row—Knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, * knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, repeat from * ending with make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 3.

4th Row—Knit 2, purl 101, knit 2.

5th Row—Knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, * knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, repeat from * ending with make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 4.

6th Row—Knit 2, purl 103, knit 2.

7th Row—Knit 5, make 1, knit 1, make 1, * knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, repeat from * ending with make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 5.

8th Row—Knit 2, purl 105, knit 2.

9th Row—Knit 6, make 1, knit 1, make 1, * knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, repeat from * ending with make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 6.

10th Row—Knit 2, purl 107, knit 2.

11th Row—Knit 6, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, * knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 4. Slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, repeat from * ending row with slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 6.

12th Row—Knit 2, purl 105, knit 2.

13th Row—Knit 5, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, * knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, repeat from * ending row with slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 5.

14th Row—Knit 2, purl 103, knit 2.

15th Row—Knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, * knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over,



Sweaters Make Welcome Christmas Gifts

repeat from * ending with slip 1, knit 2 times, giving 124 sts. on needle. Then sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 4. increase 1 more st. to give 125 sts. on

16th Row—Knit 2, purl 101, knit 2. needle. Continue to knit same length as back. Cast off, very loosely.

17th Row—Knit 3, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, * knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, repeat from * ending row with slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 3.

18th Row—Knit 2, purl 99, knit 2.

19th Row—Knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, * knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, repeat from * across row, ending with slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over, knit 2.

20th Row—Knit 2, purl 97, knit 2. Repeat these 20 rows once more. Then knit 1 row, purl 1 row, for entire work, but knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every 8th row until

89 sts. are on needle. Continue to knit until work measures 16 in. On following row, cast on 30 sts. each end of needle for sleeve. Knit for 6 inches. On following row cast off 21 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. Knit 8 rows for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. on 7th st., from neck end every other row, 24 times, always keeping the 6 sts. at the neck end knit plain on every row to form border. Continue until sleeve measures 6 inches from shoulder. Then cast off sleeve. Knit to centre of needle. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then put all sts. on one needle. Continue to knit until same length as back, increasing 1 st. at each end of needle every 8th row, 4



Sew up seams neatly and wear with linen or lace collar.

A Pretty Slip-over for the Little Girl

Size 2—3 Years
Sweater Wool,
or Shetland

Floss, 4 balls.

1 Pair No. 5 Bone or Amber Needles.

4 No. 10 Steel Knitting Needles.

11 Sts.—2 inches

Body—With No. 5 needles cast on 71 sts. for lower edge of back and knit 12 ridges in garter st.

1st Row of Pattern (wrong side)—*purl 5, knit 1, repeat from * across, ending row with purl 5.

2nd and all Even Rows—Knit plain.

3rd Row—Knit 1, purl 3, knit 3, repeat from * across, ending row with purl 3, knit 1.

5th Row—Knit 2, * purl 1, knit 5; repeat from * across, ending row with purl 1, knit 2.

7th Row—Same as 3rd row.

8th Row—Knit. Repeat these 8 rows 9 times. Cast on 42 sts. at beginning of each of the next 2 rows and work even in pattern for 26 rows. Discontinue pattern and knit 2 ridges in garter st. Next row knit 59 sts. and slip them on to the stitch holder; slip the next 37 sts. on to a safety pin; on



A Pretty Slip-over for a Little Girl

remaining 59 sts knit 8 ridges in garter st. ending last row at neck. Slip these sts on to the stitch holder and knit other shoulder to correspond, ending last row at wrists. Knit back to neck, cast on 37 sts for front of neck and then knit sts from first shoulder on to the same knit sts from first shoulder on to the same needle. Knit 2 ridges in garter st. Next row on wrong side begin pattern st with 7th row (pattern on back reversed) and work even (in pattern) until there are 26 rows from garter st ridges. Bind off loosely, the 42 sleeve sts at each end; work even in pattern until front is as long as back at underarm, ending pattern with same row as on back. Make garter st border as on back and bind off loosely on wrong side.

Cuffs—Working from right side with steel needles, pick up and knit 40 sts across wrist; knit in garter st for 3 inches and bind off loosely on wrong side.

Neckband—Working from right side with steel needles, pick up 9 sts on each shoulder, 37 sts on front of neck, and the 37 sts on safety pin at back of neck (92 sts); place them on 3 needles and knit in ribbing of knit 2, purl 2 for 8 rows; bind off loosely, knitting the knitted and purling the purled sts.



A Girlish Slip-over in Distinctive Pattern

A Comfortable Winter Pull-over for a Man

Size 36—38

9 Balls Monarch Down

1 Pair No. 7 and No. 9 Needles

Back—On No. 7 needles cast on 100 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting for 4 inches. Then knit 1 row, purl 1 row alternately for 16 inches. Then cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next two rows. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other 7 times. Continue to knit till work measures 7 inches from armhole. Then knit 1 row, and on purled row work as follows: Purl 20, knit 36, purl 20. Repeat these two rows four more times. Then on following row, cast off 24 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front, and always keep 6 sts. knit plain on every row at neck end to form border down front. Knit 8 rows for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. on 7th stitch from neck end every fourth row, 14 times. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then put all stitches on one needle. Continue to knit until armhole is 7½ inches from shoulder, and when coming to underarm, increase in same way as decreased. Then cast on 5 sts. at armhole. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

Sleeve—Cast on 20 sts. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Then cast on 5 sts. at beginning of every row until 85 sts. on needle. Knit 4 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every fourth row until 56 sts. remain on needle. Now continue to knit till sleeve measures 17 inches at underarm. With No. 9 needles knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting for 3 inches. Cast off. Sew up seams neatly.

A Girlish Slip-over

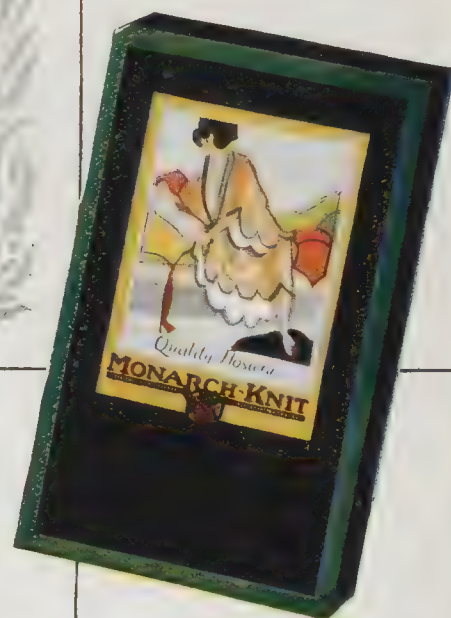
Size 34—36

Knitting worsted, 7 balls, or Shetland Floss, 6 balls.

1 Pair Bone or Amber Needles, No. 7.

1 Pair No. 5.

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COMMUNITY PLATE



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The new Bird of Paradise design illustrated. Teaspoons \$4.25 set of six.



FOR many years before, and nearly up to the time the Fijian Group was discovered by Europeans, Munia and Cikobia (the latter pronounced Thikombia) two small islands a few miles apart, lying off Loma Loma in the Windward portion of the Archipelago, were thickly populated by fierce and cannibalistic Melanesians. Today, the only inhabitants on Munia are its owner, an Englishman, Mr. Stainmetz, and his family and the score of Fijian laborers necessary for the working of his copra plantation. Not a single descendant of the original tribe that formerly occupied the island is in existence. As regards the island of Cikobia, only one small village remains.

Sitting one evening outside of the (bure) house of a very, very old Fijian, Na Vulu, I asked my host how it was that there were now so few natives on Cikobia, and none whatever on Munia. He at once began the following story. . . . the words are mine, but the details of the Homeric legend are his.

Before the Fijians were created by their great god, two of his sons, Rasikilau, and Koroibo (the latter pronounced Koroimbo) as they gazed down from their celestial abode saw Munia and Cikobia like two gems in a crystal sea. They were so captivated that they decided to pay the islands a visit, and for this purpose impressed into their service two immense frigate birds. Upon landing from their winged steeds on Cikobia, and after exploring it and Munia, Rasikilau the elder brother, chose Cikobia, chiefly on account of the caves that were there, the largest of which he at once took possession. Koroibo moved over to Munia.

Here they lived for many ages in peace and harmony. Eventually becoming lonely, they petitioned their august father for some companions. In answer their father created a man and woman for each island. Thus in a few generations the islands became thickly populated, so that the two gods had no lack of sincere worshippers. On Cikobia, the priests built a temple to Rasikilau in the largest cavern, while on Munia Island a Bura kalau (heaven shrine) was erected by the votaries of Koroibo upon a considerable sized plateau nearly on top of the mountain, called Na Lagiwal. During a very long time peace remained between the two tribes. Through intermarriage they were all more or less related. Cannibalism was only indulged in upon prisoners taken on an occasional raid to the larger island of Loma Loma. But eventually the serpent of discord entered into this peaceful locality. A spirit of rivalry was engendered among the people by the priests regarding the comparative powers of the two gods. The priests of Rasikilau claimed that the god's movements when sleeping uneasily in the cave and when walking about, caused the earth tremors that are so frequently experienced in the Fijian Islands. Koroibo's priests retorted very cleverly that as these tremors did no damage, there was consequently not any necessity for the god to be appeased by offerings. On the other hand, as Koroibo controlled the winds up in the region, and as these often developed into hurricanes destroying the coconut palms and food gardens, it was only in accordance with commonsense that the prayers of the islanders to be spared the effects of the hurricanes should be addressed to Koroibo, but more especially that the greater portion of the propitiatory offerings, consisting of pigs, yams, coconuts and fish, should be deposited in Koroibo's temple, though a small balance might be generously handed over to Rasikilau, because even a god must have something to live on. Thus began a never ending feud, leading finally to very disastrous results. This began by a severance of all social intercourse, and then the love of a maid brought on war, as it has so many, many times before in all parts of the world.

ON a fine evening, a maiden, Se Ni Rewa (Sweet Smelling Flower) with some female companions went out on a reef that connects Munia with Cikobia to catch small shell fish. She was not only the daughter of Waga, head chief of Cikobia, and niece of Tui Gara, High Priest of the god Rasikilau, but considered the most beautiful girl on the two islands. As an unlucky fate would have it, the son of the chief of Munia, Ratu Mudu by name (meaning "Cut Off Suddenly," a most prophetic one as things turned out) happened along on the reef at the same

A FIJIAN ILIAD

By Frank Burnett, Sr.

time and met Se Ni Rewa. It was a case of love at first sight. Unfortunately there was another suitor for the hand of the charming damsel in the person of Rasolo, son of the High Priest Tui Gara, of her own island. Rasolo was also her cousin. Thus, when Ratu Mudu's father, the chief of Munia, sent a messenger over to Cikobia to Waga, asking that Sweet Smelling Flower be allowed to marry his son, and thereby put an end to the feud the chief of Cikobia was strongly in favor of granting the request, and would have consented save for the virulent opposition to the match on the part of

Flower' were married, and she sent a messenger to notify her father. The wrath of Waga, and of Tui Gara, at being thus ignored, was very great. They decided that such an insult could only be wiped out with blood. War was declared, and preparations made on a grand scale for invading Munia.

The chief of Munia at once called a meeting of his Mbulis (heads of villages) in the large council house built under the spreading branches of a gigantic Dilo Tree, which is still there today (see photograph). At this council it was decided to retire farther inland where temporary



Gigantic Dilo tree on Munia Island, Fiji.

Tui Gara, High Priest of the god Rasikilau, who naturally espoused his son's part, but was principally influenced by the fear that if the breach between the two tribes was healed, his god would be overshadowed by his brother deity of Munia. Public opinion, indeed, was much inclined that way, largely on the principal already indicated: that protection against hurricanes was of more consequence than from any problematical dangers from earth tremors. To settle the momentous question a council of the inferior chiefs was called. At this the High Priest, Tui Gara, being the stronger character,

houses were built on a site more favorable to defence. Soon after the Munians had retired, the Cikobians made a surprise attack by night, but were detected in time. In the fierce hand-to-hand fighting many were killed on both sides, and many prisoners taken. In both camps there followed much feasting on the bodies of killed and captured enemies. The bodies were placed on heated stones in the earth ovens, and then covered with layers of large leaves and then earth, the native method of cooking meat. The fight showed the Munians how insecure was their retreat. So they went nearly to the



The interior of the Cavern of the god Rasikilau, Cikobia Island, Fiji.

gained the day, and the chief of Munia's request for the hand of Se Ni Rewa for his son Ratu Mudu, was refused.

When the messenger returned to Munia with Waga's reply, great was the indignation of the chief. He threatened openly to wreak dire vengeance. The son, Ratu Mudu, however, appeared little concerned. Then too, the astonishment of everyone, a few weeks after the incident, Ratu Mudu appeared at his village on Munia, leading the blushing Si Ne Rewa. She had simply decided, as has been done by lovers in like instances from time immemorial, to follow her own desires. So "Cut Off Suddenly" and "Sweet Smelling

Flower" were married, and she sent a messenger to notify her father. The wrath of Waga, and of Tui Gara, at being thus ignored, was very great. They decided that such an insult could only be wiped out with blood. War was declared, and preparations made on a grand scale for invading Munia.

Having retreated to this, the Munians built a town large enough to accommodate all on the island. They made it still safer by digging two deep parallel trenches with vertical sides across the neck of land, leaving only a footpath as a means of ingress and egress. Between the

trenches was erected a stockade, and along the side of the trench nearest the town they built a stone wall about ten feet high. The fortress was absolutely impregnable to attack from any invaders armed with weapons of the time and region.

A SHORT time after the completion of the fort, a young chief of Cikobia arrived unarmed before the outer trench. He was closely allied by marriage to some of the Munians and, on informing the chiefs he was in sympathy with their cause, he was allowed to take up his abode. As he was a celebrated warrior his coming was doubly welcome. During many following months the Cikobians made repeated attacks on the fortress, always being repelled with many killed, the bodies being eaten by the defenders. The siege was marked by many brave and daring feats on each side. The most famous of these was the heroism of Ratu Mudu and Se Ni Rewa, the hapless pair who had caused all the trouble. In an encounter with Rasolo, his late rival, Ratu Mudu was disabled by having the muscles of his right arm transfixed with a barbed spear. He would have been killed by Rasolo, only for Se Ni Rewa. She ran and broke the shaft of the spear close to the head and pulled out the head. Then plucking from her husband's belt his hardwood throwing club she launched it at her late suitor, striking him fair in the forehead, crushing his skull. He dropped dead into the moat, and his body later was the piece de resistance at a feast, "Sweet Smelling Flower" receiving the tit-bits for her prowess.

But the city was doomed. The young Cikobian chief who had come to live with the Munians in the fort many months before, had completely won their confidence by his brave actions during the defense. Yet one night he crept upon the two guards of the city gate, clubbed them both, and permitted the Cikobians, awaiting there in keeping with a previously formed plan, to enter. Taken so by surprise the Munians still fought till all were killed. The Cikobians lost three-fourths of their number.

During the height of the fighting the earth was felt to tremble, and then a most violent hurricane broke over the island, accompanied by almost continuous flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder, undoubted proof that the two deities, Rasikilau and Koroibo, were taking a hand in the combat.

In the lightning illumination Ratu Mudu was seen to brain the treacherous Cikobian chief, and then leap into the abyss with his bride, from off the cliff overhanging an extinct crater, "Sweet Smelling Flower" all the time emitting the most blood curdling cries. In that way was fulfilled the prophecy of the High Priest of Rasikilau when he foretold that Ratu Mudu would be cut off suddenly.

Though the Cikobians next morning made a thorough search of the crater nothing was found of the bodies. The Fijians therefore yet believe the devoted couple were wafted on the wings of the wind to the far away uninhabited islet of Tuvano, where all good souls congregate before embarking over the boundless ocean to the South East on their long journey to Burutu, the enchanted isle of their gods.

Where the Munians built their fortified town, 1,000 feet high on the mountain side, the trenches are still in evidence, and some of the wall and house foundations. I did some little excavating about the site much to the fright of the Fijian accompanying me. Five days after the worst hurricane in thirty-five years swept the group, so perhaps Koroibo was angered at my visit. Besides this, it is stated by the natives that on windy nights the piercing screams of a woman are heard in the abyss, proving conclusively that "Sweet Smelling Flower" occasionally visits her ancient home in company with her brave and loving husband.

(The author of this article, Mr. Frank Burnett, Senior, of Vancouver, Canada, is the second European to explore the romantic battleground in the remote Fijian Island, and is the first to write of this Homeric episode of the South Seas. The striking analogy between this Fijian epic and the famous Trojan War will be recognized by any reader of the work of Homer.)

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MOTHER'S PAGE



Nursing

THE war has opened many new lines of industry, many new professions for women, but nowhere has it disclosed a broader or more useful field than in the vocation of nursing, an old occupation for women which is taking on a completely new face.

After every great war of modern times there has come a new development in nursing. The nursing sisterhoods first arose from the Crusades. Out of the horrors of the Crimea arose modern nursing, mothered by the far-visioned, deep hearted Florence Nightingale. The battlefield of Solferino called forth the Red Cross Societies, and from the Spanish American War and the Great War have arisen the government corps of army nurses, while from the results of war we are now to see a Home Army of Public Health Nurses organized in Canada and other progressive countries.

In Manitoba there is already a small corps of Public Health Nurses. Only last week this work was extended by the addition of twelve new districts of operation and twelve new nurses and it is announced that the work will be still further extended as rapidly as funds permit.

This is one of the great evolutions in nursing which has come as a part of the necessary rehabilitation of the devastated countries after the war, and as a fundamental in reconstruction in other lands. It has come to stay, as the great slogan of modern medicine is prevention not cure, and every land is realizing that a strong race is dependent on the conditions of public health. Already in the United States there are over 6,000 Public Health Nurses and in Canada we are rapidly getting into line.

Nor is this the only modern development and opportunity offered to the trained nurse. We need today School Nurses, Social Welfare Nurses, Child Nurses, Tuberculosis and Venereal Disease Nurses, Maternity Nurses, as well as many other Specialized Nurses for Public Service, besides an ever increasing number to satisfy the demands for the Private Nurse.

So the field is broad, the rewards high, the work well worth doing, but where are the workers?

Every hospital in Canada is crying out for more probationer nurses. The war has left the hospitals understaffed, while the conditions outside, owing to diseased and disabled soldiers have created an unprecedented demand in the country generally. Thus more and more women are needed in the nursing profession.

In the Winnipeg General Hospital Training School for Nurses a new class for probationers is to be opened on February 1st and the hospital authorities are assured that many ambitious young women will apply for the opportunity set before them in this, one of the oldest and largest training schools in Western Canada.

An eight hour day has been put in operation recently at the Winnipeg General Hospital for all nurses in training and it is confidently anticipated by the Superintendent of the Hospital Dr. G. F. Stephens and the Superintendent of Nurses, Miss Maud Powell, that this innovation will be very shortly followed by the introduction of the forty-eight hour week.

Long hours on the wards and the reproach of overworking the nurses are made—and with far too much truth—in all hospitals, but the Winnipeg General

General Hospital is in the vanguard in introducing the eight-hour day. It is not yet in operation in the Eastern hospitals in Canada and only a few of the American hospitals have seen their way clear to its inauguration, though the need of doing so is well understood.

The Winnipeg General Training School has already some 200 nurses, 170 of whom are pupil nurses and 25 staff graduates.

It is said that in order to staff the hospital efficiently and make the eight hour day a smooth working affair, 50 more nurses are needed in the probationers' classes.

In taking a look over the Winnipeg General Hospital and Training School it is apparent that the nurse in training at this institution is very favorably placed both as to "home" advantages and possibilities of the best professional training.

The Hospital is one of the largest general hospitals in Canada and one of the best equipped in Western Canada. Last year there were treated in the wards and outdoor departments some 20,000 patients, a larger number than handled in such famous hospitals as the Royal Victoria in Montreal, the Johns Hopkins in Baltimore or the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh. This large number of patients and the great variety of diseases treated offer to nurse and medical student alike the best possible opportunity to learn their business thoroughly.

Then on the honorary and active medical staffs of the hospital are all the prominent physicians and surgeons in Winnipeg and many of these gentlemen give their services on the lecture staff of the Training School.

The nurses are housed in a substantial, spacious Nurses' Home, which is under the same roof with the hospital but separate from it. The bedrooms are roomy, well lighted, most comfortably furnished and though often shared by another probationer or pupil nurse, are exceedingly comfortable. In a day when the business and professional women in Winnipeg are finding it almost impossible to get desirable living quarters at reasonable prices, the Nurses' Home offers an admirable contrast to the dreary, comfortless "rooms" so often inhabited by the business girl.

Then there are large, airy, cosily furnished living rooms in which to lounge, read, entertain or study, the big swimming baths for the nurses' are a great attraction, and the home-like dining rooms and brisk cafeteria afford a completely comfortable environment for the nurse in training.

The call is out for more probationer nurses. It is a call which may well be heeded by our young women of Manitoba, whose sisters, cousins and aunts, made so fine a record in the Canadian Army Nursing Corps. War service was good, but humanity calls for the work of serving and conserving on the battlefields of disease and death, the health of our people. Surely the call will not fall on deaf ears nor on the non-understanding heart.

Women of personality and power are needed to fulfil this vital educative function of the new democracy, women of keenness and enthusiasm, women with as large a background as possible of culture and education. For such women there is no career, not even that of medicine, that promises a greater usefulness or a fuller satisfaction.

FAIRY WITH A BEARD—Continued from page 10

all day at the thought of our estrangement. She now begs me to tell you the whole truth. She nearly told you herself—but Joan was all ears and eyes."

Lionel paused—the words had literally tumbled out of his mouth. He stood before his father, panting as if for breath. Mr. Trollope appeared dazed;

he stared at his son blankly. At last he spoke.

"Say that all over again, Lionel, I can't take it in!"

The younger man laughed merrily ignoring the request. Then they walked on, and a moment later Mr. Trollope was laughing too.



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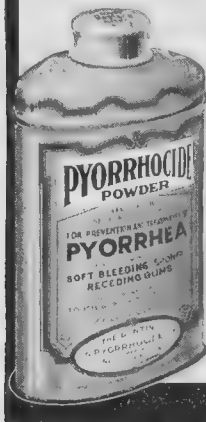
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Heard Our New Organ?

By Edith G. Bayne

WE'VE got a new pipe-organ and a new organist. We'd have a new preacher too only that we can't have everything all at once. There are few people who can afford hat, coat, and boots, brand new at the same time. As it is, we're feeling fairly well satisfied with ourselves. If you want to see the high water mark of snug complacency, and that "I am better than thou" manner take a look at a congregation that has just installed a new organ and hired a genius to operate it!

The organist was harder to choose than the organ. If only you could pick an organist out of a catalogue! First of all we had to be sure that he had a 4-cylinder name and lots of hair. These are the chief essentials for a church musician. Secondly, he must at some time have been on American or English soil, if only in his infancy. Then there is the matter of his social prestige, his family, his background and his romantic appeal. The last mentioned is for the benefit of the choir ladies—who will always turn out to choir practice on Friday nights if the leader is a fairly passable looking bachelor with a woman-hating reputation. Choosing a new preacher is a cinch compared to this. All that is required for a preacher is that he shall part his hair right and speak with a slightly English accent but an organist—oh my! And then of course an organist must be able to play the organ. We nearly forgot to mention this.

So here we are, with the preacher's salary several months in arrears and everybody as happy as a clam at high-tide, and a run on the choir that threatens the seatage. People with voices that make you think of a crow with bronchitis, people who don't know the difference between B sharp and be-on-time, people whose only vocal contribution is a feeble imitation of an air-cushion that has just been unscrewed—these and a variety of others have joined our happy minstrelsy and we are up to capacity or thereabouts.

New blood will make any organization grow and new wind has given us a fresh lease on life. We were getting pretty fuzzy. Seven ladies and four men was our average turn-out and our music

was full of gaps and undulations. But look at us now, and also listen! Holding the high C's is no job at all under the baton—though he really doesn't use one you know—of the robust and interesting-looking young man who presses the ivories and pulls the stops of our wonderful new organ. And the difficult lady who leads the soprano squad, has fallen in love with him, which helps some, although all the notice he has taken of her to date is to request her to hold a given note four beats. It is remarkable that the fellow's hands are not tapering and wax-like but square-fingered and strong-looking.

We ride through the most formidable anthem with comparative ease. There's one we all used to shy at. It was just one sentence run through a sausage-grinder—"Oh For a Mansion in the Skies." The sopranos, who were all past the salad age would chorus: "Oh For a Man—" half a dozen times and the rest of us would come tardily in with "—Shun in the Skies." We had no verb to contend with and all should have been serene but it seemed like vain repetition and we used to pass it up in favor of others less melodic. But lo! Out came a new edition of the thing the other day and our old ones being tattered we laid in a fresh supply of sheets. The new transposition reads "Oh For That Mansion—" and our soprano lead attacks it with vigor and enthusiasm!

If you're thinking of joining a choir, join ours. There remain a few vacancies but not many, so haste is essential. You may have a voice like a clipped hedge but we'll guarantee that in short order the leader and your fellow minstrels will have smoothed and sweetened it till you'll think it's somebody else singing and not yourself at all. Come and hear our organ first and be convinced.

Some of us have a suspicion that the new organist is a farmer's son. This will be a terrible thing if it gets around so we mustn't let it go any further. It would be worse than the time somebody found the preacher chewing tobacco. It turned out to be merely licorice but not before a lot of damage had been done.



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WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Continued from page 26

1 Stitch holder.
5 sts.—1 inch. 13 rows—2 inches.
Body—With No. 7 needles cast on 90 sts. and knit 5 ridges in garter st., then knit 6 rows in stockinette st.
1st Row of Pattern—Knit 13, * purl 4, knit 16; repeat from * twice, purl 4, knit 13.
2nd Row—Purl 12, * knit 6, purl 14; repeat from * twice, knit 6, purl 12.
3rd Row—Knit 11, * purl 8, knit 12; repeat from * twice, purl 8, knit 11.
4th Row—* purl 10, knit 10; repeat from * 3 times, purl 10.
5th Row—* Knit 10, purl 10; repeat from * 3 times, knit 10.
6th Row—Same as 4th row.
7th Row—Same as 5th row.
8th Row—Same as 4th row.
9th Row—Same as 3rd row.
10th Row—Same as 2nd row.
11th Row—Same as 1st row. 5 rows in all stockinette st.
17th Row (right side)—Knit 3, * purl 4, knit 16; repeat from * 3 times, purl 4, knit 3.
18th Row—Purl 2, * knit 6, purl 14; repeat from * 3 times, knit 6, purl 2.
19th Row—Knit 1, * purl 8, knit 12; repeat from * 3 times, purl 8, knit 1.
20th Row—* Knit 10, purl 10; repeat from * 3 times, knit 10.
21st Row—* purl 10, knit 10, repeat from * 3 times, purl 10.
22nd Row—Same as 20th row.
23rd Row—Same as 21st row.
24th Row—Same as 20th row.
25th Row—Same as 19th row.
26th Row—Same as 18th row.
27th Row—Same as 17th row. 5 rows in all stockinette st. These 32 rows constitute the pattern; repeat them twice, but the last time omit the 5 rows of

stockinette st.; back should now measure about 15 inches from border. Cast on 50 sts. at each end for sleeves, and work even in pattern for 23 rows, ending last row on right side. In the following 8 rows work the first and the last 80 sts. in pattern and the 30 center sts. in garter st. The next row (wrong side) work in pattern on the first 80 sts., knit the next 5 sts., slip these 85 sts. on to the stitch holder; bind off loosely the next 20 sts. for back of neck; knit the first 5 sts. after neck (these 5 sts. are always worked in garter st., for neck border, down to V of neck); work remaining 80 sts. in pattern. Work even in pattern with border at neck, for 4 rows. Increase in st. nearest neck border in next and every other row thereafter, until there are 10 increases from back. Work 6 rows even, ending last row at neck. Break off and work other side to correspond, ending last row at underarm. Work back to neck, knitting the 5 border sts. as before, knit the first 5 sts. from first side and then work in pattern across entire first side (190 sts. on needle). When there are 69 rows on sleeves bind off the 50 sleeve sts. at both ends. Knit 1 st. less at each side of borders at neck in each of the next 3 ridges (8-6-4). Discontinue border at front of neck and work even in pattern until front is as long as back at underarm before border. Make border as on back, binding off loosely in last row on wrong side.

Cuffs—With No. 5 needles and working from right side, pick up and knit 40 sts. across wrist. Work 32 rows (1 complete pattern) binding off as on front. Sew up sleeves and underarm seams with an elastic st., taking care to have patterns meet.

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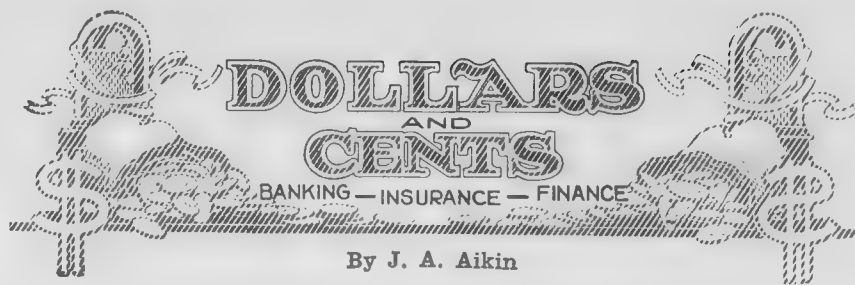
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By J. A. Aikin

Strength of Canadian Bond Market

THE success which has attended the Federal refunding bond issue of \$200,000,000 distributed all over Canada is unquestionable proof of the large financial reserve of the country. At the present time five-sixths of the gross national debt of Canada is held in this country, and it is quite evident that the people are content to have it so. It is quite possible the money could have been secured in New York and the free capital been put back into the hands of the investors for investment in other enterprises. The Department of Finance was actuated by a desire to try out the situation and learn for themselves what was wanted. Now they know. The response exceeded all expectations, not only of the government, but also of the bond dealers. The bonds went on the market at 98.25, five per cent. for 20 years, and although the rate is a half of one per cent. less than on the original issue and will be taxable, the entire amount offered was taken up.

The Province of Ontario followed up with an issue of \$40,000,000 at same rate of interest and reports all agree that this latter issue is being taken care of in the same manner. Individuals and corporations displayed some of the war-time enthusiasm and promptitude in action on this occasion and the situation is accepted as indicating the fiscal strength of Canada sufficient for the day and as likely to be equal for the larger development days now believed to be just ahead.

Imperial Economic Conference and Affairs

While there is nothing soul-stirring for prairie producers in the reports from London about the offers made by the British representatives to the Economic Conference of a preference on canned and dried fruits, there is evidence of the fraternal interest on the part of the United Kingdom towards the Dominions and the Empire as a whole. Prominent British leaders are warning their people that the distance from a tax on tobacco and fruit is not far from a tax on wheat and meat. The Australians are quite candid in their requests for such a comprehensive preference, but there is no evidence to show that Britain will depart from the time-honored policy of free food in meat and wheat.

Coincident with the decreasing exports of wheat and flour from the United States the New York press recognize that the tariff policy of their country prohibits them from offering any complaint or objections to any imperial tariff policy. Far-sighted men in the United States are telling their people of the need for foreign markets, a thing not to be neglected as has been their tendency under their policy of protection for agriculture which has been tried out in the last few years.

For the Wall Street Journal the British Commonwealth is a real League of Nations the solidarity of which in war and peace must be considered.

"We have an economic policy today which invites exactly such a policy as the British are thinking about," says the World. We have a policy aimed to make imports difficult. In a world where nations must buy if they wish to sell, we need not be surprised then, if the British answer our tariff against imports by a policy aimed to reduce our exports."

While there is not yet that solidarity in trade which correct protectionists of the imperial type would desire, there is a fraternal sentiment which must tend to further trade and capital movements that will go far to make the Empire self-supporting. The British market is and will remain the best one for Canadian products, though it is not to be denied the United States should continue to be a market of more than promise for

Canadian natural and manufactured products.

Fabulous Gold Production

The Hollinger Consolidated Mines in Northern Ontario has become the corporation which tells a story of wealth production that reveals the untold possibilities of mineral areas of this land. In 1921 the gross yield of the mines worked by the corporation amounted to \$10,314,000 and in 1922 to \$12,824,000. The total production from these mines amounts to \$135,000,000 and it is estimated the mines are worth in reserve \$63,000,000, which of course is speculative. The company has 450 men at work at present on a power plant on the Abitibi designed to place the Hollinger in an independent position for mineral operation and greater things are being planned. In 1922 the mills treated 1,491,381 tons of ore which averaged \$8.53 per ton.

Growth of Canadian Milling Industry

From the Western viewpoint there is interest in the growth of the milling industry in Canada. The report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics for the crop year ending with August 31st last shows that the Canadian mills worked up 82,432,290 bushels of wheat into 18,797,000 barrels of flour, of which 11,069,000 barrels were exported. This total compares with 7,878,589 and 6,386,560 barrels for the previous two years, which indicates strong growth and capacity of the milling industry.

The 1923 U. S. Crop

The Americans have been counting up their returns from the harvest and find they will have 780 million bushels of wheat and three billion bushels of corn to provide for the needs of 110 million people with some corn and wheat to spare. It is found that people like the Italians, who live largely on wheat flour and its by-products, use on the average of 6½ bushels per head of population. On that basis the United States will have only about 120 million bushels for export. Ordinarily the Americans, like Canadians, use more than 6½ bushels per head, but with such an enormous yield of corn and a large negro population and not a few foreigners who like rye, the average consumption of wheat is cut down. It would appear to be clear at this point that the United States will not long be considered a big wheat exporting country, for with the growing population of that country and the disposition of the farmers to turn away from wheat, the total crop of that cereal will not tend to increase. Canada will be able to look after the wheat demands for this north hemisphere, and as prospects now appear, will do it in a manner which will not call for any idle comment.

New lamps for Old

THE Prudential Insurance Company of Newark, N. J. have just issued a booklet under this caption. It contains a dozen stories from historical records which have been used as parables for life assurance.

A parable has been defined as "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning." The term is, therefore, an apt one in this connection. Each of the stories is illustrated in colors by Strathmann, and are really illustrative.

One of the incidents of this clever booklet relates to Pericles the Athenian, who like most of the rulers of his day, was in hot water nearly all the time. Nevertheless, he had visions, one of which matured in the Parthenon. He was, perhaps, the first man to work out a Family Budget, and it is recorded that his subjects complained when he suggested they all try it. He contended that his family could not live on his reputation when he was dead, a fact which goes to show that his vision had to do with insurance as well as architecture.

The Sibylline Leaves

One of a series of articles on insurance by one of the West's best known writers "Janey Canuck".

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IT is told in mythology how one of the Sibyls came to the palace of the Roman Emperor, Tarquin the Second, with nine volumes which she offered to sell for a set sum. The monarch disregarded her, and she immediately disappeared and soon after returned, when she had burned three of the volumes. She asked the same price for the remaining six books; and when Tarquin refused to buy them, she burned three more, and still persisted in demanding the same money for the three that were left.

This extraordinary behaviour astonished Tarquin and he bought the books which, being prophetic, were preserved with much care and consulted with the greatest solemnity, and only when the State was in danger.

Insurance differs somewhat in that while the price or premium advances with delay, the value of the policies (or Sibylline leaves, if you will) are in no wise decreased.

Each year one delays insurance, not only does the premium increase but the risk of being unable to secure protection becomes greater. If one had delayed overlong, still it is the highest wisdom to seize on the last offer while the opportunity serves.

It has been shown that out of every 1230 buildings insured only one burns, but for every life there is a death. The advisability, therefore, of keeping one's premium paid up to the moment is apparent. A wise policy-holder will not even count upon taking advantage of the usual "days of grace."

On endowment policies, some assurance companies extend special privileges so that a man may keep his policy in full force—that is to say they allow him to pay his premium quarterly, or half-yearly instead of annually. But whatever the plan, it should be always carried out promptly. There is no doubt about it, the best rule any of us can make for ourselves in the payment of premiums is just to KEEP ON KEEPING ON.

This may mean the closest kind of economy, but thrift is a fine manly virtue and makes for the quality known as "backbone." In this connection, I like that story about Dr. Guthrie, the great Scottish divine.

Speaking on one occasion in a large public meeting he said: "When I came to Edinburgh the people sometimes laughed at my blue stockings and at my cotton umbrella, and they said I looked like a common ploughman, and they derided me because I lived in a house for which I paid thirty-five pounds rent a year; and oft-times I walked when I would have been very glad to have had a cab; but, gentlemen, I did all that because I wanted to pay the premium on a Life Insurance that would keep my family comfortable if I should die."

One has only to read the life of Dr. Guthrie to know that his "blue stockings" and "cotton umbrella" were of no consequence whatever. He was superior to these outward accoutrements, being a man of hale spirit and sturdy principles. Yes! It is true what Horace, the Roman poet said, "The more a man denies himself, so much more will he receive from the gods."

Emily F. Murphy.

How Williams & Travers established a Business of their own

MR. WILLIAMS and Mr. Travers decided to start a retail clothing business. Williams had \$4,000 cash to put in the business, and Travers \$1,000, together with seven years' experience in selling clothing.

They found they had enough money to buy store equipment, but when it came to establishing credit, they ran against a snag that seemed impossible to overcome.

One day a North American Life man told them about a business insurance policy. "If each of you will insure his life

making the firm the beneficiary, you will find it far easier to establish credit."

That was five years ago. To-day this firm is well established—in fact, it is one of the most successful retail clothing stores in Western Canada. "We might never have got started had it not been for that business insurance policy," he told our representative.

This case indicates but one of the many benefits of Business Insurance. Send for our booklet, "You're a Business Man," which explains all of them.



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office Toronto Canada
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Agencies in all
Important Cities in Canada

I should like to read your booklet,
"You're a Business Man."

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....Age.....

CIRCULATION

THIS STORY is told of the Circulation Manager of a Daily Newspaper who was lying on his deathbed with the doctor bending over him with the stethoscope or some such instrument of torture. "Poor chap," the doctor said, turning to the man's relatives, "circulation almost gone." At this the newspaper man pricked up his ears. "Circulation almost gone," he cried, "why, we've got the biggest in these here parts."

The Circulation of the Western Home Monthly is something we also are justly proud of. Although not the biggest in these parts we have gained some 4,000 subscribers in the last few months. With the Christmas number we hope to have 50,000 of the better homes in the Canadian West.

Our readers show much intelligent interpretation of our Editorial and Departmental Reading. Correspondence received in the office is sufficient to acknowledge this. Each issue is read from cover to back, thus the Advertiser will admit his announcement has not fallen on barren ground. The purchasing power of some 50,000 Western Home Monthly homes cannot be very well overlooked.

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Outspoken Sentences

DURING the past few weeks, I have had an opportunity of reading two volumes of "Outspoken Essays," by Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral. In England, he has been called, I think unjustly, "the gloomy Dean." He has a habit, it is true, of speaking plainly, and the truth is not always pleasant, but almost without exception his essays end in a note of hope. These two books are not easy to read; in fact, one not versed in terms familiar to the theologian would find it necessary to refer frequently to the dictionary for help in determining the meanings of many of the words used. However, there are many outspoken sentences within the essays, and some of these I am quoting, with comment, in the hope that some of our readers who may not have had an opportunity to study the essays may get some idea of the Dean's attitude toward things of importance.

Patriotism

THERE are those who believe that the patriot is a misguided individual. With them our author is not in agreement. He does not believe in that narrow patriotism that prevents a man from seeing any good in the people of other countries but, as he remarks very truly:

"He who loves not his home and country which he has seen, how shall he love humanity in general which he has not seen?"

Progress

THE Dean does not believe that speed is necessarily an indication of an advance in civilization and with a fine sarcasm he says:

"Everyone could understand that a generation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which only travelled twelve."

On the face of it, it would appear that modern affairs are conducted at an excessive rate of speed, but is the quality there? Perhaps it is time to put a new emphasis on the old saying, "The more haste the less speed."

Christian Growth

IN ANSWERING the charge of critics the Dean says that "It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from Him." He adds also that "Civilization presents the spectacle of a mighty tree which is dying at the roots." In a magnificently optimistic note, however, he says elsewhere that "Whatever has value in God's sight is safe in heaven," and declares that "Social happiness and peace would certainly follow a whole-hearted acceptance of Christian principles; but they would not certainly bring wealth or empire."

Scientific Notes

WE HAVE been asked to include in this page from time to time occasional paragraphs dealing with some of the underlying principles of science as interpreted in many of the ordinary processes of life. Material has been collected with this object in view and it is hoped that in succeeding issues we shall be able to present in plain language some of the explanations that science gives of matters of interest to our readers.

True Strength

TO BE bold against the enemy is common to the brutes; but the prerogative of a man is to be bold against himself. To conquer our own fancies, and our own lusts, and our ambition, in the sacred name of duty—this is to be truly brave, and truly strong; for he who cannot rule himself, how can he rule his crew or his fortunes?—Charles Kingsley.

Science and Religion

"**S**CIENCE," says our author, "gives us facts without values, and religion values without facts." It is his idea that science and religion should work hand in hand. He wants religion to be practical, and he wants science to be religious. As he says further, "Every scientific discovery brings with it a moral obligation." "The discovery of flying has so far been an almost unmixed curse to humanity, and is a menace to the very existence of civilization."

Religion and Life

WITHOUT dwelling too much on the religious aspects of the Dean's book, I quote the following representative sentences:

"God is the beginning of religion and the end of philosophy, and the beginning and the end are one."

"Our own religion is what life has taught us."

"Do we know of any who have sought for the knowledge of God as diligently as other men seek after wealth and honor, and who have come away empty handed?"

"What we call heaven and hell are not two places; they are the two ends of a ladder of values. We shall all stand somewhere on the ladder, where we deserve to be."

"Our citizenship is in heaven; our life here a pilgrimage."

"Punishment of habitual sin is to become a bad man. The reward of good living is not to make a fortune but to become a good man."

"The forms of religion are not and cannot be the same for all."

The Destruction of Animals

IT IS the opinion of the Dean that in time the wanton destruction of animal life will be regarded as wrong. He says:

"I cannot doubt that the opinion will before long be generally held that to kill animals for pleasure is barbarous and immoral."

The work of Jack Miner in our own country is doing much to call attention to the desirability of preserving bird life. As a young lad pointed out recently, "sportsmen" who start for the day with the idea of "bagging" ten, twenty or thirty ducks, are not really in need of the food because they take their meals with them.

"Our species," continues the Dean, "is the most cruel and destructive of all that inhabit this planet. If the lower animals, as we call them, were able to formulate a religion, they might differ greatly as to the shape of the beneficent creator, but they would nearly all agree that the devil must be very like a big white man."

The Division of Property

FOR those who may be attracted by some current ideas concerning the equal division or the state control of all property, Dean Inge has this to say:

"The abolition of the family follows necessarily from the abolition of private property."

Apparently you may take your choice. If you believe that a state will be the better for the abolition of family ties, you may support an equality movement but if you think there is something of value in the retention of the family, you will hesitate before linking with movements that may involve the disappearance of private property.

Men and Machines

"**M**ECHANISM has destroyed industry and replaced it by mere labor," writes the author, and in another place he states that "no man in a boot factory is able to make a pair of boots." In these two sentences he has presented two of the great problems of modern industry. Machines no doubt could have been turned to a better purpose than they are, by reducing the drudgery of work and perhaps by shortening the hours of labor but it is a serious matter when a man becomes almost a part of the machine and works for long hours at a monotonous task that offers no cope for the development of personal skill.

If it is true that no man in a boot factory can make a pair of boots, it reveals a sad state of affairs and it is to be hoped that society can in time devise ways and means of taking some of the ugliness out of modern industry.

Capital and Interest

THE Dean quotes a statement to the effect that "There is much truth in the saying of Diogenes that 'a man's wealth may be estimated in the terms of the things which he can do without.'" The author believes that modern industry is consuming too rapidly the raw materials of nature, and that this consumption is based on an exaggerated idea of the needs of mankind. He thinks that in many cases we could do with far less than we have.

"Pre-mechanical man," he says, "lived on the interest of his environment; mechanical man lives very extravagantly on the capital."

If the Dean lived in Canada, he probably would not miss the opportunity to point to the destruction of Canada's forests, by fire and the requirements of the rapacious paper mill.

Beautiful Cities

THE modern town planning expert would find a warm friend in Dean Inge, who states that "If those philosophers are right who hold that beauty is an attribute of the Deity and that ugliness of every kind is displeasing in his sight, our modern civilization is a blatant blasphemy."

Further, he says that "Until the reign of George III, a town was regarded as improving a landscape. Never since civilization began has so much ugliness been created as the modern English or American town."

May the time come when cities are beautiful from one end to the other. There is a problem here in which the young man can help. "Cities are built a brick at a time." It costs millions sometimes to tear down an unsightly part of a city so that more artistic effects may be secured. If you have occasion to be responsible for the construction of a building, have it as beautiful as you can. A beautiful thing is not necessarily a useless or fragile thing, for Ruskin said that art consisted

in making beautiful things useful and useful things beautiful.

Good Books

FREE libraries contain on their shelves many books of doubtful quality, as do the counters of many a book store. Such books, I suppose, will be written as long as there is a sale for them. A poor book is an expensive investment for the young man. If it is bought at a store it involves an expenditure of money and time. If it is secured at a "free" library the reading of it involves an expenditure of time that can be ill afforded.

Says the Dean: "If we take the trouble to consult Mr. Mudie's catalogue of fiction we shall learn to our amazement that there are several writers whose names we have never heard who have to their discredit over a hundred works of fiction apiece. They obviously turn out several books a year as a shoemaker manufactures so many pairs of boots. The great novelists have generally written rapidly, rather too rapidly, but such a cataract of ink as these heroes of the circulating library spill is absolutely inconsistent with even second-rate work."

No Promotion

A SHORT time ago, a young man working for a railway company told me that he could see no promotion ahead. He was barely in his twenties and for three years past has been earning not less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. I do not know that he has done any definite studying since he left school; I rather think he has not. And yet think of the hundreds of evenings that have been at his disposal during the time he has been working. He could during the time have improved his knowledge of railway mathematics and of railway practice in general and have surely been ready for the position that is nearly always just ahead. As it is, when the opportunity does come, he may not be ready. I think it was Lincoln who said, "I will study and get ready, and some day my chance will come."

The Bible and Human Nature

UNDER the title "Human Nature and the Bible," Professor William Lyon Phelps, of the Department of Literature at Yale, has written a book, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, in which he tries to show, and does it successfully, that the men and women of the Bible were very like the people of our own time. To read this book is to be forced to read again the familiar stories of the Old Testament, and with a new interest. Noah, Isaac, Joseph, Ruth, Samuel, David, Solomon, Elijah, Jezebel, Elisha, and many other characters of biblical fame are successively brought before us by the pen of a sympathetic and gifted writer.

This book is recommended to our readers and with this recommendation we couple the fine tribute that the author pays to the Bible in his introduction.

"Everyone who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may truly be called educated; and no other learning or culture, no matter how extensive or elegant, can, among Europeans and Americans, form a proper substitute. Western civilization is founded upon the Bible; our ideas, our wisdom, our philosophy, our literature, our art, our ideals, come more from the Bible than from all other books put together."

"It is a revelation of dignity and of humanity; it contains the loftiest religious aspirations along with a candid representation of all that is earthly, sensual and devilish. I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. For in the Bible we have profound thought beautifully expressed; we have the nature of boys and girls, of men and women, more accurately charted than in the works of modern novelists and playwrights. You can learn more about human nature by reading the Bible than by living in New York."

"The characters of the Bible are just as real to me as Theodore Roosevelt. I shall therefore point out and try to interpret interesting and significant episodes and passages, with one hope in the back of my mind all the time—that those who read these pages will re-read the Bible with renewed interest."

A Bad Look-out for Submarines

A cold douche has been administered to French enthusiasts for the submarine by Professor Langevin, who has pointed out in a lecture before the Académie de Marine how modern methods of submarine detection have pretty well extinguished the sting from this most treacherous of seacraft. By the use of subaqueous super-sound waves a surface ship can locate a submarine at vast distances (far greater and with far greater certainty than visual observation gives), can fasten on to it remorselessly, and hunt it to destruction.—London Daily Chronicle.



To get the utmost pleasure from your favorite card game, the cards must have these four qualities:

- 1—Perfect slip, easy to deal.
- 2—Big indexes, prevent mistakes in playing.
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Dissatisfaction about Public Affairs

IN this country, as by all accounts in every other country, this is a time of general dissatisfaction with politics and governments, a time of restless unsettlement in people's minds in regard to the management of public affairs. The general unrest and dissatisfaction are largely due to the continuing results of the war as they have affected material conditions, and they are in a very considerable measure due to the effect of the war upon the general thinking of mankind. The war taught the whole world many things. It taught nothing more impressively than the lesson that there had been more un wisdom than wisdom in the government of the world. The war made even the least thoughtful of people ask why it was that the statesmen who guided the course of human affairs had not been able to do better than plunge civilization into a world war that has been the greatest disaster to humanity in all history. Why were they not able to save the world from all that bloodshed and destruction? There is danger now that this spirit of doubt and distrust and profound dissatisfaction may in some parts of the world prove an obstruction to progress. What is loosely and carelessly talked of as dissatisfaction with the workings of representative systems of government is really the feeling that no matter how experienced the men managing public affairs may be other men can be found who will show themselves to be more competent. There is a widespread longing for new men and new ideas. There is a vague desire to have the old ways of handling public affairs done away with and new ones tried. It is the vagueness of this desire, the lack of clear thinking in regard to public affairs, that is obstructive to true progress. And this brings us once more to the fundamental truth about democracy, which is that the most important requisite to the right working of representative government is an active, enlightened public mind and the emergence of wise leadership and the ability in the public to recognize and follow such leadership.

As to the Word "Empire"

PREMIER SMUTS of South Africa, who was such an outstanding figure in the making of the Peace Treaty at Versailles after the World War ended, originated the expression "the British Commonwealth of Nations" to describe the British Empire—a name which Lloyd George, then Premier of Great Britain, adopted. The new term has come into very general use among writers, but the old term continues in general use among the English-speaking peoples of the world. Discussion has been aroused by the address of Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, to the Canadian Bar Association, at its recent convention in Toronto, which was attended by distinguished members of the legal profession from all the provinces, in which address he disapproved of the phrase invented by Premier Smuts and upheld the continuance of the term "Empire." It is objected to "Empire" that it does not apply to the British Empire in the Roman meaning of the word, or the meaning which the late Emperor of Germany had in mind. As Sir James pointed out, there is not and has never been anything to which the British Empire can be compared. Great Britain and this country and the other self-governing nations of the Empire overseas from Great Britain form part of it, as do also parts of the world which have not self-government. The greatest progress in self-government which the world has yet known has been made within the Empire under that name; and in view of this, the name is perhaps of minor importance. A curious fact in this connection is that the crowned head of the Empire, who is the symbol and bond of the Imperial union, has not the title of Emperor, except in regard to India. The only other bearer of the title Emperor in the world today is the Emperor of Japan. Only a few years ago there was a Chinese Emperor, a Russian Emperor, an Austrian Emperor and a German Emperor. In connection with the British Empire there is no possibility of a suggestion of despotism. There does not seem to be much weight in the objection that because the word "Empire" used to mean something different it should not be used as the name of the world-wide union under the Union Jack.

Nations and Human Brotherhood

EVEN the least cheerful observer of human affairs must admit that there is inspiration in the striking proof of the fundamental kindness of humanity which has been furnished by the general response of the rest of the world to needs of the stricken Japanese people. The nations of the world are supposed to be self-seeking and hard-hearted, and yet they can be aroused to magnificent generosity, as Japan's calamity has shown. The response of every government that could help was instant and generous, with the exception of that of the Soviet Government of Russia, which, it is true, sent without delay a shipload of food and other necessities to Japan, but made it a condition that none of the relief thus provided should be given to any Japanese persons outside the "proletariat"—thus taking occasion for the enforcement of the doctrines of Karl Marx about the supreme need of a ruthless

The Philosopher

"warfare between the classes." The message which the cold-blooded and relentless theorists at the head of the Soviet Government sent with that shipload of relief declared that the earthquake shocks which had wrought such disaster in Japan would help along the Marxian world-revolution they yearn for as the necessary preliminary to the establishment of their ideas throughout the world! The Japanese Government declined the relief proffered on such terms. The Soviet rulers have proved by their actions in Russia that they would bathe the world in human blood, in order to establish the doctrines of Karl Marx. No other nation showed inhumanity in sending relief to Japan tied up with ungenerous and lunatic conditions. Each nation has its heart; the Russian people, we must believe, are not as heartless as the Soviet Government which rules them with such ruthless rigor. The governments of the other nations hastened to give practical expression to their sympathy of their people with the Japanese. If only all nations could maintain at all times that sympathetic relation of human brotherhood with one another!

"Man." and "Sask."

THE suggestion has been made that in the addresses of letters wherever else there is occasion to use the name Manitoba it should be used in full, instead of being abbreviated to "Man." The Brandon Sun says the suggestion is a good one, and adds that "it is a name full of memories, and it has some history of achievement." Both the Winnipeg daily newspapers agree with this; and one of them adds that "there are not in Canada two more finely attuned names of provinces that Manitoba and Saskatchewan." The Philosopher has heard the name Saskatchewan pronounced in a country town in one of the middle Western States in a way to take all the euphony out of it; that is to say, it was pronounced with the accent on the "chew," as if the pronouncer, in a fit of sneezing, were to say "Saska-choo!-in." Not that anybody anywhere in the world would ever dream of sneezing at Saskatchewan. The name Manitoba used to be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, instead of on the second. This was indicated unmistakably in the original spelling, "Manitobah," which was the only spelling used fifty-three years ago, when the first of the Prairie Provinces was established. But, needless to say, nobody ever dreamed of saying "Bah!" at Manitoba. That way of pronouncing the name Manitoba soon became old-fashioned and out of date, and the "h" ceased to appear at the end of the word. In like manner the spelling "Dacotah" gave way to "Dakota." Not all the King's horses and all the King's men could find that vanished "h" now and tack it on again at the end of the name Manitoba. As for writing out "Manitoba," instead of "Man.," and "Saskatchewan" instead of "Sask.," not many people who will agree that it ought to be done will remember to do it, and many will think it not worth while taking the trouble, and so "Man." and "Sask." will continue to be used. In this, as in so many other usages, short cuts and trouble-saving will prevail.

In Regard to Coins and Bills

THE silver 5-cent piece is still plentifully in circulation, but the new "nickel" will gradually take its place. With no more of the little silver coins being minted, and with a constantly increasing number of "nickels" coming into circulation, the silver 5-cent piece will in time become a rarity. But that will not be until a good many years have passed. Many people think the little silver coin more convenient than the "nickel." The objection is made to the "nickel" that it is almost as easy to mistake it for a 25-cent piece as it was to make the same mistake with the 20-piece, which the Government wisely decided several years ago to discontinue minting. And some people say that the silver 5-cent piece is distinctively Canadian, and not, like the "nickel," an imitation of a United States coin. The Philosopher remembers that many years ago a travelling strong man, who afterwards became celebrated as "the Modern Samson," gave many exhibitions of his strength in public; at a private exhibition The Philosopher saw him tear a 5-cent piece in two with the thumbs and forefingers of his two hands. It took him several minutes of twisting of the little coin before he got it broken. There is a story that an English general who was noted for the strength of his hands heard of a blacksmith who likewise could perform extraordinary feats of strength with his hands. He went to the blacksmith's shop, took a horseshoe and bent it straight,

and throwing the smith a shilling, said, "Your horseshoe is not made strong enough." The smith twisted the coin into a knot, and said, "Neither is your shilling!" But to return to our Canadian coins, is the 50-cent piece really useful and necessary? It is undeniably rather too big a coin for convenience. The old-time penny, now very seldom seen, was likewise clumsily large. As for bills, the 25-cent "shin-plaster" is seldom seen now. It was convenient for mailing. Perhaps that was why it was called in. The Government naturally takes the view that sending money by mail is not as desirable as sending it by postal note or post office money order. The mention of bills reminds The Philosopher that the United States Government decided to discontinue the \$2 bill, on account of the popular prejudice against it. The New York Tribune says it is "almost invariably accepted under protest, because it is associated with ill luck, and many persons try to avert the spell by tearing off a tiny corner of the bill." There is none of any such irrational prejudice in this country against the \$2 bill, which is exactly twice as welcome as the \$1 bill.

Maltreating the English Language

DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, the successor of Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate, is the leading member of the Society for Pure English, an association in Great Britain which is crusading for the preservation of the purity of the English language, for correctness in both the speaking and the writing of it. He says that in London "English is spoken abominably," and he makes it plain that in saying this he has in mind not only the speech of the uncultured but the speech of people of the highest social classes, who "say 'manna,' when they mean 'manner,' and 'awduh,' when they mean 'order,' and whose speech is marked by affectations like 'extrawdnry.'" He ridicules "the Oxford bleat," and writes that "if an Oxford-bred curate has to say 'the sword of the Lord,' he says 'the sawed of the Lawd.'" He appeals to those who should set the standard of speech to recognize their responsibilities, and points out that King George speaks good English and pronounces his "r's" properly, and does not clip his words or drop his "g's," saying "shillin'" and "shoekin'." He gives a long list of words which are mispronounced in different ways by uncultured people in England and by people who have all the cultural advantages and privileges, as for example, "poor," which the former class pronounce "pore," and the latter "paw." Dr. Bridges confines himself to English as it is used in England. He says nothing of the Scotch burr, or the Irish brogue. Some day some extension of the Society for Pure English will start a crusade against certain tendencies to maltreat the English language which are in evidence in this country.



If your rheumatism comes on again this year—

How can a medicine that is applied on the outside of the skin reach a pain deep down in the joints and muscles? This treatment acts by stimulating the brain to send new blood to the affected area . . .

DON'T suffer unnecessary pain. Get relief at once. It may be splendidly courageous to just "grin and bear it"—but it is a frightful waste of the very vital resources you need to help you get rid of the cause of pain.

Your doctor will tell you that pain should always be relieved—just as quickly and as completely as possible.

And this relief is easily at hand. However deep-seated, however hard to reach the pain may seem to you, it can be stopped—quickly and permanently.

Nearly fifty years ago a remedy for muscular pain was given to the world that has brought relief to so many sufferers that today you will find it in one home out of every three.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, *it can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only aroused.

When you use Sloan's, it stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, upbuilding powers brings to sick, pain-

ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic, it means that disease germs are attacking the joints and muscles. In the tide of pure, new blood that is brought straight to the affected spot when you apply Sloan's, are millions of germ destroyers. So when you send this increased blood supply to the place where the germs are, you also send the very forces that alone have the power to destroy them.*

If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain or a bad bruise—it is because muscle fibres have been stretched to the point of actual injury. The damage must be repaired. The blood supplies the materials out of which the new tissue must be built up—and it washes away the "fatigue poisons" produced by over-exercise.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists. Just apply it—no rubbing is necessary. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, almost magically, relief from pain. There is no burning, no blistering, only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor

SLOAN'S Liniment—Kills pain

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES



Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., LIMITED, TORONTO

Write for Booklet

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home

THE HUNGER OF GUISEPPE

Revealing the passionate heart of a little Italian lad.

By Jessie Playfair Lees.

THE blame was really hers, Flora learned later, although at the time she would have shuddered at such an accusation. She was a stranger in that locality and had no friends there except Miss Carson, an invalid whose life was rapidly nearing its end. Flora's home lay six miles to the west, and a lengthy daily car-ride to and fro gave little opportunity for a study of the district or its people.

So on that September school morning when standing before her first class Flora expressed an ardent desire for flowers, she was innocent of the harmful consequence likely to spring from the appeal. She forgot for the moment that she was speaking to little children—and besides, she did not know Giuseppe then.

The children brought many flowers. Their school-room was a riotous blaze of color. The barren ugliness of the desk and window-ledges was hidden by the blooms of late summer and early autumn. So Flora was happy, and her happiness must have shone very clearly to those small children whose eager hot little hands had carried the wealth of flowery treasure to her. For they, too, seemed to radiate joy—all but Giuseppe.

"Ah—it was the sad eyes," he replied diffidently, "I do not weesh see you so, Carissima—I like for mak' you glad again. I have the flowers to geeve To-morrow I breeng many. Ah—then you weel like Guiseppe, eh?"

He was gone in a swift moment, and Flora heard the footfalls die on the worn turf. Vaguely she pondered. Why had Guiseppe chosen this time to bring his flowers, and where did they grow? His home was on Gilburn Avenue, but that fact conveyed nothing to her tranquil mind. The incident slipped from her thoughts until the following day when Guiseppe rushed to present his morning bouquet of feathery white asters.

"For my Carissima," he said jubilantly, "from the garden of my father."

Flora was at first doubtful. She asked the children in a veiled and guarded way about Guiseppe's home and his father's garden, and she learned that it was a beautiful place with flowers growing everywhere, and some of these were under glass. Guiseppe's father worked all day among the flowers. He was a gardener. So Flora grew content in the knowledge that Guiseppe was really the son of the district florist, and that he had no other



Rollers on the beach at English Bay, Vancouver, B. C.

Flora had first noticed Giuseppe when she made the request for flowers. His baby face attracted her strangely with its wistful gravity, and its luminous Italian eyes. When she smiled at him he answered with a smile of quick brilliancy, and his teeth gleamed in white contrast to his olive skin.

But Giuseppe did not bring flowers, and it seemed to sadden him when he saw the other children giving what he did not have to offer. He regarded their bouquets through half-closed eyes from which smouldered a fleeting flame of jealousy. October came and then November, and there were fewer blossoms in the classroom—bedraggled asters and dahlias.

Flora found herself sighing now and then. But one day Giuseppe came back, silent and shy, long after he had been dismissed. He edged slowly up to his teacher's desk, his face more wistful, more troubled than usual, and his great dark eyes full of longing and dogged fealty.

"Carissima," he whispered, for that is the name by which he addressed Flora, after the manner of his race, "Carissima, it iss that you no longer mak' so mooch laughing—I think you weel be seek." There was a tender note of sympathy in his slow tones, but he trembled with the effort that the speech had cost him.

Then, because Flora still did not know Giuseppe she told him what lay hidden within her heart.

"See," she said, waving towards the windows, "winter is coming. The flowers are leaving us, and the leaves are playing in the wind. I am not happy when there are no flowers—some people are like that you know. But I always try to laugh and be gay—so how could you guess that I am not, Giuseppe?"

withheld his blossoms until the ordinary garden varieties had ceased blooming.

But from that day Giuseppe lost his wistful patient manner, and there came into his eyes a latent fierceness which is unknown to childhood. It puzzled Flora greatly, but she could not chide Guiseppe for what lay now and then in his gaze without first knowing its cause.

November gave place to December, and the earth was wrinkled and stiff with sudden frost. The huge white chrysanthemums on the teacher's desk were faded and stained a weary brown. But Guiseppe continued to bring his father's blossoms.

"THE flowers will soon be gone," Flora remarked one morning, "your father will need all he has for the market. I must send him my grateful thanks."

"No, no, Carissima—there grow many, many more. To-morrow you will see how lovely! Ah—Guiseppe can breeng a beeg gladness to the eyes to-morrow." He laughed boisterously, and all the other children laughed too, although Flora fancied that their laughter did not mingle with his. It was as if theirs blended in pure harmony, while his sounded one false and jarring strain.

The day following was very cold, and the iced drops clattered from the roof to the frozen steps below. Flora counted the shivering children as they came trooping into her primary school, and she marked that Guiseppe was not among them.

"I wonder if Giuseppe is ill," she said, "but perhaps he will come late today."

"Maybe the men caught him," Betty volunteered, with that little air of satisfaction.

Continued on page 39

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"IF YE ASK IN FAITH"

By Reba Ray

Buddy lay ill in an English hospital. He was only in his teens, and far, far from home and Mother; he was facing death, alone—and he knew it.

Buddy had been a brave soldier—so his pals had said; but only Buddy, himself, knew of the cruel fear that had chilled his heart even when he was performing some of the most daring feats on the field of battle.

The most noted surgeons in the army had exhausted their skill in an effort to mend the shattered body and save the life. Now, they could only stand by and wait.

Buddy's lips were pressed firmly together, but the little Sister saw the haunting fear in the silent boy's eyes, and as soon as she could leave him for a few minutes she slipped away to "Mother."

"Mother" was matron of the big military hospital. Everybody called her "Mother"—Buddies, Sisters, Doctors—for she was just that. The Buddies worshipped her; the Sisters loved her, and the entire staff honored and respected the noble-hearted woman whose great Mother-love was big enough to embrace all humanity. Even the iron rules and red tape of a Military Hospital yielded, sometimes, to the dictates of Mother's loving ministrations.

"There is a lad in the left wing whom Doctor says will pass out before morning; he is lonely, and afraid to die. Could you see him?"

Of course she could. Mother was never too busy, nor too tired to see one of her boys when he needed her, no matter if she kept a dozen important persons waiting while she did so.

Very soon Mother's tender, loving arms were around the lad, and she just held him for awhile without saying a word. Then:

"Buddy, the best Doctors in England have done all they can to make you well,

and now we are going to ask a greater Physician than these to be with you tonight."

Softly she talked to him of the Heavenly Father's care and love.

"But, if you must leave us, Buddy, we have a Brother, you and I, who passed through death—such a cruel, bitter death—for us. He knows all about it, and He has promised that He will never leave nor forsake us. Through the dark shadow He will hold your hand until you reach the brightness on the other side. We are going to pray for you, Buddy—the Sisters and I."

Buddy did not speak, but his eyes told her what his lips could not, and already she could feel the tenseness of the pain-racked body begin to relax. Again she held him, in silence, for a few minutes, her cheek pressed against the damp forehead of the apparently dying boy, while her heart went up in prayer to the Great Physician. Then she gently withdrew her arms and hurried away, for so many, many Buddies needed Mother that night.

In the early hours of the morning Mother was about to take a little much-needed rest when a soft tap sounded on her door.

The little nurse had come to tell her. "Buddy has slept; the Doctor says he will live."

And Buddy did live. When Mother saw him again he greeted her with a smile, feeble, but happy. "Mother, I'll never be afraid to die again. I have felt the touch of His hand."

How Could She Tell?

"Norah," said the mistress, "are these French sardines that you have given me?" "Shure, Oi don't know, Ma'am," said the new waitress; "they were pasht spakin' whin we opened the box."

HUNGER OF GUISEPPE—Continued from page 38

action which cloaks a fitfully righteous infant spirit.

"Men? Which men do you mean, Betty?" Flora asked. But before Betty could reply, there was a wild crying, and the sound of distant flying steps on the hard ground. Full of misgivings, Flora hurried to the door, and saw Guiseppe bounding nearer. Two burly labourers were in his wake, and as Flora watched they threw aside their spades.

"They keel me!" shrieked Guiseppe, "Carissima, I die! I die for you!"

Then Flora noticed that he carried a long sheaf of white carnations and there were streamers of shimmering tulle floating back over his shoulder. Horror and angry revulsion surged through her, as the child raced to her side.

"Queek!" he gasped, "tak' it! Run, Carissima!" He thrust out the flowers to Flora, but she drew away.

"Oh—why did you tell me that your father has a garden! You dreadful, naughty child! Carissima will never like you again," she stormed, and Guiseppe, seeing her anger burst into passionate weeping.

"His father is a cemetery gardener, Miss," said one of the men, "Guiseppe lives in the lodge there. He has no mother—no care but yours, and he is a very bad boy."

Because of the cold Flora told the labourers to hasten back to their work, and that she would deal with Guiseppe inside. In vain she implored him to give up the floral spray to the men. He clung to it obstinately, wailing bitterly as if his sorrow could have no end.

Flora carried him quivering into the cloak-room, and set him against the wall there. For a moment she regarded him silently, unable to arrange her confused thoughts. She loathed the passage of words that was forming in her mind, and when she tried to speak she choked miserably.

"Guiseppe," she began presently, "you are breaking my heart. Stealing—for me!"

"No, no—it iss nod—stealing—nod this!" he sobbed. "The sweet signorina—she who iss dead—gave Guiseppe—the permission."

"Miss Carson?" Flora whispered, "yes, she died on Monday." The teacher wanted to cry out in quick protest, but instead she drew her lips and waited in silence.

"Ah—it iss many days past—that I go to ask—the signorina for—the flowers—for Carissima. She tell me—tak' the most beautiful—she like you also! But ah—they lay her—too far off the gate. I cannot run so fast. It iss too—far, and Joe and Tom—they come to keel Guiseppe."

"Hush—they will never kill you," Flora replied, but Guiseppe's sobs broke out afresh, with a more hopeless tremor. "I thing you—weel nod like Guiseppe any more—you say that!"

Swiftly Flora stooped to gather the forlorn little motherless lad into her arms. "Yes, yes," she breathed, "I shall always like you Guiseppe. You wished only to be kind I see, but you have hurt me very much. The flowers you have been bringing to me were not yours to give."

"But those people—are all dead and happy. Ah—they do nod weesh flowers! Carissima iss alive and nod happy—she needs flowers, eh?" He pillowed his head shyly on Flora's shoulder, sighing rapturously.

"I do not need flowers any more. Please take these back at once, and never bring me another blossom until some day when you have a garden of your very own. And remember, Guiseppe, I shall always like when you are good."

"Carissima!" he exulted, "you weel like Guiseppe without flowers, Carissima? Then I tak' these back to the sweet signorina!" He hurried away, but at the door he turned for a final remark, and the old childish wistfulness returned to his moist eyes. "But, ah—it could be so easy for Guiseppe today, if yesterday they lay her—close at the gate."

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SETTING A CHARMING TABLE

Is a Matter of Much Good Taste and a Few Good Rules

By Sylvia Sims

JUST the other day, I obeyed one of those sudden impulses that come to the most deliberate of us at times, pushed the button at the side of my seat in the street car (there is quite a thrill in bringing a big, impressive street car, carrying perhaps a hundred passengers, to a sudden standstill just because one has succumbed to a sudden desire to alight at the next stopping place), and hurried back on foot to the street we had just passed. A glimpse of its rattle at the corner had brought to mind my friend Elizabeth; I had not seen her in some months; I would chance her being at home this morning.

I was barely in time. Hatted and gloved, she was ready for the highway—"Sheer restlessness, old dear,—I decided to have lunch down town just for variety—I have to meet mother at three. I'd much rather stay at home and visit with you. We'll have a bite of lunch and a real dish of gossip."

You are not interested in the chat that ensued, delightful as it was, nor shall I tell you about Betty's delightful house, nor of her own efficiency and charm in the role of mistress. But I do want to speak of the exquisite taste of her table and the smoothness of the service of our simple meal.

I have a great weakness for a charmingly set table. I know that I like good food, but a simple dish, served very nicely, at a table which expresses a fastidious taste, always leaves with me a greater sense of fine hospitality or of contentment, when the meal is served at my own board, than the most elaborate of dishes, indifferently served.

MY FRIEND Betty's taste is as faultless when expressed through her table service as in her very effective dressing—though both are accomplished on the most diminutive income.

Her table is of the refectory type—the long, narrow table that originated way back in the 17th century, when it bore the weighty hospitality of the old feudal barons. Our modern furniture makers, recognizing the suitability of a reduced version of this type of table to the small, present-day dining room, use it in many of their most charming dining suites.

Set for two, this table proved most companionable, for we sat at the sides, chummily close, instead of at the distant ends, or at right angles to one another, in the manner that necessitates a lopsided table-setting.

A few grapes and peaches, in a low bowl, made an effective centerpiece and a

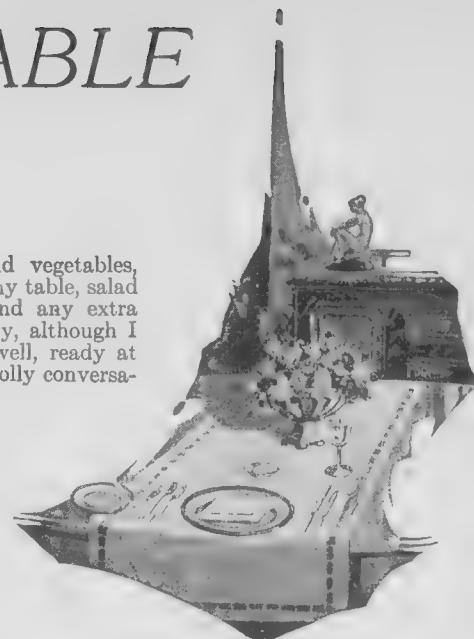
dessert, at one and the same time. Toward either end stood two little vases, lifted from the mantel, and containing a few flowering cosmos.

Two of the new, long place-dolies were whisked from a drawer, for use instead of a table-cloth, and each cover was quickly set with bright china and shining flat-silver in a charmingly engraved pattern. (My wise little friend had selected this pattern herself, before her marriage and had let her intimate connection know that the various forks, spoons, knives and serving pieces would form the most acceptable of wedding presents. She showed me her full equipment—for subsequent gifts have included the correct silver for every use, including such satisfying things as bouillon spoons, salad forks, orange spoons, butter spreaders, as well as the usual battery of fish, meat and dessert silver). "My handsome silver is such a support to me when I give my little self-cooked dinners," Betty confided.

guests to the table. My roast and vegetables, under covers, are on the top shelf of my table, salad and dessert beneath. The plates and any extra silver that may be required, are ready, although I put as much of the silver as looks well, ready at the places. I never miss a bit of the jolly conversation, and there are none of those uncomfortable lapses when the hostess treks repeatedly to the kitchen and back. What, by the way, are the exact rules about placing the silver?"

"You seem to know them," I said, "for even when few pieces are in use, certain rules are just as much in evidence."

"The basis of good table setting is a mathematical one. Each piece must be placed exactly. Very straight, of course; the knives and spoons to the right, forks to the left, so that when you look down one side of the table, all the silver is in perfectly straight lines, the glasses in a straight



The centre-piece should not be so high as to obstruct the cross-table vision.

"What is correct in the matter of candles on the table—should they be shaded or not?" enquired Betty. "I use shades sometimes—when I'm using those quaint, low, pottery candle-sticks with short candles. When I use long candles, in those tall Sheffield candlesticks I'm so proud of, I let them stand in all their regal dignity, quite unshaded."

Little Niceties of Service

BETTY was entirely right—the rule being that when candles are used on the dinner table (of course, they never appear at any but the evening meal), they should be shaded if their flame comes below the level of the eye, unshaded if the flame is higher.

The height of a floral centerpiece is also of importance. It should never obstruct the cross-table vision; a high vase of flowers keeps one dodging to see the person across from one, and is most uncomfortable. A low bowl, with a few flowers in graceful arrangement, is ideal or if fruit or perhaps a candelabrum holds the centre, two or four small vases may be placed at nice distance from it.

As to service—here too, the natural thing to do is usually the correct thing. Dishes are offered at the left side, for instance; this, because one can use one's right hand to help oneself to vegetables, entree or whatever it may be, with ease; if the dish were offered at the right side, the effort to help oneself would be painfully awkward and probably fraught with disaster.

Liquids form an exception to this rule, because naturally the waitress would not reach across in front of a person to place a glass of water or cup of coffee; these are therefore placed from the right side. The glasses are placed just off the tips of the knives.

It is well to avoid putting too much on the table. Open expanses of white linen or polished wood, are restful and beautiful; a cluttered table never looks well.

Before the dessert is served, the water glasses, peppers and salts and any small dishes connected with the courses that are over, should be removed and the crumbs brushed up with a crumbler or a folded napkin.

But, after all, my remark to my friend Betty as we finished our little cete a tete luncheon and our talk about table-setting held an idea beyond fixed rules. "Like everything else, there is always room for the exercise of one's individual ideas and good taste, in serving a meal—from the tray that goes to a bedroom to the big, formal dinner party. I always feel that I have eaten an broia and drink the wine of the gods, when I've had a meal at your table!"

That is the greatest test of successful table-setting and service.

NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles on the art of home-making, by Miss Sims. Watch for the next in the January issue of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY. Miss Sims will be glad to answer the questions of any of our subscribers, on this matter. A letter addressed to her in care of The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, will reach her. Kindly enclose return postage.



Showing the correct use of service plates and distribution cups and saucers, napkins at left when first course is placed, and correct relative positions of everything

For Successful Hospitality

WE CHATTED about the new table linens, too, "So sensible—and so decorative," said Betty. "One white linen tablecloth does me a whole week, bar accident, when I use it only for dinners. It's a great saving on laundry—dolies are so easy to wash and iron. And they are a great time-saver at meal time—so quickly put in place and lifted. I use hemstitched linen, cotton repp bound with bias tape—even gay chintz to add cheer at breakfast time."

"This is another aid that I use every day, but appreciate particularly when I'm entertaining several guests," said Betty, as she drew up the handy little wheel table beside her chair.

"There's nothing more fatal to the success of a party than a Jumping Jack hostess, is there? I usually serve fruit cocktails to begin a luncheon or dinner, although sometimes I have soup. Either one is already at each place when I bring my

line, the bread and butter plates, or any other dishes that are in use, all in exact rows. Push one place out of line and see how it spoils the whole table."

Which Fork Next?

THE forks, spoons, etc. are placed in such order that the next thing required will be found at the extreme outside of its group. That is to say, when fish is placed before one, the fish fork will be found at the extreme left, the fish knife at the extreme right of the knives. After all, it is a rule built on common sense, isn't it? You don't spoil the appearance of your place as you use the silver for successive courses, and there is no confusion of any sort. The tines of the forks and bowls of the spoons are turned upwards, and the sharp edges of the knives are toward the plate.

Bread and butter plates are used for breakfast and luncheon and by most Canadians, for dinner. They should not appear at a formal dinner, the roll or square piece of bread being placed on the cloth at the left of the forks and no butter being served. Few old-country people will use butter at dinner, even informally. The bread and butter plate, at whatever meal it appears, always stands at the left side and the butter spreader (neat little things, aren't they? They solve the problem of a knife that fits such a small plate) rests across the right side of the plate. The folded napkin is placed between this plate and the table edge, or upon the service plate, if the first course is not already on it.

Properly speaking, one should always have a plate before one—hence the use of the service plate. Most people omit it except for formal use—we are not anxious to make extra dish-washing! Of course, a plate is always necessary under a sherbet glass or custard cup, or anything of that kind.



Candles are unshaded when they extend above the level of the eye; napkins may be placed on the service plate if the first course is not already served; silver is very accurately placed.

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TIDE TO THE TIDE

By Richard S. Bond

BY Gar, we got to swim!" With the words, Pierre Corbeau, guide, fisherman, and general utility man for your humble servant, began to untie the heavy laces of his hiking shoes.

We had come out early that morning to fish for cod in Digby Bay. So far as fishing was concerned, we had nothing to complain of. The slippery bodies in the bottom of our dory, two or three of which had not yet ceased their flopping, told their own story of success.

But our anchor had fouled a cable, log, rock or some obstruction, and for ten minutes we had been working unsuccessfully to free it. Worst of all, we had neither knife or hatchet. As usual my knife had been left at home. Pierre had brought one, but quite early in the morning I had managed to let it slip through my fingers. At present it was resting safely in twenty feet of water.

Anchored at the end of a forty-foot rope, in twenty feet of water, means very little in most bays—that is, in calm weather. But in Digby Bay the tide rises fifty-two feet and a forty-foot rope is just twelve feet too short for high tide.

That is why Pierre was unlacing his heavy shoes. He preferred to swim

waiting game, with the possibility of not living to see the finish.

Once more I tugged frantically at the anchor rope, but my blistered hands could hardly grasp it, and my puny muscles could not budge what had proved immovable to both Pierre and me. It was useless to waste effort on the rope.

By the time Pierre was half way to the shore line for which he had started, that shore line had disappeared, and tiny waves, fifty yards further on, showed where the tide of Digby was waging its daily war with the land. A rise of fifty-two feet in six hours, over a sloping sandy shore, means that a yard of sand is covered in an almost unbelievable short time.

As the water crept up toward the distant Digby, my rope began to turn toward the perpendicular. What had once been an angle of forty degrees became an angle of fifty, and it seemed that I could almost see it creep on its way to that fateful ninety which meant that the nose of the boat would be pulled downward and the green waters of the bay begin to swirl in.

Dark patches of seaweed began to drift past on the rising tide. Here and there heavy pieces of driftwood floated. Once a railroad tie bumped into the



Gathering the apple harvest. Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia.

ashore now, when land was within swimming distance, rather than to wait until the boat was dragged under and the rising tide had covered the flats for an additional half mile.

It was then that I acknowledged my besetting sin to the guide.

"I can't swim a stroke, Pierre!" I said humbly.

The bronzed giant looked up in alarm.

"I can but swim a little!" he gasped. "Perhaps enough to get ashore now when I can strike bottom in a little piece. But to take you too—mon Dieu, but no. I could not go for ten yards."

"Then you go at once and bring a boat back, Pierre!" I ordered. "I'll wait here and watch the fish."

I tried to make my voice steady, but was beginning to realize the predicament I was in. One glance at Pierre's face would have announced the truth to anyone. He was showing a green-tinged white beneath his tan.

"I shall swim like never before, monsieur," he promised, as without more delay he plunged over the side, and started for the nearest shore line. "Soon I shall come back. Hold tight, monsieur."

Undoubtedly I would follow his advice and hold tight. The swirling water did not invite me in the least. The staunch sides of the dory appealed far more strongly. If I only had an axe, I could tear off some of those heavy planks and perhaps drift ashore with the tide—but there was no axe. Mine was to be a

stern of my dory, but before I could grasp it, a wave thrust it beyond my reach. If I could have only taken a few strokes, it would have been easy to have reached that tie—and I felt sure it would have carried me to safety.

But I could not swim those few strokes, and was obliged to sit in a rapidly settling dory and watch my sole hope of speedy rescue drift past.

The rope had reached the perpendicular by the time Pierre made the shore. I could see him staggering up the bank and rushing madly in search of another boat. After what seemed an age, I saw him in company with another man, tugging frantically at a massive sail boat that was high and dry twenty yards from the present shoreline. By the time they could get that afloat, my dory would be submerged.

It was then that I gave myself up for lost. The nose of my dory was pointing downwards. The rope was so straight that it was creaking dismally against the prow. The stern of the boat had begun to lift and I could already see the tip of the rudder.

I crawled back to the stern, knowing perfectly well that my puny weight would avail nothing against the Tide of Fundy, yet taking even that hopeless chance. It did nothing except to increase the creaking of the anchor rope against the prow, and slightly steady the waving motion of the lifting stern.

A bunch of seaweed floated in toward the prow on the tip of a wave, and as

Continued on page 43



"Mother it's so dark!"

WHAT grief tears her Mother-heart as she hears her sightless boy remind her of the Fire's devastation!

Just an iron thoughtlessly left on the ironing-board for a moment or two—and the kitchen table, the curtains, the whole kitchen wing, the house itself were soon wrapped in flames.

Her boy will bear until death's day the terrible testimony of the Fire demon's hunger. All for the lack of a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher in the home: for this, like every other fire, had a small beginning. It was accidental.

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A Duel of the Deep

By Edward William Towler

HE was a happy-go-lucky fellow was "Hairy" the seal, and this morning in question he was having just as fine a time as any right minded seal had reason to expect. He had just finished chasing after a man who was trolling for salmon and had had the supreme pleasure of taking a fifteen pounder off his hook. This was his favorite sport, for he was nothing if not a pirate; while combined with that reprehensible calling was an unmitigated laziness. If food came easily so much the better and anything that looked easy was just "Hairy's" mark, so often he found it easier to let some other fellow catch his meal and then steal it. It was this fatal liking for annexing things that came near to his undoing one summer morning when cruising off a point of rocks on the British Columbian coast.

As he reared his head above the waters and surveyed the scene all that met his eye was a gas boat leisurely cruising along at about half speed. "Hairy" was too well versed in these boats to worry much, but he knew to his cost that often a rifle spoke from those same boats and a bullet would whip the water in close proximity, so he gave a wary look then dived. He meant to take a rest by the rocks inshore and for that reason made for a watery cave that he had often used. As he cruised by the ledge some twenty feet under water he caught sight of a peculiar looking object; to "Hairy" it appeared to be a livid mass, inanimate and lifeless, just clinging to the rocks; but none the less edible. This thing needed further inspection and a closer investigation showed it to be an octopus, or devil fish whose ghastly arms seemed welded to the rocks.

"Hairy" sized the horror up. He had not encountered in his young life this terror of the deep. To him it appeared a soft grey mass and easily killed; then again it was asleep, another point that appealed to him. His piratical instincts got the better of him, he could not see anything that looked like food go by even though he was not very hungry. He made a vicious bite at an exposed tentacle and in a flash the grey horror sprang to fiendish life. The sea was whipped into foam by the thrashing arms of the outraged cuttle that sought to get grips with the spoiler of his siesta. One of those horrible arms caught "Hairy" in a strangling grip around his body and in a moment he was drawn towards the cuttle, another five foot tentacle clamped around him and the octopus slipped off the rocks and before the astonished seal could make even a solitary move, had fastened itself

squarely on the head of "Hairy"; while its arms enveloped his whole body.

In a moment the waters were alive with the frantic convulsions of the seal. In vain "Hairy" dived and threw himself around; he could not shake the ugly mass that clung limpet-like to his skull, nor free himself from the suckers that enveloped him. Diving again until he was almost bursting he tried in vain to free himself, but to no purpose, if escape was to come it must be something more drastic than mere thrashings around that would release him. Twisting and working and writhing he managed to get himself into a more favorable position for with a lightning snap of his jaws he bit off the arm that was over one side of his face. The cuttle appeared oblivious of his wound for he immediately flung another to take its place, this "Hairy" bit clean in two, but like a whiplash a third took its place. Again he struggled for a favorable opportunity for the horrid object clamped upon his head gave no more attention to the loss of its limbs than if they had not been. "Hairy" had surely got himself into trouble for the grip of the monster was paralyzing his whole body so he lay for a moment or two upon the surface to recover his wind for another final effort. Fortune favored him for the octopus shifting his grip brought an arm within reach reach of the seal's iron jaw, again that bite and the third arm fell into the sea to float uselessly away. All this time the sea was boiling and surging through the terrific struggles of the two combatants. At the loss of the third arm the cuttle seemed to take cognizance of the fact that he was playing a losing game and concluded he had enough, for the seal felt a loosening of the tremendous pressure upon his head and in another second the mass slid off into deep water.

"Hairy" was too tired to move, too played out to care what happened, he lay unconscious of everything upon the surface of the placid sea. Too tired to notice the gas-boat that had drawn closer and closer and whose occupant had watched the strange duel with undivided interest. Over the side the fisherman leaned talking to himself in an amused way.

"Well if that ain't the darnest fight I ever see, I'll quit fishing." At the sound of the man's voice "Hairy" spun round and saw his mortal enemy not twenty yards away. A quick dive, a flick of his tail and he was gone.

"No need to hurry, old timer," said the man, "after the scrap you put up you sure deserve your liberty." Then turning to his engine he started her up and headed westward once more.

TIDE TO THE TIDE—Continued from page 42.

the wave receded, the weed was left hanging on the side. I crawled forward and flung it clear, angrily. Not yet was I willing to accept the flowers from Davy Jones locker.

I was glad to get back, for my weight it seemed had almost forced the prow under. As I glanced over the side I could see that the forward oar locks were but a scant six inches from the water.

And then another carpet of seaweed was washed aboard. Again the impulse came that I should cast it adrift. For a second I resisted, and then I found myself crawling madly forward, one arm stretched out toward that ghastly bouquet.

As my hand clutched it, I felt something hard. An oyster shell! Caught in the seaweed it had drifted in with the tide.

And then the happy thought came to me.

Quickly forcing the shell I crawled to the taut singing rope, and began to saw at the strands. One by one they parted, but the boat was gradually settling. I could feel it. Already water was creeping around my ankles. It must be coming in over the side.

I glanced around and found that I was leaning a little to port. Shifting

my position, I renewed my frantic efforts. The strands were parting—but oh, so slowly. The rope was a heavy one and I had not cut more than one-quarter of the way through.

My fingers were bleeding from contact with the shell, but I cared nothing for that. Balancing myself precariously on the tilted dory, I shut my eyes and sawed as I had never sawed before.

One by one those tiny strands gave way, but again the water began to creep in. This time it came from both sides at once. The dory was beginning to go under.

Hooking one arm around an oar, I shut my eyes and gave a last frantic gash at the rope—and fainted.

Pierre told me an hour later that my dory had drifted almost half way to shore before they reached me. It was half-filled with water, but still able to keep afloat although it sloughed heavily in the waves.

That last gash had severed an additional strand or two—enough so that the remainder could not stand the strain of the dory and the rope had broken.

No! My hair did not turn gray as it does in fiction. But never again will I flirt with the Tide of Fundy without a good sharp knife.



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GENERAL RULES

The contest closes December 15, 1923. Solutions which are mailed so they bear postmark of that date will be accepted, even though received a day or so later.

Information will be furnished and rulings made on any points contestants may want information about. Farm and Home reserves the right to decide any and all questions which arise, and those entering the contest as a part of the contract must and do agree to abide by such rulings.

As many prizes will be reserved as there are people tied before any prizes are awarded for less correct solutions. That is, if three people should tie on the best solution, the first three prizes will be reserved for them, and they would be awarded three prizes in the order of the standing of their solution of the next puzzle; that is, the best solution would be awarded the first prize, the next best the second, and the third best the third, etc.

All solutions must be sent in on the blank herewith. No solution unaccompanied by a cash subscription will be accepted. No solution may be changed after it is once registered. No one directly or indirectly associated with Farm and Home will be allowed to participate in this contest.

Address Solutions and Enquiries to Contest Manager,
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Adventuring Along The Clyde River in Its Glacial Gouged-out Valley

OUR new study field station is in so lonely a spot that no eye of man sees the lights of our evening fires. Up and down river our neighbours are a good mile away. East and west a score of miles separates us from man's settlements. The moose and the deer and the bear are our nearest neighbours, shy neighbours indeed for Laddie has to hunt hard with his swift camera to get even a peep at them. We send you some black duck pictures however.

In mid-June the maples are but seeding and leafing out. The poplars are hanging out their white-backed banners. The oaks are putting on their leaves after almost seven months elapsing since they flung their scarlet glories down to the green mosses below. The trail through the woods, for these are real forests indeed where the foot of man rarely intrudes from pulpwood making to moose hunting—are bordered by exquisite pink orchids—the yellow Lady's Slipper of mid-continent almost—here the "Pink

old historical grounds, my reader, these grounds of Shelburne County. No secessions were there, only harrassed men "The United Empire Loyalists" seeking a home beneath "The Flag" and alas! they are now being deserted. Many of the houses we pass by road and river have the windows boarded up and the owners have fled to the U.S. If you want a home with many cleared acres, a hundred acres counting bushland, a good big house, a fine orchard, excellent streams beside you full of trout, a good road, best of moose and deer hunting, fine grouse (partridge) shooting, free wood, lots of wild berries (thousands of quarts of blueberries fall for want of picking), come to the Clyde and buy a house near us for a low price (\$1,000) others for less. One great fine home with several hundred acres, winding avenues, pine-bordered shaded roads, a place of most excellent beauty, with every natural advantage is crying out for a buyer. It would make a most suitable



A Clyde River road.

Moccasin Flower" with dark pink lines leading to the tiny opening of the well. The way the edges fold entraps the inquisitive insect most thoroughly. We regret that this beautiful thing has so unpleasant an odour and that it is guarded by myriads of stinging black flies and mosquitoes.

The noble pine woods are interspersed by savannas that lie flat as prairie fields. Evidently the glacial ice slid over and flattened these out while it piled its debris on the two ridges that are now the hardwood hills on each side of the lush valley. The Clyde river centres it and creeks feed it, each marked along its meandering course by sparse lines of slim spruce trees. While on the subject of creeks I may say we are not overjoyed at the names given them by some unkind soul. "Bloody Creek" to the west, "Dirty Creek" to the east are our boundaries—but these ill-named waters bear us up to the sweet sounding "Mic-Chic-Che-Wagatha" and the "Madaashack Lakes"—memoirs of the Mic-Macs who in early days hid in these deep forests and saw with wonder our white-winged ships land their loads of United Empire Loyalists. What must they have thought when they saw a tall white-faced stranger lead his little sons ashore and "kneel and kiss the dear land?" If this was strange to them what of these same people hurriedly unpacking great boxes (trunks) and putting on satin and furbelow, paint and patch, and dancing there in the moonlight on that newly taken strand, in very thankful light-heartedness over the escape they had had from the victorious rebellious colonists who now form the great U.S. These are

fishing or moose-hunting clubhouse. There is swift water nearby where big hard-fighting trout snap the fly greedily. Lots of hay for your horses, good barns for cattle or motor shed, one of the finest houses in Nova Scotia just waiting for you.

AS WE walk through these busy shipyards at Shelburne and Lunenburg and all along this wild coast wherever a deep harbour runs, you are sure to find either a schooner or a tern (three master) building or the forest of poles that show where a slip was and its ways.

The saddest thing of all is the short life of these hundred and odd foot fishing schooners. You see they have to live on the banks in all sorts of weather, plunging at the end of a many fathom anchor cable or slipping it and running to sea with bare poles or snuggling along with only a jumbo jib and a corner of a sail drawing. Or else they are away to the West Indies with salt-fish or lumber or plaster-rock stuff from the quarries to New York or with deck-loads as high as the main boom staggering along lumberladen for coast-wise ports. The terns take lumber to Europe and make a good fare of it, but the wintry seas met on the return trip from Turks Island, where they go after unloading salt fish at the West Indies for a load of salt is fatal to many of them.

The little coal hulkers that bring U.S. coal to Maritime ports are the grand-parents of the fleet. I know of one fifty-three years old now sitting at the bottom of the Atlantic after her crew bailed for three days and then fought the giant swells and the windchop on top for twelve hours in a tiny launch. It is incredible

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the Ocean Shores —and Some Tales of the Wild Atlantic

By Bonnycastle Dale

the risks these men take. I spoke to one crippled-up mate who was just thawing out after shipwreck. He told us that when all hope had fled and the pumps were blocked with coal and not a sail in sight, a tern-schooner had swooped along and picked them up after they saw their little coal huller sink bow first in the deep sea.

Now the "Gloster-Man," Elizabeth Howard, comes sliding into port with that fatal signal on her mast, flag at half-mast, telling of the terrific gale that swept the sea on last Wednesday, and of the loss of a man. It blew a full gale (56 miles) and raised a huge sea. Off starboard lay an immense icefield. Off port the twin terrors of Sable Island's submerged bars from which no bottom that strikes ever escapes. Between "the Devil and the Deep Sea" there flew along this Nova Scotia built schooner, iced up with the spray, water burdened by the windchop that flew aboard in continuous sheets.

Half sunken by a giant comber that came over the rail, she just managed to draw clear past the west bar of Sable Island and beat along in a terrible sea. This midnight ride will always be remembered by these men, used even though they are at fighting death off with a cod-line in one hand and a bailer in the other when afloat in their dories off this tragic isle.

She was bound for the halibut grounds off Sable Island—no place for any vessel that floats at midnight of a winter's gale. For five weeks they had battled along over the sunken "banks" hoping always for fishing weather and finding none. Ice everywhere, or giant seas and fierce

of water sluicing over her decks—Right into the group of working fishermen the monster fell and four dark bodies swept over the rail—lost—and many others at the end of lines like fish on a string. These hardy chaps drew themselves aboard one by one while the schooner slowly rose from that awful position—her topmasts seemed to be in the water—but she righted and when they came to count the crew it was down to eighteen men of the twenty-two who fought the gale a moment before.

The almost wrecked Howard now drove on under bare poles. After five hours work, during which time she jiggered along from top to trough like some eccentric marine dancer, they did get a corner of a sail up and drawing, working like demons, but not hopelessly, for these men will tell of a tragic moment like this with a grin on their faces and a merry glint in their eyes. Like a sodden wreck she slushed along at half speed and poor smashed up schooner that she was she soon saw one in a more desperate condition. The Helen Coolen ahead had been riding at anchor when the storm struck her and split her small sail and tore her away from her anchor. Two of the crew sprang to make the ripping sail fast and both went under a giant sea that rose over the port and swept them away. Another man grabbed a rope and went over the rail but was swept back.

That one single sea put the Coolen out of commission completely. It tore the rail off her, smashed almost all her nested dories, lifted her bowsprit cock-a-bill, rushed along the deck like a destroying demon and wrecked her wheel and leaped overboard and nipped the rudder



Liberating young black duck

winds. It is a brave, hardy man who will battle with the elements in a hundred footer for over a month in the wild Atlantic. They were now seeking a way through the ice if happily they might get a slant for home. They had been skirting a great ice field that kept them off the fishing banks just as the dim sun sank in the wintry seas, then the gale struck them and the cry came "shorten sail." With just a reefed foresail she plunged along her course—lucky that she did not plunge into some mass of thick ice. The gale got worse and they hove her to. She lay there in a ninety-mile wind, with ice beating down upon her and the lead telling the awful tale of lee shore. "Twenty fathom" howled the seaman and then came the order to beat off on the starboard tack.

Imagine the horror of it in that inky blackness—the only white the ghastly creaming of the seas. All hands had to be on deck, as the sail jibed over. Some were lashing the foreboom to the fife rail when she ran up the steep side of a watery mountain and slid down into the trough on her beam ends—with a thousands tons

off and carried it away. It strained her sides as badly as if she had been thrown ashore and the oakum swept out of her seams like rags off a fluttering mat. Down she settled, slowly but surely, until her scuppers let out as much sea as they took in—clean green sea out of her hold. She was sinking and the badly-wrecked Howard slid alongside and lifted the crew over her rail. Alas! what a good servant and a bad master the sea is."

BUT to another tale. "Let us go out and get a Lame Duck," said Captain Cutler of the "West Haven". His wireless had just sputtered off the message that the "West Hardaway," both U.S. Government Shipping Board vessels, was adrift without power. She had broken the steel towing hawser of the Angus twice and she was calling for help.

Here is a difficult position. Her engines were dead and the axes had torn out every bit of wooden fitting aboard the big freighter for use for the steam steering apparatus. Even this supply had run out. The dynamo was dead. All the big steel

Continued on page 46

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SECOND TRAIN from Winnipeg, Dec. 11, 1923, direct to Ship's side, Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Pittsburg" Dec. 14 to Southampton, Cherbourg, Bremen; S.S. "Canada" Dec. 15 to Glasgow, Liverpool.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

ADVENTURING ALONG THE OCEAN SHORES—

Continued from page 45

shell was as cold as the grave and men were bundled up and beating their arms and running races in the footways to keep warmth in them. For light a few old lanterns were used.

She was en route from Scotland to Philadelphia, starting in at Antwerp. (One odd thing was the two Renner brothers were on the bridges of the two big hulls as pilots when they came up Halifax Harbour). There were tugs in front, tugs at the side pumping in live steam to thaw out the tanks. To make the case harder the decrepit "West Hardaway" had picked up on the way along the coast of Scotland the wrecked sailors of the U.S. Shipping Board Steamer "Quaker City". (You see the U.S. Government still handles the shipping of the great mass of both passenger and freight).

What made it more interesting to us was that the Chief Engineer was from this very shore where I write this. The steamer had so often broken her tow lines and been abandoned that we feared for her safety. It was December 13th when the engineer suddenly noticed that the fuel-oil tank was just about empty so the steamer stopped and threw her head into the sea and radioed broadcast her position. This new wonderful power told all the shipping within hundreds of miles of the mishap and messages of succour poured in. First the Angus tried to get a line to her. Very hard difficult work as one of the rescuing steamers found to her sorrow. The line she floated out fouled in her propeller and she was almost another wreck. It took all day long to get that Argus line aboard in the great sea now running, as the "West Hardaway" was but a cripple in the seas, hurred along and rolled along like a great log. Finally a buoy was picked up and a seven-inch Manila rope brought, and a one-and-a-half inch steel tow cable. To look at one of the huge towlines you would think it was absolutely impossible to part it—but the Angus parted that line three separate times and gave up in disgust and steamed off, leaving the poor big freighter wallowing in the trough. (The Argus was getting short of fuel-oil, too).

By now the derelict was along the edges of the Grand Banks where our men fish for cod. A nice neighbour to come rolling along in the tide during the dark hours of the night. The lights of the "West Haven" were seen and she stood by until daylight. This standing by is nerve-racking work, especially if the disabled steamer has no wireless, as every time you lose her light you think she is gone for sure. As there were but dim lanterns on the "West Hardaway," the rescuer had to watch closely to avoid collision. At daylight she steamed close enough to the rolling craft to throw a line aboard, a fine bit of seamanship.

In the gale then blowing the seas were mounting up on the stern of the powerless steamer and with the wind increasing things looked bad. This first line got under the stern of the Argus and was threshed off in the wheel. Finally they

got her under tow but the seas were mighty things and the dead weight at the end of the cable tugged like some super-human monster. But the line held until the next morning when it again went "snap" with a hard straining pull. Again, after hours of frantic work, they got a line on her but this time the anchor chain fouled and away went the vital line.

At length the ocean seemed to relax its grip. The wind fell to a gentle breeze, the seas subsided as the ebb tide cut them down, and the two modern steel monsters thrashed and tugged and struggled on over the two hundred miles to Halifax harbour.

ONE of the strangest things ever seen floating in the Bay of Fundy was sighted from the wheel house of the Keith Cann. The boat was half way across the usually turbulent bay, when the wheelman said, "What's that? It looks like an ark through the glass." Off its course went the steamer and every eye was focused on the rarest looking thing ever seen floating on the sea. No less than a bungalow, with even the name board in place, "Cedar Point" glistened and glittered as the house calmly rose up a swell or sank into a trough. The river St. Croix had been on a big rampage lately and had lifted this bungalow from its moorings on a pretty little cedar-clad point far up the river and had borne it seawards almost uninjured.

Bonnie River, not to be outdone, went on the rampage too. There was a happily situated little home on the riverside occupied by a Mrs. Robbins. The river had not been a bit bonnie lately, as it had been swirling along madly and had that very day flooded the front of the field. The family retired that night unalarmed but uneasy. Suddenly another freshet came booming along about midnight and on its crest rode a raft of logs, the water was dammed up below and raised over the field and the raft struck the house with a great crash and tore it down while the occupants dashed madly out with only the clothes they wore left to them or all their possessions.

The exodus of our neighbors still continues and hundreds of Nova Scotia people are leaving for the U. S. in consequence of the new fish tariff. As a retaliatory measure we are going to cut off the thirty-five-year-old privilege of using our Canadian ports for supplies and for shipping. All they can get there is "wood and water" (which means coal and gasoline too I presume in this new age). It will fall very hard on the merchants of the Atlantic shore who sell huge quantities of supplies to the bankers and seiners, but the greedy U. S. always uses the Big Stick, and the last fish tariff, the Dingley, was written plainly against Canada—so we must stick up for our rights against the foreigners who now mainly compose the U. S. A.

Later—this retaliatory measure is not yet enforced—I fear the cure is worse than the disease.

HORSE, DOG AND MAN

The horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to a fence.

Said the horse to the dog: "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense

In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands, do you?"

And the dog looked solemn and shook his head, and said: "I'm a goat if I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them: "Stay! You will rob me of thing for which I have use, by cutting my thumbs away!

You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why would you treat me so?

As I am, God made me, and He knows best! O masters, pray let me go!"

The dog laughed out, and the horse replied: "Oh, the cutting won't hurt you; see?

We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!

God gave you your thumbs and all, but still, the Creator, you know, may fail

To do the artistic thing, as He did in furnishing me with a tail!"

So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs, and were deaf to his pitiful cries;

And they seared the stumps and they viewed their work through happy and dazzled eyes.

"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone!

For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on!"

"Still it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;

His ears look rather long to me, and how do they look to you?"

The man cried out: "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them as you see,

And if you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure me!"

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,

"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head!"

So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped his ears away,

And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they!

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age!

Such things are ended now, you know: we've reached a higher stage!

The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to keep and wear,

And the cruel horse and dog look on, and never appear to care!

Aunt Miriam's Sabbath Day

By Mrs. Nestor Noel.

"I DO hate Sundays," said Elsie to her Aunt Miriam, one day.

Aunt Miriam smiled. She was not the kind of person to be easily shocked. Perhaps she understood why her little niece disliked the Sabbath Day.

"Just tell me what you do on Sundays," she asked.

"Do," echoed Elsie. "That's just it. I never do anything the whole, long day!"

For an active, energetic child, like Elsie, to do nothing was really a penance.

"Now come," said her Aunt. "You know you must do something. First of all, you get up and dress; don't you? Tell me the rest of the day from that, just as if you were reciting a lesson."

Elsie laughed.

"When I'm dressed, I have breakfast," she began. "Then I go to Church with Grandmother, and we sit there for hours and hours, and there's a long, long sermon. Sometimes I fall asleep in Church, and this makes Grandma very cross."

"I suppose so," put in Aunt Miriam. "What next?"

"Then we walk home very quietly and I carry the prayer books. In hot weather, they seem so heavy and in cold weather they seem to make my fingers freeze."

"Poor little girl," said Auntie, tenderly.

"Then," continued Elsie. "We have

She loved pretty things and pretty people, and her Aunt, certainly, was pretty. Suddenly Aunt Miriam asked: "How would you like to spend two or three weeks with me?"

Elsie jumped up with excitement.

"O Aunt Miriam," she cried. "If I only could!"

Her Aunt smiled. "Well, as Grandma says 'Be a good child' while I go and see what I can do about it."

Elsie laughed, then waited anxiously for the result. It seemed ages before her Aunt entered the room saying: "You're coming back with me this evening, for three weeks. I'll help you pack."

Those minutes surely did fly. Elsie had never left her Grandmother's before, for more than an afternoon. Now she was to spend three whole weeks with her favorite Aunt.

The days at Rose Cottage passed like minutes. They were so full of interesting events.

"Sunday morning tomorrow," observed Aunt Miriam, as she bid her niece 'Good-night' on Saturday, at bedtime.

"Yes, I know," answered Elsie, soberly. The thought of Sunday always made her feel sober.

Of course, Aunt Miriam would keep Sunday as her Grandmother did. Perhaps



In St. John's Park, Winnipeg.

dinner. After dinner, Grandma goes to sleep and I have to learn my memory verse."

"That can't take long," smiled Aunt Miriam.

"No," answered Elsie. "That's the worst of it."

"But you must have plenty of time before tea," objected her Aunt.

"There's nothing to do then. I'm not even allowed to look out of the window on a Sunday. I mustn't play with my toys. What can I do?"

"Have you no books to read?"

"Grandma only lets me read the Bible on Sundays," explained Elsie.

"I suppose you go to Sunday School?" said her Aunt. "That must be interesting."

"I don't go," said Elsie. "I wish I did."

"Why don't you go?" asked her Aunt.

"There's no one to take me," answered the girl. "Sunday is Eliza's day out, and Grandma won't let me go alone."

"I see," said Auntie, simply.

"When Grandma wakes, we have tea," went on Elsie. "Then I say my memory verse. After that, I am left alone until supper. I've nothing to do. Grandma says: 'Be a good child and keep quiet.' Then she goes upstairs again. I'm glad when Eliza returns and we have supper. It's strange too, Auntie; but I'm so tired when I go to bed. I'm not as tired after weeding my garden on a week day, as I am on a Sunday after doing nothing!"

For a few minutes there was silence. Miriam Taylor seemed to be thinking deeply. Elsie looked at her Aunt as the sunlight shone on her rich auburn hair.

that was why she had asked her all about it, thought Elsie.

The next day, she dressed extra carefully and walked slowly down-stairs. Grandma never allowed her to race down, so perhaps she'd better walk even here.

She soon finished her breakfast.

"Now we'll go to Church," observed Aunt Miriam.

"I'll carry the books," offered Elsie, with an air of resignation. After all, "Sunday was much the same everywhere," she thought.

"There are no books to carry," smiled Aunt Miriam. "I have two sets, and I always keep one set in my own place in the Church. Suppose, instead of going the short way by the town, we go round by the fields. I think it would be pleasanter."

The sun shone gloriously and there was a cool breeze. The walk with her Aunt was a pleasure, and Elsie arrived in Church quite refreshed. When the hymns were announced, Aunt Miriam had them already and thus Elsie was spared the somewhat laborious task of hunting through her book. The sermon was short and to the point. It was not preached "over the heads of the congregation." Even Elsie understood it. After Church, Aunt Miriam had another surprise, for they went home a somewhat longer way, but it led by the beach!

The preacher had talked about how Christ had taught the people from a boat, and Elsie and her Aunt, looking at the boats along the beach wondered just what kind He must have used.

Continued on page 51



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THE BETTER PART

By Winifred N. Whitlock

"WELL, it's no use nagging. The money's gone and that's all there is to it."

Fred Norris's voice sounded as though the limit of endurance had been reached, but his wife's nerves, strung to breaking pitch, were beyond control.

"You shouldn't have listened to Tom Brown. It wasn't right. It was my money as well as yours. Didn't I slave for it day after day, scraping and pinching, and now I suppose we'll have to go on for another three years and perhaps never have water in the house. I do work so hard. . . ." Her voice was swallowed in a fresh paroxysm of tears; the two-year-old boy in the high chair raised his voice in fear and the baby in the cradle set up a weak wail in sympathy.

From this domestic inferno Fred Norris made his escape into the brilliant sunshine of a June afternoon. He felt himself helpless against his wife's reproaches, for it was true that the money which he had so foolishly—as it now appeared—invested in the Holyoke Oil Company, had belonged to her too; it represented their savings for three years, the length of their married life.

And now it was all gone. The Company was in the hands of the official receiver. The promoter, worn out with the worries of finance in a sanitarium, while his dopes bemoaned or philosophized according to their dispositions and losses.

While Fred Norris worked off his irritation his wife indulged in the feminine panacea of a good cry. When at last her lachrymose glands refused to function further, her head ached, Fred Junior had upset his mug of milk, and the baby lay with tear-stained cheeks, gazing at its mother.

Helen Norris got up, poured some water in a bowl and bathed her swollen eyelids with cold water, picked up the mug, mopped up the milk, and lifted her son out of his high chair. He immediately set out on a voyage of discovery round the kitchen, while Helen lifted the baby out of the cradle. Some measure of comfort came to her as she held the baby to her breast. It was impossible with the touch of its hands and lips to feel anger and resentment against its father, but when its hunger assuaged it lay sleeping in the cradle, and she turned to the table on which lay the remains of the mid-day meal, her thoughts turned again to the grievance in her heart.

"He should have thought of the children," she said to herself resentfully, gathering up the dishes. "I wish I hadn't married a farmer. Kitty was wise to marry a city man." Her elder sister had married a stockbroker and they lived in New York. Helen had not seen her for three years, since her wedding day, but she had a photograph of her in evening dress. Gingham housedresses were all that she herself was likely to have. She caught a glance of herself in the hanging mirror. How untidy she looked. Well, what was the use of dressing up when you had to slave all day. It was nothing but work from morning till night.

"Don't touch that, Freddie," she yelled at the toddler, who was reaching out a hand to a knife on the table. "If you touch anything, I'll smack you. Naughty boy. Here, take this," she said hastily, as the child's face puckered up at his mother's angry tone. The little fellow took the wooden spoon held out to him and wandered off round the room.

When the dishes were piled away in the cupboard Helen Norris sat down by the open door. Her workbag, bulging with socks and rompers waiting to be mended, lay unheeded as she gazed out over the fields, green in the glaring sunlight.

Idly she watched a car come along the road. Other people could afford automobiles and comforts in the home. She was nothing but a slave. The car came down the lane and she recognized Bill Smith's car in which he brought visitors from Persley to the surrounding district. But surely he wasn't coming here. They never had visitors.

The car stopped as near the door as it could. "Good-day Mrs. Norris. I've brought you a visitor. How's Fred?"

An elegantly dressed lady was seated in the car. Helen caught a glimpse of silk

stockings and dainty shoes as their wearer alighted and before she had time to recover from her amazement she was clasped in a pair of loving arms.

"Kitty," she gasped, returning her sister's kiss.

"Really me, Nell. Where's Fred? How are you? Where's the babies? Oh thank you, Mr. Smith," as sturdy Bill Smith hauled out a trunk and deposited several grips on the doorstep. "Yes, just put them down there."

Helen Norris watched her sister extract a roll of bills from her silver mesh bag. Her clothes must have cost a fortune she thought, as she contrasted the white silk dress, half concealed by a smart travelling cloak, with her own faded and soiled gingham dress.

"And here's Freddie. Come and give Auntie a kiss, dear. My, isn't he like Fred. And this is the baby. I think he's

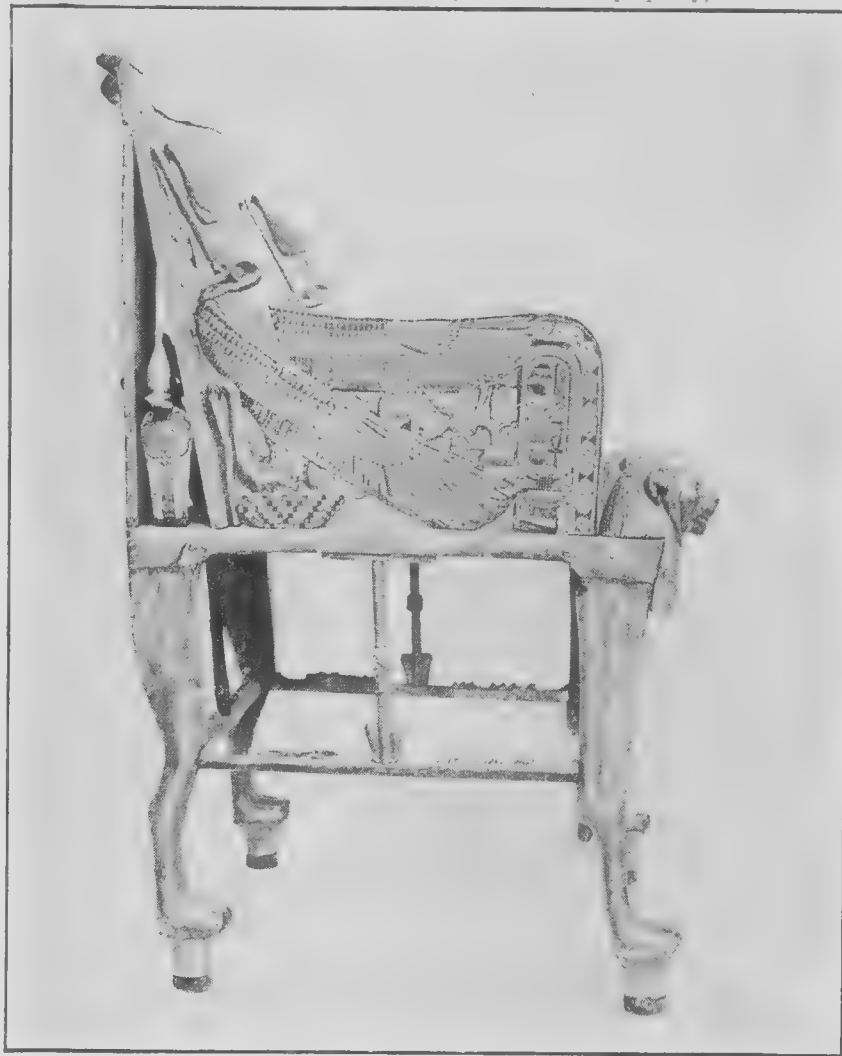
"I'm always tired," said Helen, putting the tray on the table, her eyes filling with tears at her sister's sympathetic tone. In the old days it was always Kitty to whom she had gone with her childish troubles.

"Well, I'm going to help with the work while I'm here," said Kitty. "Won't Fred be surprised to see me. Where is he?"

"In the field. He'll be back at six for supper." She sank back into a chair listlessly. Kitty poured out the tea. "Isn't this like old times, Nell, when Mother used to go out and I poured out tea?"

"And don't you remember our dolls? I've got one of them now, the old rag one I used to be so fond of."

Over tea, the sisters exchanged reminiscences of childish days and encouraged by her sister's sympathy, Helen Norris



Side view of King Tutankhamen's Coronation Throne

like you, Nell. I hope you won't mind me descending on you like this, but I simply had to have a holiday. You don't know what New York is like in the summer. Simply awful. Gee, it's nice to see you again Nell."

"Let me get you some tea, Kitty," Helen Norris said. "Here take this chair."

Kathleen Mortimer took off her hat and travelling cloak and sunk into the low rocker. Helen noticed how carefully her hair was done, and how white were her hands, on which several rings flashed.

"Do tell me all the news," the elder sister said as Helen went to the stove. "Isn't it wonderful to think of you with two babies?"

"There isn't any special news. We just go on and on, working and working. Of course I'm very pleased to have you Kitty, but you will have to rough it. You know we aren't at all well off."

"Anything is good enough for me," declared Kathleen Mortimer, "and, of course, I shall pay you, Nell. My dear child, I shouldn't think of letting you keep me for nothing," as Helen began to remonstrate. "We'll go into town tomorrow and get whatever you want. I brought some things for you and the kiddies. Mother told me about the baby. Here, sit down Nell, let me make the tea, you look so tired."

told her of their loss, her recital ending up in a fresh outburst of tears.

"And we haven't got a cent in the bank," she finished dolefully, "and when Fred is away with the grain I shall have to get the water myself. It's awful carrying it up here."

"Never mind, darling," Kathleen Mortimer's arms went round her sister. "We'll have the water put in the house at once. It shall be my present to you."

"Kitty, you can't do it. What will Mr. Mortimer say?"

"Bless you, child! He doesn't care what I do. I am nothing to him now. He has his clubs and his parties and his lady friends and I am his wife in name only."

The bitterness in her tone roused Helen's sympathy.

"Poor Kitty," she murmured. "How dreadful for you."

"Oh, I'm all right, dear. I keep my end up. Mother and Dad don't know. They think I'm quite happy. But when I see you here with your home and the kiddies, I realize what a miserable woman I am. Marriage without love, Nell, is hell, and with it, heaven. That's all the difference."

The baby created a diversion by waking and Helen Norris went to the cradle and lifted out the wailing infant.

"Let me take him," said her sister, holding out her arms.

"If you'll hold him a few minutes, I'll change my dress," said the younger woman. "Don't I look a sight, Kitty?"

"Here's my keys, dear, unlock that trunk. There's a box in it for you. Two dresses I bought just before I left. Put one on for supper. Let's dress up and pretend it's a party."

"Pretend! It is one," flashed back Helen, taking the keys from her sister.

Her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure as from folds of tissue paper she drew out a dress of blue crepe de chine.

"Oh, Kitty, how perfectly lovely. It is good of you."

IT HAD just struck six when Fred Norris entered the kitchen and stood transfixed with amazement on the threshold. At one end of the table sat an elegantly dressed lady in white and by her side his wife with her hair prettily done in curls and a dainty dress of blue.

"Hello, Fred," said the elegant lady. "We're all ready. Hurry up and get washed."

"Why it's Kathleen" he stammered—"Mrs. Mortimer."

"Nothing but Kitty from my brother-in-law," returned Kathleen. "I hope you don't mind my coming unannounced like this but I wanted a holiday back on the land."

"We're delighted to have you," said Fred Norris. "Gee, Nell how nice you look! Too grand for a farmer's wife, eh?"

It was a merry little meal, in spite of the remembrance of the mid-day tiff between husband and wife. As he sat at the table Fred Norris vowed that he would work harder than ever to make things easier for his wife. "Poor little girl," he reflected. "Her sister has everything she wants and my poor little girl has to work hard all day. I'll get that water in the house if I have to borrow the money."

It was with amazement that night that he heard the story of Kathleen's offer and of her unhappy married life, for Kathleen had given her sister permission to tell her husband the truth.

"And I'm so sorry for her," Nell whispered clinging to him. "It makes me feel so selfish to have so much when she has so little."

And while his man's brain scarcely followed the reasoning of the woman, to whom love means so much, he pressed his lips to hers in the kiss of reconciliation.

Mignonette

Sweet spikes of golden cups,
Filled with the essence
Of all sweetnesses;
Treasured in chalices deep.
Brought by the wandering winds
From lands afar
In thy golden heart to sleep.
Pale were thy florets
At cold dawn,
But a kiss
From caressing sunbeams
Tints thy cheek to flaming crimson;
You have the winds to love you,
Bee and butterfly to court you,
And memories of long ago
Are hidden in thy heart,
For thou art old,
Old, yet you never forget,
Mignonette—Mignonette.

—Evangeline Hicks.

The Sheep Herder

He's rough and he's dirty at times, my friends,
And he doesn't know much about form;
He's a child of the stern tag ends of the earth,
And he's fought through many a storm.

His clothes may not fit when he comes to town
For his semi-annual fling;

There's no one to see him out on the range,
There's no one to hear him sing—

No one—save God—and the sky and the stars
And the coulees of drifting sage,

And a mother, now gray, who nestled him close
In the years of his tender age.

He's rough and he's dirty at times, my friends,
And his talk is of dogs and things;

But when he's alone out there in the hills
His simple soul takes wings.

—Frank C. Steele



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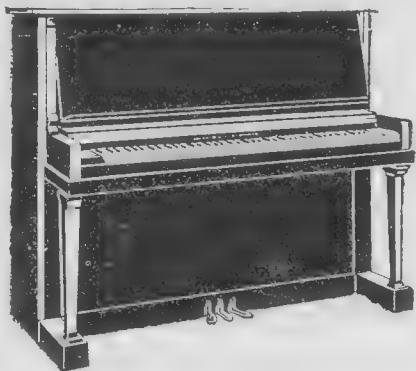
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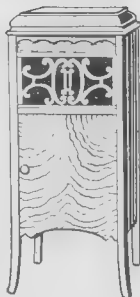
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MUSIC AND THE HOME

Who were the Troubadours

WE have all read stories of the chivalrous knights of the Middle Ages in Europe. They were renowned warriors, we know; and our history books tell us a good deal about their bravery in the battlefield and their skill with lance and sword. But how many of us know that many of these same knights were also great musicians and poets—who after returning from the wars, sang of their gallant deeds or the fair ladies they had met?

These singing knights were called troubadours—an old French word meaning “makers”; that is, they were makers of music and poetry. Troubadours were found all over Europe in the Middle Ages, but most of all they flourished in Provence, the territory in the south-east corner of France.

In the eleventh century, Provence was the happiest and most peaceful spot in a not very happy or peaceful world. Though England and Northern France quarrelled continually with each other, and though the Crusades against the Turk were raging in the Holy Land, no wars came to disturb the prosperity of Provence. So the knights and nobles there, having no battles to prepare for, turned their thoughts to music and poetry and began to make their songs, thus earning the name of “troubadours.”

Just as other knights went forth to war, so the troubadours of Provence went forth to sing; for they were born wanderers, and loved the free life of the open road. They made their songs in the winter time, when the bad weather kept them indoors; but, when spring came, they mounted their spirited horses, and off they went from castle to castle and from town to town. Very picturesque they must have looked in their polished armour, and many were the exciting adventures they had by the way.

The troubadour was attended on his journey by three or four servants. These were called his minstrels or gleemen; and each carried a musical instrument, on which he would accompany his master's songs. The instruments used in those days were chiefly lutes and viols, both in shape somewhat like our modern violin. The main difference between them was that the strings of the lute were plucked with the finger, and those of the viol were played with a bow.

When the troubadour arrived at a castle (and he usually contrived to do this about nightfall), he was ushered into the banquet hall, where the lord and his guests were sitting at dinner. He was warmly welcomed and given a seat of honor at the table.

After the feast came the music. The troubadour went into the anteroom to change his suit of armour for a rich robe of fur, edged with gold; and his minstrels, after having tuned their instruments, made this little speech to the audience: “We come bringing a precious balm which cures all ills, and heals the troubles both of body and of mind; this balm is the music of our master.” Then the troubadour appeared and sang his tales of love and war far into the night. Next morning would find him on the road again, carrying away with him no other payment than the thanks of those to whom his songs had given such pleasure.

The Value of Imagination

IMAGINATION is a powerful factor in developing a true artistic temperament, and reading is a useful instrument in awakening imagination.

To read biography, history, general as well as musical criticism, and writings on the principles of art, is to acquire a fundamental process of reflection, which will generate imagination.

To know the experiences of great musicians, learning what to avoid as well as what to appropriate, is an education in itself. To know thoroughly music and musicians, to cultivate susceptibility to all things that are beautiful, to develop the understanding and judgment, to keep the mind alert and ready to react to the stimulus of music, is to cultivate the true musical temperament. And then to combine with this association with one's fellows trying to catch their viewpoint and to understand their attitude and their limitations is to conserve the musical temperament, keeping it free from artistic

foolishness and continuing sane and companionable.

Masses Should be Given Real Music
GIVE people music that they can understand. People must hear simple music and know what it is all about before we can expect them to enjoy a symphony concert. By simple music is meant folk melodies, pieces in the first and second grade. The process is gradual. Do not present third and fourth grades before first grade. People are hungry for music, but how can they understand when musicians play to themselves? The laity dare not express even to the point of asking the “genius” a question, for fear of showing gross ignorance.

Merely playing to people will not educate them. Read Shakespeare to a child and with nothing else, it would never understand. It might enjoy hearing your voice but it would not unfold, and it would miss the fairy tales that it should have had in its early unfoldment. We heap operas and symphony concerts upon the people and they miss the folk lore. There is only one way to educate the masses—give the people real music with a fundamental meaning.

Business World Owes Debt to Music and Musicians

NOT many years have passed since peculiarities of dress, speech and action were believed to be distinguishing marks of the artist. Such peculiarities were tolerated as evidences of an excessively artistic temperament. Bad manners, ill-kept persons, and even bad morals were condoned for the sake of the art they were considered to represent. It was frequently urged that those who were engaged in any form of art activity should not be curbed by the conventions to which the mass of the people felt compelled to conform. While a marked improvement has taken place, this complacent attitude toward artistic snobbery has not entirely disappeared. To a very great degree this unfortunate belief is responsible for the contemptuous attitude of influential men of business affairs toward music and musicians.

It is a very serious matter, for no one, whether he be really an artist or engaged in the more commonplace pursuits of life can afford to be placed in a position of mental or moral inferiority, or to be looked upon as a freak. The respect and confidence of our fellows are just as essential to the musician as they are to a business man. A reputation for common sense and reliability and the power to see things clearly and to act with sanity are two valuable assets to be cast aside merely for the sake of becoming conspicuous. The antics of some musicians, many of whom are really great, have seriously lowered this reputation for the entire body of the profession.

Home-Made Music is Constant Source of Joy

THE best kind of music in the home is home-made. By this we mean that although music brought to the home through various mechanical and electrical means is a constant source of joy to thousands, the greatest fun in music comes from making it oneself.

When some of the mechanical instruments appeared years ago a few people predicted that they would supersede home-made music as manufactured clothes had superseded homespun. No one who has ever experienced the joy of making music would have made such a prediction. More sheet music is sold today than ever before, and people are finding out that it is one thing to enjoy mechanical music and another and distinctly higher pleasure to make it.

Mechanical music of the best sort is an invaluable asset in the home. The phonograph has worked a revolution in musical taste in Canada, while it is important to remember that the player piano rolls have delighted thousands. Moreover, many leading teachers are constantly using the player piano as a model with hand-played records to help pupils to get various ideas of interpretation.

But the great joy in music comes from being able to play or sing. Nor can one's understanding of music reach its highest level in most cases until the music itself has been passed through the mind and out at the finger tips.

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AUNT MIRIAM'S SABBATH DAY—

Continued from page 47

After dinner, Aunt Miriam got out a big book, full of colored pictures. "You can read a story from here," she remarked, "and then you can tell it to me afterwards. Choose any story you like. I'll be down in an hour. I have a little writing to do, upstairs."

"What shall I do when I know it?" asked Elsie.

"If I'm not down by then," said her Aunt. "You can look at these papers." She handed her niece some Sunday periodicals for children. "But don't tire your eyes," she added. "You can amuse yourself looking out of the window."

"But it's Sunday," observed Elsie.

"I expect the people are as good to look at on a Sunday, as on any other day," remarked Aunt Miriam, with a quaint smile. "They must be, as the Lord made the Sabbath for them."

That hour passed quickly. When Aunt Miriam came down, Elsie was ready to tell her the story of Joseph.

"Keep that for Sunday School," said her Aunt. "Run and put on your hat."

Elsie certainly did run. In a very short time, she was ready to go to the Church. On the way, children seemed to spring out from every street. Some of them joined her Aunt, and Elsie found she could walk in front with one of them.

"Are you staying here long," asked the girl.

"Only three weeks," said Elsie to whom the time was none too long.

Arrived at the Church, Aunt Miriam put her niece in a seat, then left her. Soon after, Elsie got a great surprise, for her Aunt was the Sunday School teacher! Elsie felt glad that she knew her story of Joseph so well! After Sunday School, Aunt Miriam invited a few girls to come back with her to tea. This they gladly did. Tea was followed by sacred music on the gramophone, then the children gathered round their Sunday School teacher and she told them stories—not preachy stories, but just the sort that, while interesting them, would make them wish to be always better and better.

When evening came, Elsie found herself alone with her Aunt who said, "Sunday is nearly over now. Are you glad?"

"O Auntie, how can you ask?" cried Elsie. "I never had such a lovely Sunday in my life. I wouldn't mind if all days were Sundays here. Are they always like that?"

"I try to make them so," said her Aunt. "I don't like people to hate Sundays. I'm sure the Lord never meant them to do so."

"I've still got two more here; that's a blessing," remarked Elsie. "But you know, Aunt, they were dull at Grandmother's."

"I'm afraid they were," her Aunt felt bound to admit. "It's a pity some people make the Lord's Day the most miserable one in the week, instead of the happiest, as it ought to be. Perhaps your Grandmother was brought up that way herself."

ANOTHER delightful Sunday came and went, and still another. Elsie saw how the children loved to come back to tea with their Sunday School teacher and she wasn't surprised. Only she felt that the teacher belonged to her.

Friday morning came at last.

"I'll give you those picture books to take back with you," said Aunt Miriam. "They ought to last for quite a few Sundays. And I think if an older girl is allowed to walk with you to Sunday School, your Grandmother might let you go. I'll see if I can't persuade her."

"I shall be sorry to go back," observed Elsie, her eyes filling with tears.

"I shall be sorry to lose you too," returned her Aunt. "But don't let us spoil our last day. I've asked Edith and May over at eleven. We'll have a picnic on the beach."

Surely Elsie would never forget the time she spent with her Aunt, and the delightful Sundays.

Saturday morning found her packing when she heard the postman's knock.

"Run and see what it is," said her Aunt.

"A letter from Grandmother," said Elsie, when she returned.

"I hope she isn't ill," observed Aunt Miriam, as she stopped packing, in order to read the letter.

Elsie watched her Aunt's face narrowly. First she looked very serious and then she smiled and then. . . Well, then, she

did an uncommon thing, even for Aunt Miriam. She threw the letter on a table and, turning to Elsie, clasped her tight in her arms.

"O Auntie, what is it," asked the child, anxiously.

"We need not pack any more," said Aunt Miriam. "Your Grandmother has asked Aunt Grace to go and live with her always, and I am to keep Elsie, that is to say, if I want to do so."

"Do you mean that I am to live here for ever," asked Elsie, opening her big, brown eyes as wide as she could, in surprise.

"If you want to stay," said Aunt Miriam, trying to be serious. "Do you?"

"Do I?" echoed Elsie. "Well, of all the questions!" It was her turn now, to rush at her Aunt.

When she had cooled down, Aunt Miriam observed, "We'd better put your things back in the drawers and cupboards, and tidy up generally, especially as tomorrow will be Sunday."

"And I shall have another Sunday with you, Aunt Miriam," exclaimed Elsie.

"Ever so many more, I hope," said her Aunt.

"And they will be lovely Sundays," observed Elsie. "Why, do you know, Auntie, instead of hating Sundays as I used to do, I think that Sunday is the very best day of the week, and I love Sunday."

"I am glad you do," said her Aunt.

"So do all the children who come to our Sunday School," went on Elsie. "Heaps of them have told me so! I'm not surprised," she added, with a smile. "I expect it's because they've got such a nice Sunday School teacher."

"O you little flatterer," laughed Aunt Miriam. "However, I am glad that the children like Sundays. It shows that my lessons haven't been wasted on them. I tried to teach them to make the Lord's Day, a day of happiness and thanksgiving, instead of the old-fashioned day of gloom it used to be. Come along, Elsie. We'll practice some of your favourite hymns tonight, and have them at Sunday School tomorrow."

"May we have my Thanksgiving hymn," asked Elsie. "I feel so happy, I want to sing."

"Certainly," said her Aunt. "Our hymns were meant to express our joy."

A Silent Revolution in the World's Water Power

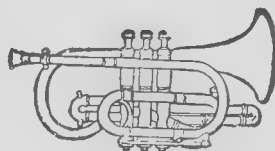
THE amount of potential water power in the world is stupendous, quite apart from the tides and special circumstances, such as "the bore" of the Severn and the "Falls of Lora" at Connell Ferry, near Oban. The application of water power is spreading rapidly and is constituting a silent revolution in the field of power.

There is enough power in all the world from inland waters alone for four times the present requirements, as there is a total world production of power from all sources, coal, lignite, oil, and other fuels of 110,000,000 horse-power. The idea of using the simple, natural and clear source of energy—the gravity of falling water—is of course very ancient, and small wheels of purely local application have always been used. It was only by the advent of electricity that the energy of hundreds of thousands of horse-power on a restricted site could be made available over a sufficiently wide area to be of any real practical use.

Huge additional schemes are being developed in North America, where about half of the world's water power is harnessed. The best known water power area in North America is of course the Niagara Falls, where about 750,000 horse power is developed.

Great developments are also taking place in Germany, Sweden, Norway, France, Italy and Switzerland. It is remarkable that the continent of Africa has by far the most available water power, and that the Congo and its tributaries—as yet undeveloped—are the greatest potential sources in the world. In fact two stretches alone—the Stanley Falls district on the Middle Congo and the falls and rapids of the Lower Congo—can develop over 100,000,000 horse power.

—Mark Meredith



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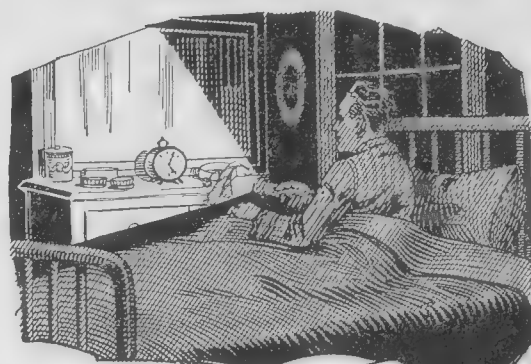
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THE STORIED WATERWAY OF A CONTINENT

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

"SEE Canada First" should be the slogan of every holiday-seeking Canadian. Stay in our own country and take an island ocean trip—three days at sea in the heart of a continent—across the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence River, for that trip is rife with the history of Upper and Lower Canada—the first Canada—before it became the "Dominion from Sea to Sea."

About this waterway is woven the daring adventures of the first discoverers, explorers and fur traders, the renunciatory work of the first missionaries, rewarded

William McGillivray, a noted man of the company.

At Port Arthur in bold rock-relief against the sky is the huge "Sleeping Giant," who is supposed to have choked on a bite which is gone out of "Pie Is-

camps rested contentedly against the background of dark forest.

Soon we came to the "Soo" Locks, one of the wonders of the world and built to circumvent the "Soo" Rapids. The original passage way was dug by the North West Company in 1797, when it dredged its baby canal.

In 1853 the Americans built their first canal, with two tandem locks of masonry each 350 feet long by 70 wide. But in 1888 they put these locks into the scrap heap and built on its wreckage the present 800-foot Poe Lock which had been preceded by the 515-foot Weitzel, both still in use.

Then Canada got busy. From 1888 to 1895 the engineers dug in at the "Soo," with the result that the world's finest 900-foot lock was opened.

Then it was the turn of the States again, and a 1350-foot lock was the outcome, with the fourth and biggest of the family just through blasting itself out of the picturesque red rock of the district.

There is an interesting legend of the Rapids too. The Indians of the region believe that the origin of the Rapids was due to the collapse of a dam which an Ojibway Hercules had built for the beaver. His wife failed to watch the dam, and its boulders rolled down to obstruct the torrent. Her lord, returning, slew her

headlands, meeting on its eastern way sail boats, flag decked gasoline launches, whalebacks or grain boats, queer daschund-shaped craft with their heads and tails just out of the water, a little machinery in one end, the cabins and crew at the other, and a string of washing on the line, while between the stem and the stern for some 400 to 600 feet are a series of grain bins tied together with steel.

Along the north shore of Lake Huron we glimpsed the ports and supply depots, then the deeply indented shore-line of Mamitoulin Island.

Again night and the fog and the fog horn. Then morning and Port McNicol, where a special train awaited the boat and sped us to Toronto, where we paused for a few days, in eager anticipation of the continuance of our trip down the greatest inland waterway in America.

MUSIC

Ruth Silverton Blake

MUSIC! It seems a common enough thing doesn't it? We hear so much of it. Few and far between are they who cannot at least play "Mary's Pet Waltz" and other pieces equally popular among beginners, some, perhaps, who may never get beyond the beginner stage. Nevertheless, they have taken a few lessons, and are thereby more capable of appreciating the talent displayed by their more advanced friends.

How many of my readers like jazz music? Not many. Jazz is all right in its place. Where is its place? you ask. In the dance hall. We must admit that there is no music quite so capable of tempting dance inspired feet as jazz; but there it ends. No. I mean, there it should end. I am sorry to say it does not. To prove my statement I shall relate the following incident.

Several weeks ago I visited at the home of one of my friends. Previously I had heard many complimentary remarks passed on the unusual musical talent of the daughter of the house. Naturally I was exceedingly anxious to hear her play. What was my surprise! Yes, I might even say my dismay, when the humdrum, pound pound of a popular jazz melody fell on my ears. To make matters worse, not once during my visit did I hear anything but jazz.

She had become so accustomed to jazz that she could not have played classical music except with the greatest of perseverance. Jazzing ruins the classical phrasing. There are many musicians who fail to give classical music the proper effect.

Can you believe this, dear readers? That I would rather listen to a little tot whose feet were far from reaching the pedal, play some of her simple little melodies, and put her whole heart and soul into her music, than listen to the most accomplished of musicians, who played with no other object in view than to get to the end of the selection.

True music requires depth, soul. Therefore, my advice to young "would-



Fort William, Ont.

mostly by disappointment and martyrdom the gruelling hardships of the first settlers.

Especially should the Westerners, the plains-folk and dwellers by the Pacific—those of New Canada—if opportunity presents itself, seize it and view for themselves, that part of their own country which is the very setting and foundation of Canadian history and tradition.

In 1615 Samuel de Champlain reached the Georgian Bay from the St. Lawrence River via the Ottawa River, Lake Nipissing and the French River and began the exploration of Lake Huron. Fourteen years after this, Jean Nicolet of Cherbourg, France, paddled through the straits of Michilimackinac into Lake Michigan. The story goes that he attired himself in a richly embroidered robe of Chinese silk because he thought he was nearing China. Later the dauntless Father Marquette struck through the gap, dipped south to camp on the present site of Chicago and returned in 1686 to start a mission at Sault Ste Marie, close to the site of the present canal.

In 1673 La Salle, the gallant young French explorer, built his Griffon, the first ship to set sail on the Great Lakes, some sixty tons in displacement, admired and dreaded by the Indians. Laden with a wealth of furs, and watched with straining eyes, her large billowy sails gracefully faded from sight and she was never seen or heard of again. But there are some who say that the Griffon still sails the inland seas, that across the path of the new-lit moon, the midnight watch glimpses a far-away phantom ship, full rigged and manned by a ghostly crew, which like a great bird glides silently onward.

So opportunity came and I responded to the long-felt lure of seeing for myself this great route of history.

With a sudden booming whistle, the mighty steel steamer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the S.S. Keewatin, moved slowly from the Fort William docks, and in an hour we were at Port Arthur. In these two cities, the "twin ports," in this busy gateway of the West, wheat is king. Collected at Western Canada's 3,000 elevators, assembled, inspected, graded and standardized, eventually it finds its way here. As fast as possible each carload is dumped into the forty-six million bushel capacity terminals and is cleared out again into the holds of the grain freighters bound for ports on the Lake Huron, Lake Erie and Ontario, to far-off Montreal via the Welland Canal and Buffalo. Here, too, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has built a new million dollar dock, which stores 800,000 tons of coal and can unload a ten-thousand ton vessel in ten hours.

Nor will the history hunter be disappointed in Fort William. In 1804 a trading post of the Nor'-Westers was located on the site of the present town, which was named in 1807 in honor of

land" lying near him. Another Indian legend says that he is the Good Spirit "Man-ab-osh" of the Red man and will wake up again as soon as the White-man's craft leaves the lakes.



Steamer "Keewatin" in the Canal at Sault Ste. Marie.

Still another says he is "Hiawatha's Body" turned to stone, for Lake Superior is the Gitchee Gumee—the Shining Big Sea Water of the Land of Hiawatha. Here says the story:

"In the glory of the Sunset,

In the purple mists of evening,"

Hiawatha's soul departed to the Happy Hunting Grounds of his father and his massive body, turned to stone, lies dreaming in the harbor at Port Arthur.

Away from land we glided, past lonely Cape Thunder into the wide, sunlit, dancing waters, refreshed by rippling breezes, that played about the cool shady decks of the ship.

All day long the steady powerful throb of the steamer's engines carried us swiftly over the illimitable expanse of water. A thick grey mist closed us in with the night. With the ceaseless hoarse warning bellow of the fog horn we groped our intermittent progress through the enveloping spaces. We were in a world apart, save for the mournful hoot—sometimes startlingly near—of other passers in the night.

Next morning the mist began to lift and in the grey vapor around vague outlines took definite shapes, and we counted eight vessels at anchor on all sides.

Moving signals penetrated the air and once again we resumed our way. Looking out we found we had left the wide reaches of the Lake and were slipping through the verdant banks of the Upper St. Mary's River, where enticing little summer

and threw her body into the new-made rapids, where to this day the voice of the waters is really her cry.

In the rapids of Sault Ste Marie, between the American and the Canadian cities, the rainbow trout is to be had by the angler whose art is skilful, while the



Great Lakes Freighters in west Mellish cut

countless streams and small lakes of the region abound in speckled trout, bass, pickerel, muscallonge and pike.

All afternoon the steamer wound through the maze of green islands in the lower Ste. Mary's River, past rugged

be-musicians," is to play as if they really enjoyed it. Do not give your listeners the impression that you are merely playing because they wished it, or some other similar reason. Make the best of your music.



The re-created dining-room

New wall paper, fresh paint, a rug that with its mingled rose and blues and browns catches mellowed sunlight through crisp window draperies. Furniture that Messrs. Chippendale, Sheraton and Heppelwhite might not blush to claim. And yet, something lacking! Some barrenness on the sideboard; and the table, set for dinner, not quite in tone with all the rest. Not enough silverware or the right kind of pieces—that was it! She must get new silverware!

Is your home adequately supplied with silverware?

IN that last, swift glance at the table set for dinner perhaps you, too, have been conscious that the rich beauty of *enough* silverware was lacking. You have realized the important part that the soft gleam of silver plays in the furnishing of a room, quite aside from the utilitarian need for it in serving all meals smoothly. Yet you despaired of providing all the pieces you knew you ought to have.

But you need not! In "1847 Rogers Bros." you can purchase the silverware you need most reasonably—either knives, forks and spoons or a coffee or tea service of matchless grace. A half-dozen coffee spoons in

the exquisite Ambassador pattern, or any other, costs only \$3.75. Other refinements of the table—bouillon spoons, ice cream forks and serving pieces—are priced as moderately,

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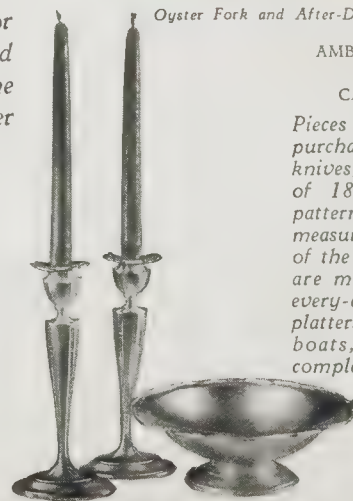


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Its light weight.

—Only 11 pounds.

Its extra wide nozzle.

—14 inches. Slips into corners and under furniture most easily.

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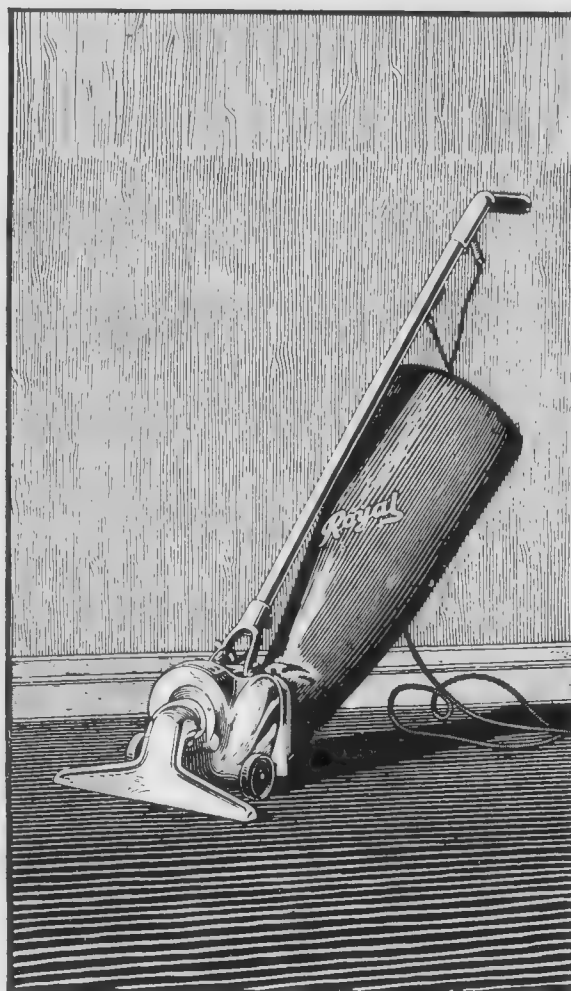
From thick chenille rugs to bare hardwood, or even concrete.

Powerful suction attachments.

Clean upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, pillows, registers, automobile upholstery.

Convenient trigger switch on the handle.

Saves stooping to turn current on or off.



In homes all over the world the good work of the Royal makes women "bubble over" with enthusiasm, and loyally proclaim its service to them.

Enthusiasm that Bubbles Over

YOU know the kind—the feeling of genuine glee, so intense, so happy you simply must share it with someone.

Such is the attitude of thousands of women, whose homes are kept sweet and neat, healthy and clean, by the Royal Electric Cleaner. They are recommending the Royal to their friends everywhere.

Naturally they have very definite reasons for this outspoken satisfaction and preference for the Royal. Firstly, there's pride in possession of a beautiful instrument, flawless in construction and perfect in mechanism, that so pleasingly lightens the tasks of housecleaning.

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So easy on your carpets—its suction is powerful and uniform. There are no revolving brushes to wear down the nap of your rugs. Another feature that most women delight in is the extra wide (14 inch) nozzle. And this nozzle not only slips into corners and under furniture easily, but it can be quickly adjusted (by means of the Royal adjusting screw) to any floor surface—from thick Chenille rugs to bare hardwood or linoleum, even concrete!

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We will be very pleased to arrange for a free demonstration without obligation to you in your own home. We are anxious to send you our free booklet—The Modern Method of Cleaning—Write us today.

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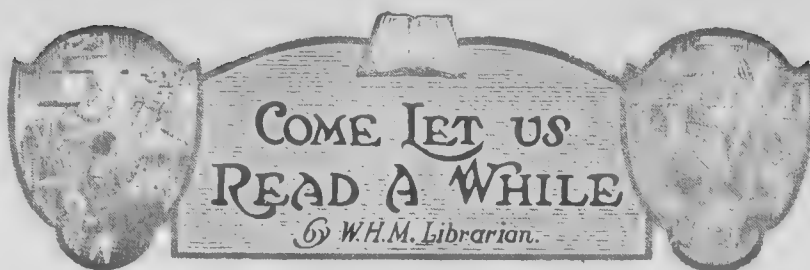
DAYLIGHT slips away so early now. It seems no time at all from the clearing away of the noonday meal until it is necessary to draw the curtains, light the lamps, and throw an extra log or two upon the fire. Then how precious are books. What can rival the joy of sitting in a deep comfortable armchair within radius of the friendly warmth of the fire, with a book for company. No matter what type of book it is—fiction, biography, history, science, poetry—so long as it is companionable to the mood, it is a delight. See to it if you would stake your claim to happiness throughout the coming winter, that there are plenty of books in the home. Books by the bedside for the last read; books on the living room table, books here, books everywhere; yes, even in the kitchen! During the years when I was pretty much a slave to pots and pans and broomsticks, I had a shelf just above the kitchen table. On this shelf I kept three or four books—and they were not cook books! A volume of poetry always, and a choice of others from time to time. Whenever I felt the dish water flooding my soul, and the monotony of the daily grind eating into my heart, I sat right down in the kitchen (that's the trick, to show the kitchen that it can't bully,) and I took one of the books from the shelf and turning my back upon the stove, I read until my spirit was refreshed. Sometimes potatoes stuck to the pot, I'll admit. Sometimes the baby shrieked for dinner. But "stuck" potatoes aren't too bad, and shrieking is good for a baby's lungs—and to read oneself into a sweet content is far better than letting one's mouth droop into habitually discontented lines. Besides, the wife who reads a little every day, is so bright at meal times, so delightfully chatty, that hubby never notices the "stuck" taste of the potatoes.

A Story That Enthralls

FIRST prize this month for the most engrossing novel goes to Maud Diver for "Lonely Furrows" (Ryerson Press, Toronto), a tale of India, of a man who suffers the most poignant of sorrows, spiritual alienation from a wife who has utterly failed to measure up to the ideals upon which he had first build his house of love. This is no ordinary tale of marital unhappiness. I mean it is not a movie plot, the usual triangle affair, two women and a man. Challoner would have given his soul to be able to find in his wife the understanding and sympathy he craved. One is moved to pity for Mrs. Challoner because she is not of finer clay. There is always something sad, not contemptible, in human failings. Mrs. Challoner would have been so much the happier woman had her nature been capable of responding to her husband's ideals. Sad too (almost too sad for the reader's endurance) is the fact that Challoner dies just when the woman who loves him, who understands him and who had ideals that touched his own, comes into his life. However, this is a capital story for an evening or two's entertainment. And the discerning will come across several sentences, paragraphs scattered throughout the book, that prove how thoroughly Maud Diver understands the human heart, its impulses, its vagaries, its ailing and its noble aspirations.

Salute To Adventurers

THIS is the title of one of John Buchan's excellent novels, but it would be appropriate I think to a book just released from the press—Women of Red River. Let me say at the outset and with no qualifications—this is a very remarkable publication. It is valuable as a historical record of Canadian life, as a permanent monument to the brave women who made homes to grow in a desolate spot, it is an example of very fine bookmaking right in the city of Winnipeg, it shows what a Winnipeg artist and illustrator can do, and moreover it is a magnificent tribute to the vision, the industry and the efficiency of the Woman's Canadian Club of Winnipeg. Written by the scholarly W. J. Healy, Provincial Librarian, "Women of the Red River" narrates the home stories of the Red River Settlement from which the city of Winnipeg grew. Each woman mentioned in this book is still alive, not one younger than sixty, several being beyond the age of ninety. To read this book is to come suddenly into a precious inheritance, to acquire friendship with the brave, the strong, the noblest type of womanhood



Although it was a man who paid a pretty compliment to the hand that rocks the cradle, nevertheless deep down within the secret recesses of their hearts, men consider themselves the nation builders. Men form themselves into clubs and committees and make fussy speeches about their valiant civic achievements. Old men sit around the fire and remind each other of what the town was like in such and such a year. Each one boasts about the hardships he underwent in those days; each one tries not to lay too much stress upon the wonderful things he did in the pioneer period. And as these men talk, gentle-faced grannies with roughened hands and white hair think of those days, and what they went through and what they did. Silently they sit

An Italian Boy in America

IN "The Unbidden Guest" by Silvio Villa (Toronto, The Macmillan Co.) we read the story of Carletto, whose boyhood was spent in Italy, who came to America and dreamt great dreams and fought in love and war. I found this story difficult to read because the style is peculiar but there are some very fine passages in it which repay one for the trouble taken.

A Canadian Prize Novel

GORDON HILL GRAHAME has lately won the prize offered by Hodder and Stoughton for the best novel with a Canadian setting, written by a Canadian. He has called his story "The Bond Triumphant" and in it he depicts



A prize pumpkin for the Thanksgiving pies

and dream. There is no voice to interpret their achievements. Or rather up to a month ago there had been no voice. Now, thanks to what I like to call "vision" on the part of the Women's Canadian Club, a voice can be heard, not crying in the wilderness "Prepare ye the way", but resounding through the pages of this monumental work; a choir of sweet, tremulous voices of living pioneers exclaiming "Thus we prepared the way, that ye may live"

A Book for Christmastide

IT may sound a little too early to be speaking of Christmas but Nellie McClung's latest publication is so Christmassy in spirit, and will prove so acceptable for Christmas giving, that one cannot disassociate the book from the season. It is called "When Christmas Crossed the Peace" (Toronto, Thomas Allen) and tells of the North Country, of women with broken spirits, aching hearts, and of one young indomitable nurse who changed the face of the map and made the country north of the Peace a pleasant human spot, for the first time in the lives of many of the settlers.

A Novel Idea

FROM Mark Meredith, a journalist in Liverpool, England, I received the following interesting account of how to run a book club. It might be of interest to some of the readers of the Western Home Monthly, so I pass along the directions. Says Mr. Meredith:

"To run a book club successfully limit the members to twelve, one of whom can act as librarian.

Every autumn ask each member to send a list of six works, three novels and three non-fiction, which she would like to read. The librarian then makes twelve lists, in alphabetical order, of the works mentioned (there will probably be duplicates), and sends a list to each mem-

ber, asking her to put a cross against the twelve novels and twelve non-fiction.

A rule should be made that only works must be chosen which have been published not later than a year ago.

The librarian then tabulates those that received the highest number of votes and refers to the original lists. Each member should be asked to purchase one novel and one non-fiction—if possible, that which she chose originally.

The volumes are then sent to the librarian, who covers them and pastes into each, adhering to the cover, a list of members, arranged conveniently according to the position of their homes, and the rule which members agree upon at their preliminary meeting.

She then delivers to each member two volumes of her choice and the book club starts.

A member keeps her own books for a month, on the last day of which she passes them on to the next member on her list. The last member on the list delivers her two volumes to the first. Each month the books circulate in this way till at the end of twelve months if there are twelve members, each gets her own books back, and after removing the covers which she returns to the librarian, puts them on her own book shelves.

There is sure to be an unpunctual member who is always late in delivering her books. It is usual to allow three days' grace, and then insist upon a fairly heavy fine, such as ten cents a day, which can be put in a box devoted to hospitals or to some local charity."

In Conclusion

I BEGAN this month's chat with a plea for books within every home, in every room. Let me conclude with a quotation from a poem I have just come across in "An Anthology of Magazine Verse" compiled by Braithwaite. It is entitled "My Books," by Julia Johnson Davis. Here is the first stanza:

"When falls the winter snow I little care
nor yet what cold winds blow,
For here beside the fire
Are many friends of whom I never tire:
Jane Austin sits with me
And, oh, what company!
Or else the Brontës make the fireside glow
With their strange spirit.
Wordsworth comes and then,
Most lovable of men,
Dear Browning, ah, I've named not
even ten
Of those who come and go."

The Historical Novel

Those who enjoy fiction inspired by history, will delight in "The King's Arrow" by H. A. Cody, well known and well beloved throughout Canada as one of our most successful novelists.

Dane Norwood, swift, silent, alert as an Indian, is called among the colonists "The King's Arrow." This is a romantic story of one of the most picturesque periods in the history of America when that courageous little group of Loyalists fled to Nova Scotia, and faced great dangers from the Indians, aroused to rebellion by the disloyal Slashes. Of course with such a fascinating man as Dane Norwood in the story, there had to be an equally fascinating girl whom he might protect from danger, and who might reward him with her love. Jean, the Colonel's daughter, is such a girl and I can assure you the story ends most happily.

A Beloved Canadian Poet

There is no Canadian poet so much at home in the Dominion as Jean Blewett. She is first and foremost the poet of the home because she sings of all the thoughts and feelings and experiences that belong to family life. A pleasing edition of her poems has been by McClelland and Stewart of Toronto. This collection contains all those that have become household words as well as those not previously included in book form.

Fire Castles

A volume of poems that is causing much delight among the lovers of the poetic Muse is Maurine Hathaway's "Fire Castles" which is replete with emotional lyrics and lovely love songs. Mrs. Hathaway takes an experience or feeling common to humanity and sings about it with fire and vision. Hence her title is most appropriate. Published by the Pen and Pad, Cincinnati.

Classified Department

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of poultry, farm lands, farm machinery, etc., or if you want help or employment, remember that the Classified columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object.

Cost 5c per word. Minimum 75c per insertion. Special rate of six insertions for the price of five. Cash with order.

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AGENTS—Men or women. Sell knitting yarn. The article that is most in demand today. Thousands of pounds of yarn will be sold between now and Xmas. Get your share of the business. We supply sample cards showing 38 samples of the best two and four ply knitting yarn on the market. This yarn is suitable for both hand and machine knitting. We supply your customers free with printed instructions for knitting popular, up-to-date garments and allow you large profits on your sales. Write today for sample card and also particulars of our special yarns at 85c per pound. Donald Mfg Co., Dept. 156, Toronto. tf

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. t.f.

AGENTS—\$1,000 For Your Next 100 days—Spot Cash—Wonderful New Chemical Fire Extinguisher. Kills fire quick and saves lives. Excels work of heavy high-priced devices. Works like magic. Price of only \$2.00 makes an easy sale to every home and automobile owner. Over 100% profit. Forty thousand already sold. Investigate today. Pyro Fire Extinguisher Company, 601 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. tf

AGENTS to sell Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap—Toilet Articles, Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25 to \$75 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply: Bovel Manufacturing Co., Dept. 17, Toronto, Ont. tf

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash prices, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 11-23

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WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 12-23

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MISCELLANEOUS

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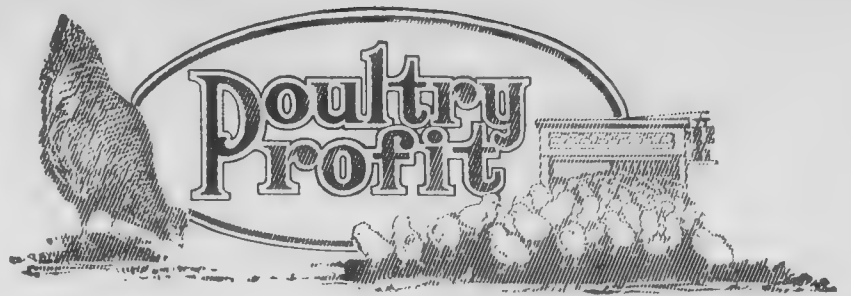
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By Helen E. Vialoux

A DELIGHTFUL trip through several parts of that beautiful province, British Columbia, revealed some interesting facts in regard to poultry raising as a means of livelihood, in a country where delicious fruits of all varieties, can be grown. At least a dozen producers of eggs, broilers, and roasters told the same tale namely, "That the little hen" of any color your fancy dictates is the principal money earner on the fruit ranch, be it in Victoria, Vancouver or the Okanagan Valley. Why, oh why? the visitor from the Prairie naturally asks, when beautiful ruddy apples, yellow pears, "Sunkist" peaches and luscious grapes, are growing in profusion in the many orchards. The answer seemed a universal one. "There is no financial return in our lovely fruit when expenses are paid. Irrigation, boxing, picking, spraying and cultivating eat up our profits; then the long haul to a market and accompanying express charges leave us often without a margin at all and frequently in debt when the crop is gathered. The luscious strawberries of wonderful size and flavor, did not pay at all the last few seasons. Nice large winter peas, are being sold for 1/2c. per pound in Victoria. The Chinamen seem to be the middlemen at the coast and around Victoria, though the packing houses handle the fruit trade in the Okanagan and Kootenay Valleys. Therefore, the useful hen is much in the lime-light as a bread winner. Feed is high in price, but poultry seems to flourish, with good care and freedom from the wretched little "Mite" the bane of the average hen. In British Columbia any of the creosote preparations are found of great value in getting rid of mites—Creosote such as is used for dipping railway ties or fence posts does away entirely with this pest, when sprayed into the walls, floor, and roosts. All equipment in hen houses are movable. Owing to the mild climate "Insect pests" are numerous, but the hens lay remarkably well. One fine flock of "bred to lay" Wyandottes, near Victoria, had 75 birds in the record of performance class, which means over 200 eggs per annum. These birds, a large flock of 200 hens and 300 pullets just getting into laying trim had their yards or runs in the apple and pear orchards, and used up all the apple culls. Where we give our laying hens small potatoes, B.C. poultrymen feed apples and ripe tomatoes. The latter they consider is excellent food to help moulting hens over that period and tomatoes are cheaper in the gardens than potatoes. I say in the gardens, as all fruit offered for sale in the stores, is very little cheaper than fruit in the Winnipeg stores.

In some of the valleys there are large flocks of turkeys which do well in summer, especially when they can roam through the fruit orchards—of course the turkeys do a fine service also gobbling up the millions of insects that injure fruit trees. One lady told me of flocks of turkeys being rented out to fruit growers in the fall for a given period to rid their orchards of destructive insects, which seems a fine scheme to a Manitoban. At the coast we were told that the Barred Rock was not suitable for the climate of British Columbia, as this breed got broody more quickly than the Wyandotte. However, within a day or so I had the privilege of visiting a nice little hen and pigeon ranch near Vancouver and was shown one of the finest flocks of Barred Rock hens (yearlings) and well matured pullets I have seen in many a day. The pullets were just commencing to lay, September 30th, and the hens had produced over 8,000 eggs in 9 months. Strict record being kept from January,

65 per cent. their owner put to their credit. The grading of eggs now in use is a help in securing a better price, and the eggs were sold to the Vancouver stores. A Chinaman handles all of the cockerels and the three week old squabs giving a fair price and helping himself to any of the young pigeons in the nest he thought fit to tune into "chop suey" dear to the palate of all the Chinese. The live poultry business is entirely in the hands of the Chinese in the coast cities. They make regular trips through the ranches, and the growers told of good service and honesty, in their business methods. All carload lots of chickens and other poultry shipped in from Eastern ports such as Edmonton, are handled by Chinese merchants who crate fatten them in Chinatown, in their ill-smelling little shops. Boxes and crates of fattening fowl are everywhere, some right on the sidewalk, then when ready for market the wholesale trade and the shops are supplied. Spring chickens and roasters, were 50c. per lb. dressed, in Vancouver and Victoria.

After one of the finest autumn seasons in a decade preparations must be made for grim winter, "just around the corner," and fowl houses put in repair now that the rush of farm work has slackened a bit. The task of fixing up a couple of hen coops fell to us this fall and we can recommend 'Sealofelt' to make a cold draughty house warm and dry, having tried it out last season tacking it on to the board wall outside the building and covering it over with stout building paper kept in place with laths, or bits of old lumber. The coop housed 25 or 30 fowls comfortably, and never got damp in the least. Though the winter was a very cold one, these birds laid well and never seemed to mind "the cold dips" as they were kept dry and comfortable. In the spring the walls were sprayed with creosote, as mites were apt to get a foothold, though Sealofelt is medicated. As it is not expensive it pays to use it, rather than another layer of lumber. Banking the henhouse will prevent frozen toes, and it also pays for the extra trouble. When the thaw comes the manure when mixed with the accumulation from the henhouse makes a splendid garden fertilizer. One or two windows in the hen house should have cotton, instead of glass and the floor whether it is wooden or earthen needs 6 to 8 inches of straw litter or shavings. Cement floors are very cold and retain the damp. Electric light in the chicken coop is now such a general practice, no comment seems necessary, though overworking the hens and pullets, can do no good. At some of the experimental stations the light is turned on for one hour, even in September, say from 9 to 10 p.m. to allow the birds to get an extra meal, the attendant feeding the fowl when the light is turned on. As the season for Roup has come around a few suggestions may be useful in regard to the treatment of this nasty disease, really a form of diphtheria in fowl. Isolate all birds with any sort of a cold, place in dry clean quarters, free from draughts, and feed some soft mash food. Take boracic acid a pinch to a cup of hot soft water, when cooled to blood heat spray the turkey or hen, on throat or nostrils and bathe the swelled up eyes. The puffy swelling about the head may be lanced with a sharp knife or lance and some powder such as Iodoform or boracic, be dusted into the wound. Care should be taken in disinfecting the hands, after treating birds with roup, which is no doubt a germ disease. If taken in time this disorder can be cured, but it is most contagious in a flock often causing a number of deaths.

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Why Did the Italians Cheer Our British Sovereigns?

By Michele Trentadue

SINCERE and cordial welcome given by Italy to the British sovereigns came right from the Heart of the Italian people. Such warm enthusiasm is based on the friendly relations which have always existed between the two countries. These two countries show a rare example to the European nations, in that they have never been at war with each other, if we except the period of Julius Caesar.

Britain has always been a friend to Italy. During the Italian insurrection and aspiration for a united Italy, the Italians found in England the only country upon which foreign influence had no effect. When our patriots were forced to leave their own land, it led to Switzerland, and when that country was menaced by other powers she expelled the Italians. The refugees then took refuge in France—the country where the tree of liberty had been planted; but that tree was unable to shelter them and they were compelled to flee to England. (Giuseppe Mazzini had to make his escape disguised as a woman). They went to London where they received a welcome and were never molested; on the contrary, they found friends who sympathized with their ideals and with their aspirations for a free and united Italy. The English were the only people who took the Italian cause to heart, and besides showing hospitality, they also gave moral encouragement and support; and, as though this was not enough, we had many English volunteers who fought side by side with the Italians from beginning to end of the war for the Italian independence.

It was in London that our exiled men promulgated their plans for freedom for Italy. That the Italian poet, Gabriel Rossetti (father of Dante and Christine Rossetti) saved his life, was due to a British Admiral, Sir Graham Moore, who dressed Rossetti in the uniform of a British Marine Lieutenant and took him from Naples to Malta, and then to London.

Italy owes much to the British Statesman, Gladstone, who described to Lord Aberdeen the awful condition of Naples under which the people were compelled to live and who defined its government in the famous phrase: "The Negation of God."

When Garibaldi started for Sicily on the 5th of May, 1860, with his 1,200

men, the British fleet were there to keep an eye on the two steamships carrying the brave men to fight for their freedom.

AN incident during the late war has greatly helped to cement the friendship between England and Italy and will pass into history. An intolerable fiction originated in France which attributed to General Foch the salvation of Italy on November, 1917, after the disaster of Caporetto. The Italians, totally unsupported, held the line from Col. Beretta to the mouth of the Piave, against the Austro-German attack, from November 10th to December 4th, when the British soldiers joined in.

General Foch had decided that the Italian Army could not hold the Piave line for very long, being, in his opinion weak and disorganized. So the Franco-British reinforcements were held back on the Mincio line, in the zone between Brescia and Verona by order of General Foch. But Lord Cavan, an English General who had been sent to Italy with the British Army Corp, could not longer stand idle with his men. Day after day he went to the Italian High Command and asked permission to take part in the fight without awaiting the order from Paris. Lord Cavan was persistent and determined at any cost to enter into action. He kept saying: "We are here to fight and not to watch others fighting. We want to be of use at the critical time." But the Italian Command resisted his demand though they fully appreciated its moral and political value.

But when winter had set in and the Austro-German attack was becoming weaker and weaker and the Piave line had been made secure and Venice was made safe from falling into the hands of the enemy, the Italian High Command permitted Lord Cavan to enter into action with his troops and he sent one division between Montello and the slopes of Tomba. This took place on the night between the 3rd and 4th of December, 1917.

This initial action of the British troops made it impossible for the French soldiers to remain any longer in action. So that in this case all the help we got we owe to the British soldiers.

Is it any wonder the Italians cheered King George and Queen Mary of Briton when they visited Italy?

American Cities Old As Babylon

By N. Tourneur

AMERICA holds a mystery which some leading archaeologists aver is as old as that of the missing Atlantis—great ruined cities of a civilization that existed before the world-wide cataclysm occurred by which the West Atlantic was formed. Cities, the remains of which have striking similarities to those surviving in the land of the early Pharaohs. American archaeologists are turning their attention to them, and systematic excavations may bring surprising results to light, possibly establishing traces of intercourse between ancient Egypt and Central America.

Already it has been established that a civilization of considerable culture existed at one period far to the north-east of Mexico. When Cortez forced his way thence to what is now Honduras, all was a tropical wilderness inhabited by ignorant and savage tribes. The cities of Yucatan, Guatemala and Chipas had already been "dead" and forgotten for innumerable centuries. Their walls and extraordinary dwellings, their broad and noble terraces of stone, and lofty pyramidal structures supporting buildings of huge extent, decorated with marvellous fine ornamentations, were already in ruins; and several which were known to the Indians were looked upon by them as the haunts of evil spirits as they are today.

Even in the time of Cortez the natives had no traditions as to any former inhabi-

tants of the land, and as regards most of the cities, knew not of their existence till the Spaniards came and found.

With many of the fifty ruined cities known up to the present to exist, the walls, which are from sixty to ninety feet high and of cyclopedic thickness, and the buildings, are in a state of decay consequent on the forest having found footing wherever there is sufficient soil for roots. Yet many of the high pyramidal structures are still crowned with intact edifices of stately and magnificent designs. The ruins of Palenque in Chipas, that contain immense stone tablets covered with hieroglyphics, reach between ten and twelve miles over a country now covered with gigantic trees and an almost impenetrable jungle. Here, also, notwithstanding the ages past since these great ruins were a populated centre, are evidences of an intricate but well-devised system of irrigation depending on tanks, embankments, and underground sources of water as well as the rainy season.

That these cities were inhabited by the same race is evident by the similarity in ornamentation—huge serpents and tortoises, together with representations of the human figure, and effigies of an ape resembling that species worshipped by the Egyptians—and by the frequency of similar hieroglyphics, together with the recurrence of a red hand imprinted on the walls.

Continued on page 59

Amaze Your Friends— Learn Music Quickly at Home

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

Finding the Finner

By Emma Mauritz Larson

THERE is a new industry on this round old world of ours, being developed by men of such widely separated places as Japan and South America, Australia and our own country of Canada. It is the industry of shore-whaling.

Shore-whaling has a rather impossible sound. How could any one catch these monsters of the deep sea from shore? And yet the new plan of whaling doesn't carry the boats far from shore and it is perhaps a very proper name for it. In the old days, a hundred or two hundred years ago, when England and France and the United States sent out many whaling vessels these ships set sail for the far north or the far southern seas and often stayed an entire year. They were hunting for two kinds of whale, the whalebone whale and the Sperm whale, and they were so successful on their trips with their sturdy ships and their crews of strong adventurous men that these two sorts of whales became so scarce all over the world that during the last century it hasn't been worth while to fit up big whaling ships and send them out on long trips.

Both the whalebone whale or the Right whale, as he is more properly named, and the Sperm whale were rich finds for the captain and his crew. The whalebone whale, with his immense teeth that at the back of his jaw were ten feet long, had nearly a ton of whalebone in his giant mouth, that was more like a great cave than like the mouth of a fish. And whalebone was useful in so many ways that it brought a high price, often three or four thousand dollars for the bone in one whale's mouth.

The Sperm whale had a head that made up a third the size of the whole body and in it nature had stored up perhaps two hundred barrels of the clearest finest machinery oil. And of course both kinds of whales had thick layers of blubber, or fat between their skin and their flesh, which is like the flesh of cat-

be far away, or worse still under their very boat lifting it and sometimes smashing it into splinters with the flukes of its great tail. But if the harpoon was hurled and driven into the monster the little boat was dragged off at a terrific rate by the fighting, plunging, fleeing whale, the rope attached to the harpoon imbedded in the whale being tied at its other end to the small boat.

It was a long fight sometimes, until the wounded whale died and turned bottom up on the top of the water and could be towed back to the big ship, that was perhaps many miles away, and there lashed fast and cut up for its many uses. Sometimes it was necessary for another little boat to come to the rescue and send a second harpoon into the whale before it could be conquered.

But with all the hardship there were always courageous seamen who would ship on the big whaling vessels and the industry went out of existence only when the Sperm and Whalebone whales became very scarce. But the sea was still thick with a third sort of whale, even bigger than the other two kinds, often from fifty to ninety feet long and weighing up to a hundred tons. These whales were easily distinguished from the others because of the fin on their backs, and for several reasons the old-time whaling boat never tried to capture the finner whales.

The first reason was that they were so huge that the hand-hurled harpoon seemed too weak a weapon to use, and even if they were pierced by it their great bodies in thrashing and fighting would leave small chance for the small boat to survive. It wasn't worth risking the life of the crews to capture the finner whale, for it was less valuable than the other two sorts.

The finner whale has very little whalebone in its mouth, it has no swelled head filled with clear oil like the Sperm, and its huge body has a much thinner layer



A Shore Whaling Station.

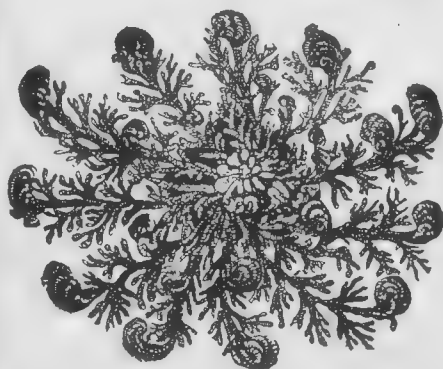
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tle and not like fish. This blubber was cut from the floating dead whale in great chunks or blankets, as large as a real blanket, as the whale was tied up in the sea near the ship. It was a slippery job for the sailor, but somehow he cut and stripped the blubber off the Whalebone or Sperm whales and it was hoisted on deck and boiled down in great kettles so that the valuable oil might be carried back home.

Altogether the Sperm and Whalebone whales were worth trying hard to capture. And sometimes it was a most difficult and dangerous job for the crews of the whaling ships. The lookout, who kept watch from a basket lashed to the spars high above the deck, called a warning "Blow!" and told the direction, when he saw a whale spouting anywhere on the broad sea. Small boats were hurriedly lowered and set off with oars and sails to catch up to the spouting whale before it submerged and they lost track of it. Usually the whale spouts several times and then submerges, staying below for twenty minutes before rising again.

Fortunate was the little boat if the submerged whale rose within hurling distance of their harpoon, but it might

of blubber. But it is to a great extent a whale of sound, fine flesh. And it lives in practically all the worlds seas, so that it is handy to North and South America and to Asia and Australia as well.

THAT is why it was really good news for the world when one man, a captain living in Norway, invented a way to capture the finner whales, and shore-whaling began. This Captain Svend Foyn invented a cannon to shoot a big strong harpoon into the finner whale, and mounted this cannon on a medium sized steamer instead of one of the old whaling vessels. The small boats are not used now. As before the lookout watches from a high-lashed basket and gives the cry of "Blow," when a whale is sighted, but the steamer itself turns to follow the whale. It is a swift and easily managed craft and when it does get within reach of the whale the cannon on deck is shot, and if its aim is true the harpoon pierces the finner's skin.

Then it is the old story of the monster plunging away in a vain attempt to get free of the harpoon and the rope, but

FINDING THE FINNER—Continued from page 58

the steamer quickly follows it until the big fish tires. Some of the shore-whaling boats' cannon used shoot a harpoon that has attached to its stem a bomb that a few moments after it has pierced the whale's skin explodes within its body and hastens its end. So the modern capture is really more humane than the old whaling.

When the Finner whale has breathed its last it doesn't float like the Whale-bone and Sperm whales did, that makes a new problem. Its great bulk, weighing nearly a hundred tons, sinks down to the bottom of the sea in just a little while, so some way must be found to make it float so that it can be towed in to the shore station. This is done by piercing the skin and inflating it with steam and air. Thus blown up it floats readily, and when the whaling steamer wishes to look for more whales before turning in to the whaling shore station the dead whale can even be left afloat with a flag on it to show its ownership. Later the steamer returns to tie this whale carcass to be towed with their later catches into the harbor.

The shore whaling stations are located on some good harbor within as easy distance as possible from parts of the

sea where whales can be found from fifty to a hundred miles out from shore. The stations are equipped with shops to take good care of the boats and docks for landing the whales. These docks are equipped with electrical machinery for skinning and stripping the blubber off in great blankets for boiling out the oil, the job that used to be done right in the sea itself in the days of the old sort of whaling.

Every part of the modern whale is put to some use, for aside from the whale-bone and fine gun oils, the flesh makes the finest steak for table use and the big bones are crushed to make a valuable fertilizer. The governments of many countries have made real efforts to get their citizens acquainted with whale steak as a delicious and nutritious food. But all the problems of marketing it and of teaching the people how to use it have not yet been solved. In Japan they seem to have made the best progress of all in this line, and each whale brought in to the shore whaling station there is quickly cut up so that its eighty thousand or so pounds of fresh meat may be put on the market. And the people buy it very eagerly and wisely, for it is quite equal to fresh, firm beef.



Five Finner whales with white ribbed bellies, captured in North Pacific Waters

AMERICAN CITIES OLD AS BABYLON—Continued from page 57

Who were the builders of these cities? What was the race, who engineered waterworks that must have turned the arid zones of Yucatan, where they are to be traced, into a Garden of Eden? The mystery has not yet been solved satisfactorily. It has been shown through investigation that their cities must have been already desolated for some two thousand years and more before the Spanish Conquest—that is to say, they were in ruins centuries before the Aztecs or their forerunners, the Toltecs, came down out of America's torrid zone in the west-north west, into what is now Mexico. Today, they are attributed to that generic race, the Mayas—a race of mystery, for their ruins are also to be found on the Caroline Islands in the Pacific and throughout the more northerly of the East Indies.

Why were these cities abandoned? What swept away all other traces of their occupants? The ancient cities of Egypt and Asia reward archaeologists with indications of past civilizations. But in Yucatan nothing remains—nothing but the work of human hands in stone.

What is of singular interest are the two mysterious links connecting ancient Yucatan with other parts of America.

On the skins of animals bought from Indian hunters on the Rockies and among the tribes in the north is the same emblem as is seen on the walls of these ruined cities of the Mayas. The sign of the Red Hand has not been painted on them, but appears as if it had been printed on the stones by the pressure of the warm, living hand, moist with enduring red paint; for every minute line and seam of the palm remain there to be traced. In the picture writing of the North American Indian the Red Hand is the symbol of strength, power, mastery.

As puzzling is the other feature connecting prehistoric Yucatan with the United States of today.

It is the form of the serpent, which figures so much in the sculpture of the Mayas. Northward of the Gulf of Mexico and as far as the southern shores of the Great Lakes, enormous earthworks have been traced—sections of an immense chain stretching down to Yucatan and other regions bordering the Gulf. Ohio alone has fifteen hundred of these enclosures, formed by huge embankments of earth and stone. On all of them is found the serpent—the serpent as hewn in stone at Palenque and other Yucatan cities—and shaped by an embankment of earth, and occasionally of stone.

The traditions of several of the Indian tribes throw a faint light on the extinction of a civilization at some prehistoric date throughout so vast a region. The Delawares, for instance, had a tradition that on coming originally out of the land beyond the sinking sun, the west, they fought with and utterly slew a race which inhabited fortified towns.

The ruined cities of Yucatan and these earthen structures testify to the antiquity of civilization in parts of America—that of the Mayas was apparently of a higher degree, to judge by their buildings and waterworks, than the Incas and Aztecs. At a time when the last ice was melting on Scandinavia, and Southern Europe was peopled with savages, these jungle-deep cities of Central America were a-hum with life and its industry and enterprise. They are the contemporaries of Mycenae and Babylon.

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EVEN as you read this, some of your friends may be saying it about you.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Service Rewarded

SINCE it was through the Western Home Monthly that I became acquainted with the Welsh people, I believe I owe them at least one page in ten years, especially when we have so many subscribers among them. About ten years ago a woman from the Welsh settlement at Bangor wrote me that her sister, a young girl, was coming to the city. She was worried because she would be alone. I wrote her promising to meet the girl at the station, which I did.

After a day or two I looked up the minister of her denomination, as it has always been my policy to take a girl to the church of her denomination. I found the minister of the little Welsh congregation, Mr. H. W. Griffith, who preached the sermon at the service Lloyd George attended last Sunday. When I left the girl at the home of Rev. Griffith and his kind wife, I left with the wish in my heart that I could take all strange girls who came to me to a home with the parental welcome given this Welsh girl.

Since that time I have been made familiar with the splendid interest and kindness of Rev. Griffith and his wife for their people. He refuses no request for assistance that comes from any of his people. The ten years and longer have been busy years for him, for he has been a real missionary, visiting the sick, helping the distressed and faithfully filling his position of ministering to his people. At times he is called to settlements in Western Canada. The Welsh immigrant is always sure of a friendly cup of tea in his home. It is because of Rev. Griffith's work among his people that it was possible to gather a Welsh congregation last Sunday. Practically every Welsh house in Winnipeg entertained their friends from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and B.C. To many visitors the little gray-haired minister in the pulpit was a stranger—but as I listened to him, picture after picture of his work among his people came to my mind. I thought of girls in domestic service who go to his home on their afternoon out, I thought of the homes he visited and helped during the war so many of his congregation enlisted that he had few left, and I thought of the constant effort he exerts in trying to find work for the unemployed.

I rejoiced to see him honoured by a great congregation gathered for worship with the noble leader of the age—Lloyd George. It was a fitting climax to his service. Rev. Griffith's congregation has no chapel. I hope this important event in the life of their church will make it possible for them to build one. I would like to see Rev. Griffith's work rewarded in this way. The text of his sermon was: "The hand of God in Government of the world." "When great crises arise," he said: "God has not failed to raise a man to meet it. He raised up Abraham, Moses and Joshua. When the crises of our day came, I am satisfied in my own mind that it was the hand of God that raised up Lloyd George."

After the sermon an illuminated address was presented to Lloyd George by the Welsh Church, St. David's Society and the Welsh Male Choir. It was read as follows (from the translation to English).

"To the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George on his visit to Winnipeg, Canada, Oct. 13-14, 1923:—

"We, of Welsh blood and lineage in Winnipeg, are highly privileged to have the honor of seeing and welcoming to our midst you, your dear wife, Dame Margaret and your charming daughter, Miss Megan. Words cannot describe our joy to receive with open arms the noblest Son of Old Gwalla ever reared in the history of world-wide civilization. Without boasting we can claim as a small nation, that never was there such a crushing burden of responsibility—the time of the great war—when the powerful enemy was fast treading humanity

under foot, when kingdoms were shaken to their foundations, when the eye of the world glared on you, in the sound of the cries of the widows and orphans, your unyielding spirit stood the test like steel for the sake of justice and freedom, until victory was assured and the forces of might is right were forever condemned.

"Your clear foresight into the hazy future, your masterful leadership—and our unshaken faith in you—shone like stars through the darkest clouds in our minds.

"We also take advantage of your visit to congratulate you for your zeal and interest in our literature, song, and the religion of our fathers, which all proves to us the depths of your love for the land of our ancestors.

"That God will be with you and your dear family, to help you for many years to come to hold and guide our destinies in the cause of peace and its high principles as a fruit of your great sacrifice in the past. This is our earnest desire."

Megan

WHO is Megan? She is the daughter of the world's greatest citizen—Lloyd George. It was my privilege last Sunday to go with a Welsh friend to the Church where Lloyd George, his wife and daughter worshipped. There I saw Megan—a lovely type of modest girlhood, charming in her simplicity. A photograph cannot do her justice, for it is the lively play of facial expression and the flush of her clear complexion that make her beautiful and fascinating.

During the service Lloyd George, his wife and daughter were called to the front when an illuminated address was presented. As they faced the audience, Megan looked extremely serious—perhaps bewildered while her big wonderful eyes took in the entire congregation. Suddenly she noticed at her feet a little child, for little children were seated in rows at the front about the floor, and the loveliest of smiles electrified her face. It seemed to me I never saw a face so interesting in expression. Modest of dress and dainty in manner, she was the personification of beautiful girlhood. Her facial expression became more interesting as I watched her—it flashed quickly every impression. The dull bored look that so many girls who have the advantage of travel and attention possess do not belong to Megan. She is alive—very much alive. Everything about her interests her. Somehow she is the kind of daughter one would expect to see—yet it is very unusual to see a girl of her opportunities so sweet, modest and unaffected.

Megan has been much with her father. During the war she accompanied him on many trips to the continent—at home she was with him during interviews with great men while he discussed important world problems.

The companionship of a sympathetic, affectionate daughter must have brightened the dark days of dreadful strife, and helped strengthen his serene courage. She is now twenty-one and she accompanies her father on almost all occasions.

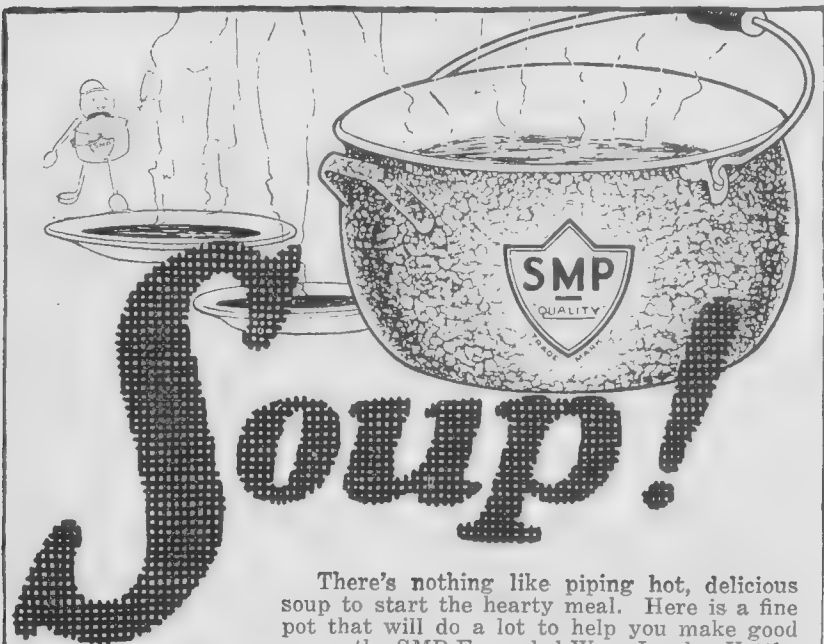
There is something sacred about the sympathy between father and daughter.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a dutious daughter's head!"

Some one should write a book on "Daughters of Great Men."

Megan looks like her mother—her features are similar—but she inherits the individual expression of her father that registers quickly impressions serious and happy from a temperament reflecting depth of soul.

While Megan stood with her father and mother before that affectionate



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THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Continued from page 60

audience of Welsh men, women and children, I thought of beautiful daughters in history and literature. Megan reminded me of Scott's ideal girl—Ellen—in "The Lady of The Lake."

"Her father's soul glanced from her eye."

She Lived in a House on a Hill!

At the same service referred to above Lloyd George spoke in a very intimate manner. The atmosphere created by the people of his own race must have touched him deeply, for the congregation and their distinguished guests were like one splendid family of brothers and sisters. In the course of his address he told a pretty incident of his love-story. The reporters did not publish it, so it will be new to our readers.

With a twinkle in his eye he looked at his wife and said: "You know my wife's ancestors began to build their home in a valley in Wales, then they changed their plans and moved the building materials to the top of a hill. It was in the days of war and they decided to live where they could see the approach of the enemy."

Through her married life she has taken her place at her husband's side ready with determined sacrifice to encourage him at every step. This woman of fine feminine power is the wife of the most honored, the most popular statesman in the world.

The wife with her sincere Christian faith has been the true helpmate of the poor Welsh lad who started at the bottom and climbed to the stage where perhaps more than any other man he has helped civilization through chaotic conditions, through his keen intellectual foresight, his courage, energy and magnetic personality. As his extraordinary genius and service are becoming more widely known, so is the virtuous beauty of his wife. Two sons were in the war and two daughters contributed their part of help.

In the illuminated address given by the Welsh people at this service, they emphasized the value of the service of his hard working wife.

It is well to dwell on the life of so good a woman there is not an artificial thing about her. She radiates genuine sincerity—this woman who was the girl on the hill-top is the type who would



Lloyd George and party, photographed on the steps of the Winnipeg City Hall. Megan is in front of her father, with the bouquet of chrysanthemums. Dame Lloyd George is at the right, holding a bouquet of magnificent American Beauty Roses.

"So the young girl, Margaret Owen, lived in a house on the hill. If she had not lived on a hill I would not have seen her, for I would never have looked for my future wife in a valley." In youth, Lloyd George evidently looked towards the hill tops and through all his years he has looked towards the hill tops of life.

That they "lived happily ever after" is so evident that no one can question. This girl on the hill-top who became his wife has encouraged him to direct humanity's vision to altitudes where shine the "star of peace and brotherhood," for Dame Margaret Lloyd George has been a life partner and inspiration. From the time of his marriage, Lloyd George's career grew and developed.

A girl with small ideals sets a limit to a man's ambitions. Margaret Owen was a girl with high ideals—and she became the wife of a great man because she did not direct her ambitions towards a selfish career of her own. She was wife and mother first and in woman's most exalted calling she made good. Matronly, motherly, she stood this Sunday with her great husband at her right and her lovely daughter at her left.

educate her girls for their homes and not for crowds—she would cultivate in them that "sensibility which has its seat in the heart, rather than the nerves." I imagine her rebuking anything which detracts from modesty and delicacy, which makes a girl bold, forward and pushing. She would stimulate wholesome industry.

The story of the girl who lived in the house on the top of the hill would lead us to think it were well for young men to choose wives with high ideals—girls whose desires and demands would not check a husband's ambition—girls who are savingly attractive girls, whose influence inspire the best in men—girls who will be wives willing to sacrifice for the husband's career, for, I believe, a girl expects too much who determines to have a career as well as a husband. Either the career or the family must suffer. I sometimes wonder where our future statesmen are coming from when I see mothers chasing careers. The girl who lived in the house on the top of the hill created a home life that made possible the greatest man of the present age.



"I wash all my dainty things with LUX"

"It only takes me a few minutes at night in my own room to wash out my silken underthings, silk stockings or my daintiest blouses and smocks in a basin of the gentle, bubbling Lux suds.

I just dip them up and down in the basin, pressing the rich Lux lather through and through them, and when they are dry, they look just as fresh and beautiful as when new."

Lux will not harm anything that water alone will not harm. No fabric so fine nor hue so delicate that it cannot be washed with Lux.

LUX

Sold only in sealed packets—dust-proof!

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TORONTO

L312



Keeps the family fit

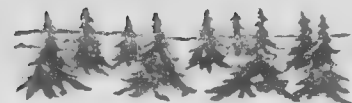


Oh! ROMAN MEAL MUFFINS—Splendid. Yes, Yes, steaming hot! They always agree with me—and I love them.

102



BAZAAR BOOTHS AND DECORATIONS OF CREPE PAPER



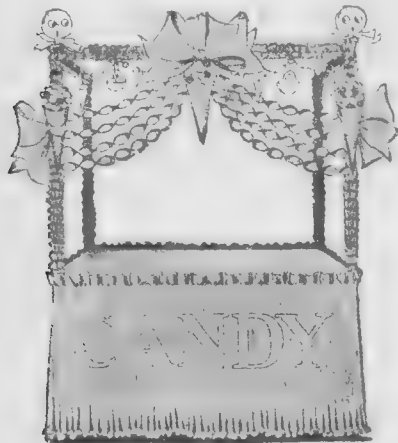
At this time of year many organizations are planning bazaars for Christmas charities, and of course everyone is looking for new ideas for decorations. The booths illustrated on this page may prove helpful to those interested in bazaar work. All the decorations are made of crepe paper, and nothing could be more economical and attractive.

In planning for a bazaar, it is well to have some definite decorative scheme rather than to let the person in charge of each booth plan her own decorations. Some complete bazaars are "A Carnival of Holidays," each booth representing a different holiday, "A Flower Market" with each booth a different flower, "A Black and White Bazaar," and "A Japanese Fete."

A large crepe paper bow of pink is the outstanding feature of the booth at the right. Wire No. 10 (procurable at the stationery counter where the paper is sold) will make it "perky."

The two half hoops (of heavy wire or bamboo strips) at whose intersection the bow is placed have drapings of white crepe paper fringe. The lower portion is also fringe, pink with an overlay of white. The heading is of braided crepe paper rope. For a medium sized booth, this decoration will cost approximately \$3.00.

Oh for a new idea in candy booths! And here it is. Note the way the lower edge is slashed and twisted, the large



This effective booth-dress attracts many purchasers

crepe paper bows and cornucopias of paper candies, the garlands of colored paper popcorn, the red and white candy baskets and funny lollypop faces.

This booth can be reproduced for approximately \$2.00.

Snowball booth, done in white or very light green, sparkling with Mica Snow, this booth will attract, especially if delicious ices are served from it. The cost for decorations will be about \$1.50.

Directions for making snowballs and cutting fringe are on this page. Ready-made icicles may be used for the posts and signs on snowball booth.

Crepe Paper Bells—For a large bell 7½ inches in diameter, first make a ring of No. 7 wire, 7½ inches in diameter. Wrap this ring smoothly with a narrow strip of crepe paper. Crease a strip of crepe paper lengthwise through the centre. Place the wire circle inside the fold, stretch around carefully, and when the two doubled ends meet, paste them together. Make a tongue by fastening a small ball of crepe to a piece of spool wire, leaving wire as long as depth of bell. Wind with a narrow strip of crepe paper. Gather the top of the bell enclosing the tongue wire and fasten with wire. Stretch into bell shape.

Snowball—Crush into a ball a piece of white crepe paper, No. 11. Wind tightly around this narrow strips of white crepe paper until desired size is reached. Fasten end with paste.

Festoon Ball or Pompom—Gather one-half the length of a festoon through the centre. Roll tightly together and tie through the

middle with spool wire. Spread out fringed ends until ball is formed. In making a pompom, bring both ends together, then spread. Only ½ festoon is needed.

General Directions

Before starting to decorate, have all working materials handy—scissors, hammer, tacks, pins, glue paste and wire. Work for effect. Finish the general decoration. Then, if time permits, give fine touches. Drive tacks in only half way. They will

hold, and come out easier. Use wire for attaching decorations where possible. Two twists will hold when a string will slip. Use gummed cloth tape for building mat stock forms and for fastening wire reinforcements.

Crepe paper is almost always stretched a little before using. This should be done by two people, one at either end of the paper. First double the end over once or twice, or, better still, roll it over a ruler or stick so that it will not tear and then pull steadily until it is sufficiently stretched.

To Cut a Strip of Plain Crepe Paper Straight, slip it part way out of the packet, measure the desired width, mark, and using the edge of the packet as a guide cut through the entire thickness. (Illustration No. 1).

Fluted or Ruffled Edges—Hold the edge of the crepe paper between the thumbs and forefingers as shown, then push away from you with the left thumb and pull forward with the right forefinger. Move the crepe a bit and repeat until the whole strip is fluted. Sometimes the crepe may be fluted in this way before it is removed from the packet, several thicknesses being done at one time. (Illustration No. 2).

Twisted Petals—Petals may be twisted across the top. Take hold of the petal division near the top and twist toward you with one hand and away from you with the other hand, having the twist across the petal rather than up and down (Illustration No. 3).

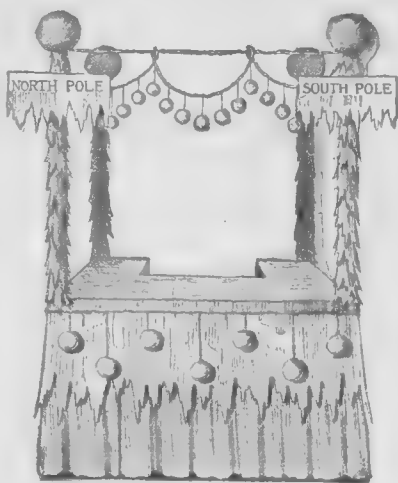
Fringe—Cut a fold of crepe paper across the grain of the crepe into length required for the fringe. Fold one end up to within 1 in. of the other end. Fold and refold until you can cut handily, leaving the 1 in. border. Shake out fringe. (Illustration No. 4).

This makes a soft fringe. For a stiff fringe, cut with the grain of the paper.

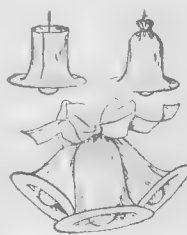
Crushed Crepe—Stretch crepe. Lay on smooth surface. Take up a small section with tips of fingers of both hands, crushing it tightly. Repeat over whole piece of crepe. (Illustration No. 5).

To Cut a Strip of Decorated Crepe Paper, unfold it and cut, following the design. To cut the wide margin off Decorated Crepe Paper, always unfold it.

To Join Two Widths of Crepe Paper—As the crepe paper is only 20 in. wide and to hang well when used as a deep flounce it must be used with the grain of



A novel ice cream booth



Crepe paper bells



Pompoms

the paper running up and down, often two widths must be pieced together. When joining two widths, lap one piece flat over the other about one inch and stitch on the sewing machine or paste. Measure the required depth and cut off the surplus material from the bottom, so that the piecing will be at the lower part. Often a border of decorated crepe is arranged below a strip of plain color in this way

Crepe Paper may be Sewed either by hand or on the sewing machine. The sewing machine may be used to good advantage for sewing two widths of crepe paper together and gathering ruffles. It is not always necessary to gather the paper with needle and thread; it can be gathered up with the fingers and a wire twisted tightly around to hold it.

To Wrap a Wire—The crepe paper for wrapping wires should be cut through the entire thickness of the fold and doubled through the centre lengthwise. This may be done by folding the entire strip before starting to wind the paper around the wire or folding and winding at the same time. Put a little paste at the end of the wire and wind the crepe around two or three times very tightly, then, holding the wire in the right hand twirl it round and round. At the same time, with the left hand guide the paper slanting it down and stretching it so that it will wrap the wire smoothly. As the winding proceeds, put the leaves in position if they are to be used, placing the single leaves or groups on opposite sides of the stem the desired distance apart. When the end of the wire is reached, cut or tear off the paper and fasten with a little paste.

When it is necessary to add wire to lengthen stems, place the wire to be added beside the one being wrapped, allowing the wires to lap two or three inches and continue wrapping with the paper. It will not be necessary to twist the two pieces of wire together.

The Card Table Decorated

After a game of cards it is often more convenient to serve light refreshments at the card table.

The cover is removed and a paper one substituted. If a plain white paper cover is selected, afternoon tea napkins No. 1013 may be used nicely.

The menu is made from mat stock, with a portion of the napkin design cut out and applied.

A basket copied from the napkin made of mat stock and wire and covered with crepe paper rope holds the sandwiches which are passed with the tea.

There is also a card napkin No. 1007 that is most appropriate to use.

A serving cup form built up with mat stock may hold nuts or candy. Decorated with little figures cut from the napkin, it carries out the scheme, as do

also table markers made of mat stock and gummed numerals.

Not all the table covers are white. A very pretty one comes in a design of pink roses. Napkin No. 287 matches it, making a delightful rose decoration.

Three paper plates, joined together with wire merges into a handle, are used to carry sandwiches, one kind on each plate.

Around the edge of the plates rose petals are pasted until each resembles a flat, open rose.

Little designs of many kinds cut from napkins are useful in decorating score cards for card games.

These crepe paper supplies may be produced at practically any good stationery store.

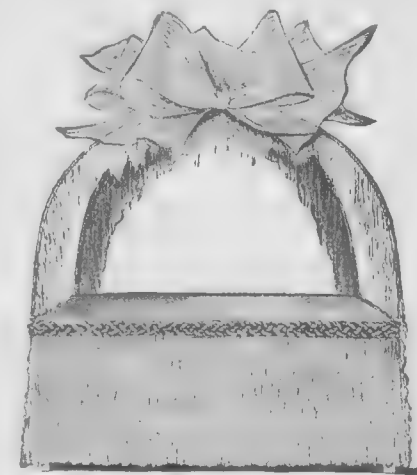
Posters

For Schoolrooms, Halls, Stores and Homes

There is scarcely a decoration so universally effective as the crepe paper poster, banner or pennant.

Pennants are usually cut from plain crepe paper with pointed ends and used in connection with festoons or streamers for overhead decorations.

Posters are often only pictorial strips cut from decorated crepe papers, with sometimes border of another colored



Unique and dainty is this candy booth in pink and white

paper or of passe-partout binding. In the more elaborate forms a plain crepe paper or cardboard is used for the background, to which appropriate designs cut from decorated paper or drawn and covered with plain papers are applied. Various forms.

In many schoolrooms, posters are used to illustrate the months of the year, the seasons and holidays. Cardboard posters are used to advertise dances, plays or bazaars and with the applied crepe paper designs are fully attractive as if painted.

What Do You Know?

A pleasant way to fill in a half hour is to pass papers bearing at the top these words, "What Do You Know?" For the men here is a sample of the questions, and the hostess will easily see how she may fit more questions to the individuality of her guests.

"How would you make out a dinner menu for six persons, your allowance being \$2.50? Give items."

"How would you make and trim a jacquette?"

"What is meant by applique?"

For the ladies, give questions like these.

"What is double entry?"

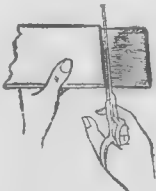
"What would you do with a draft for \$100?"

"What would you do if a rich man and a poor man proposed to you at the same time?"

At an informal party of congenial people this will afford much amusement.

The December issue will include an article on Christmas decorations.

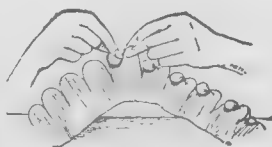
We will be glad to help you with your party decoration problems if you will enclose return postage with your inquiry.



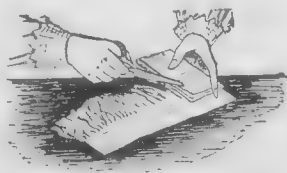
Illus. No. 1



Illus. No. 2



Illus. No. 3



Illus. No. 4



Illus. No. 5

How I Solved My Not-Enough-Money Problem

An extraordinary spare-time plan that made it possible for me to earn extra money right at home---in a dignified and pleasant way

YES, it is a problem—this business of never knowing whether you'll be able to make ends meet or not. There was a time, not so very long ago, when I couldn't buy a new dress without depriving the home of something much needed. There was a time when months went by without one cent being added to our savings account. There was a time when, even with the closest scrimping and scraping, I couldn't afford the little luxuries which I felt we should have.

But all that is over now. Let me tell you about it.

For a long time I had wished that I could do something at home—something that would not interfere with my regular household duties—and that would pay me a little extra money. I never dreamed then that there existed a marvellous plan that actually linked the home to a great industry—a plan that turned spare hours at home into dollars. If I only had! It would have saved me a great deal of needless worry.

But I didn't know, and no one told me. So for many months I economized in a hundred little ways, denying the children things I knew they should have had, sacrificing pleasures and necessities, daily growing more dissatisfied and unhappy.

One August, when I should have been vacationing somewhere with the children, I came to a great decision. I had a little money that I had managed to save. I would leave the children with my mother, go to the city and find employment. I simply refused to continue the painful economies, the discouraging struggles to keep ahead of our expenses. I would earn myself the extra money we needed.

I went. It was hard, of course, and Jim was hurt and angry. But I simply could not go on as we had been living—and I think I made Jim understand. At the station he pressed my hand as he said, "I've made a mess of things, old girl. But things will be different soon—they must be. Wait till my chance comes."

He had been waiting for his chance for ten years, I mused as the train carried me speedily towards Toronto. Well, maybe I could help that chance come to him. Hot, angry tears filled my eyes when I realized how little I had to show for the ten hard struggling years I had spent with him. Things would be different now.

I found that it was not as easy to secure employment as I had supposed, even in a large city. Untrained as I was, and—yes—shabby in appearance, it was no easy matter



Tired, sick at heart, lonely—I needed just such sympathy as Helen alone could give. I poured out my story to her. "I won't go back!" I told her bitterly. "I simply won't go back to that grind, to those petty economies. But what can I do? How can I earn money?"

Helen was always wise. She said nothing. But she listened sympathetically and brewed steaming hot tea in a fat, friendly-looking tea urn. And when the tea in the cups was quite cold she said suddenly, "Come, let me show you our town. You'll like it."

We passed many interesting buildings, but Helen didn't even tell me their names. Instead she led me to a rather interesting-looking large building in a busy section. I followed her into the building, wondering all the while why she had taken me there.

Before long I knew. Helen had taken me to the famous Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, the unique organization that makes it possible for people everywhere to earn extra money in their own homes—in spare time that would otherwise be wasted!

I met charming young women who keep in constant touch with the Auto Knitter home workers. They told me actual stories of women who make from \$5 to \$20 a week right at home, without neglecting their other duties. The remarkable Auto Knitter was demonstrated. It was as though I stood upon the threshold of fairyland! I could scarcely believe the wonderful things I heard, the actual facts I saw. Helen, still, said nothing. She merely smiled—a

very wise and understanding smile. I could have hugged her.

Of course, I hurried right home. No need for being in the city now. I was hungry for the children, and for my little home. I'll never forget how Jim's face lighted up when I came home so unexpectedly. I never knew until then how much he needed me, how much all men need their wives.

My Auto Knitter arrived in a few days. Jim helped me set it up, eager to be of any assistance, anxious to show his gratitude. The first week I didn't accomplish very much. The baby was fretful, and there was a lot of housework that had accumulated in my absence. But the second week was excellent. And the third week I surprised even myself. Soon I was quite deft and skilled and I got a certain amount of pleasure and satisfaction out of my work.

The first month my Auto Knitter earnings were a little over \$22.00. The second month I earned almost \$40.00—working just in the spare hours and half-hours that ordinarily I would have wasted. Pretty soon I was earning \$10 and \$15.00 a week regularly.

I assure you I was delighted. I bought new frocks for myself—frocks long needed. I bought a phonograph and made the children happier than they had ever been. I bought many long-denied luxuries and some necessities too. My spare-time earnings enabled Jim to put aside more money—and after a while that big opportunity did come. His savings made it possible.

I wouldn't need my Auto Knitter now if I didn't want it. But the work is not at all difficult, and I really enjoy it now, so I just keep right on Auto Knitting whenever I feel so inclined. It is a simple matter to work for a few hours or so to earn the money for a new hat, or some new records. And besides, I can make delightful knitted frocks, mittens, caps, socks and other things in a remarkably short time on my Auto Knitter. No, I won't give it up.

Perhaps you have "more-money" problems too. Perhaps you would like to turn those wasted hours and half hours into extra dollars. Thousands of girls and women, and many men too, are adding dollars to their incomes by Auto Knitting. I would advise you to find out all about it. You won't have to go to West Toronto as I did. I understand that full information will be sent you free on request.

Why don't you send for it? There is no cost or obligation to you. And you can find out all about this wonderful plan which links your home to a great industry and pays you for your spare time. I'd do it right now, if I were you. Don't put it off—you may forget. Just send the coupon, or a postcard, to The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 7314, 1870 Davenport Rd., West Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.
Dept. 7314, 1870 Davenport Rd., West Toronto, Ont.

I, too, am interested in turning my spare hours at home into extra dollars. Please send me full particulars regarding Auto Knitting. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way whatever. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover cost of mailing information to me.

Name

Address

City Province

Gossard Corsets and Brassieres



A little care saves years of reducing

FADS are easy to follow but hard to overcome. Many young women who last year dispensed with all forms of corsets, are coming back to corsetieres now, asking for help.

Corsetieres in good stores which sell Gossards, can do more for one's figure than the most expensive reducing treatments.

Gossard Corsets and Brassieres, made for nine ideal figure types, come in a full range of sizes and prices for each type. Gossards are the original front lacing corsets.

Beware Extremes

ONE extreme is as bad as another. No support releases and "lets down" so that even slender figures "spread." Too much support spells restriction and stiffness.

Gossards give the happy medium of slender lines and support against fatigue, with full freedom in breathing and body movement. Gossard back lines are, as always, perfect. The front lines are perfectly straight, yet without restriction over digestive organs. Ask your own Gossard Corsetiere for Mary Reid's booklet "The Gentle Art of Looking Your Best." If she is out of copies write The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited, 372-378 W. Adelaide St., Toronto, Ontario.

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Toronto Chicago New York
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GOSSARD CORSETS AND BRASSIERES ARE MOST APPRECIATED BY WOMEN WHO HAVE MOST PRIDE IN THEIR APPEARANCE

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.



OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

Simplicity rules in the Fashions for the coming season, while lace and embroidery indicate the concession to the feminine desire for decoration.

The straight line type of dress for street wear is varied by the addition of cuff hems, vest effects, side drapes and novel collars.

Oriental trimmings are charming on frocks otherwise plain.

Long sleeves have replaced the short ones of the past season on most all dresses, excepting those for evening wear.

Chinese embroideries are much in evidence. The colors most often seen are the soft reds and brilliant blues on a background of navy, wood or black.

Green has a splendid showing as an autumn color, in a dark shade called Russian green. It is seen in satin, velvets and cloths with a sheen or lustre.

Blue is a splendid winter color and goes well with grey and tan in trimming as well as furs.

As to the lines of Fall dresses, there is a wide choice. Some women will have only the narrow silhouette, others prefer the wider skirts, the fitted waist and flaring skirts along with the other novelties that mark a change from the simple straight lines.

Distinction in a dress is more often a matter of the way one wears a dress, rather than the beauty of the fabric, the ornamentation or the style.

The plain "chemise" dress is so easy to make that any one can make it, and so it has become the popular style, almost a "uniform," and like other equally practical fashions, it may be a leader for years to come.

The plaited skirt promises to be popular throughout the Fall and Winter months, and although it is strictly speaking a "sports" style, it is a most convenient article of wearing apparel.

Striped materials are much in vogue, and lend themselves well to plaited effects.

Tailored costumes are shown with elaborate silk braiding for decoration. Sometimes the braiding is carried out in two colors, black and blue or black and red.

Some of the new models show the kimono shoulders, others have the normal shoulder and set in sleeves.

The prevailing liking for contrasting materials in a gown is a great help in remodeling a dress of former seasons.

One can lengthen a short skirt with a wide facing or a flounce of contrasting material, and add a yoke or hip belt to a short waist.

The jacquette blouse will continue to enjoy the popularity of the past season. It is shown in brocaded and embroidered materials as well as in plain weaves.

It is shown with three-quarter and full length sleeves, set in at the regulation armhole and flared at the wrist, also finished in bishop style, with a band cuff. The closing is effected at the side with ribbon or a bias sash of material.

"Over the head" blouses are also popular in soft silks, velvets and embroidered materials. These blouses are usually with lengthened waistlines and hip bands. The sleeves may be short or long. Some of the models have small collars, others are collarless and some have convertible collars, that may be worn high or turned back.

Every season the dresses and hats designed for children become more and more interesting, and seem to be more like the styles made for grown-ups.

This season we have the circular skirt in dresses for girls of eight and ten years, and the low waistline continues as a feature of such dresses that boast of a waistline.

On frocks for school or every day wear the sleeves are long, slightly full and gathered to a close narrow cuff.

Velvet will be used for children's dresses. For school and general wear, wool crepe and jersey is popular. The long favored embroidery in yarn, silk and wool will again be popular.

Party frocks are always interesting. One sees soft graceful effects in plaited georgettes, crepes and voiles. Taffeta is a very general favorite.

Tricot and twill are good materials for Autumn "day" dresses. Rep silk or poplin would be suitable for trimming.

A slip-over dress of crepe de chine has a machine pleated skirt and small puffs of the pleating on the kimono sleeves. The waist is long and semi-fitted, and the neck is in Jenny style.

A dress of serge, made with a high convertible collar and a side closing is trimmed with bias folds of silk in a contrasting color.

A coat dress of gray wool crepe, made to close at the side, has shawl revers below a shaped coat collar, and deep cuffs on a close fitting sleeve. The revers, cuffs and skirt edge are bound with blue satin ribbon.

A dress of twill has a trimming of narrow braid applied to form a plaited effect.

A dress of two toned satin is trimmed with corded bands across the hips, and at the foot of the circular skirt.

Lace is used in all sorts of ways for trimming dresses and blouses.

On a dress of grosgrain silk, the skirt is bordered with lace, and the low-cut bodice is topped by a wide band of lace.

A dress of allover lace has sleeves and sash of georgette.

Velvet and lace are ever a pleasing combination.

A sleeveless dress of satin made in one-piece effect, has an underblouse of chiffon, the sleeve is in peasant style, and finished with a narrow flare cuff. The buttons are covered with velvet, which material is also used as a binding.

The apron tunic is perhaps the most distinctive form of drapery.

A blouse of satin crepe has a V-front finished with revers that are bound with bias bands of the material.

The long close sleeves are finished with circular cuffs.

Smart blouses of black "alpaca" are trimmed with bright colored collars and cuffs.





A Good Style for a School Frock, 4534—Checked gingham in brown tones was used for this model. It is good for wool jersey, twill and serge also for taffeta and velveteen.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2½ yards of 54 inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material will require ¾ yard 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Gown, 4516—Figured silk was used for this model with crepe for trimming. This is a good style for moire or satin or broad cloth. The neck edge may be finished without the collar. Beige and blue would be a good combination for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5¼ yards of 40 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 1½ yard of material 40 inches wide. The width of the dress at the foot with plaits extended is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New and Stylish Coat Model, 4514—Camels hair, velours, and all pile fabrics may be used for this style. It is also good for satin, taffeta and crepe weaves. The flounce is the new feature in fashions of this season.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3¾ yards of 54 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart "Carnival or Masquerade Costume," 4531—This may be inexpensively developed in crepe paper, which may be purchased already printed with various designs. The model would be nice in tarlatan, sateen, taffeta, or unfinished cambric. A decoration of gold or silver stars on tarlatan would be effective.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 4¾ yards of 36 inch material. If upper flounce is omitted ½ yard less is required. The hat alone requires ¾ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Charming Frock for Mother's Girl, 4540—Here is a model with lines that are pleasing and comfortable. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff or in elbow length with a turned back cuff. Printed cotton and linene are here combined. This is a good model for checked or plaid suiting, or gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 yards of 32 inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require ¾ yard 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple Serviceable Morning Dress, 4523—This is a very pleasing and comfortable model. It will develop well in gingham or percale, and is also good for damask, jersey, serge and other wool fabrics. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or short length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4¼ yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Ladies' Costume, 4521—Figured silk or crepe could be used for this model. It is charming in its style lines, very graceful, and becoming to most figures. The skirt is finished independent of the waist, which is in "slip-on" style.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5¾ yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple Frock for Many Occasions, 4520—Youthful and pleasing is the model here depicted. The "peasant" sleeve is a newly revived feature. As here shown figured and plain voile are combined. One could have satin or taffeta with georgette for the full sleeves. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1½ yard. The dress may be finished without the full sleeve portions and without the plastron, making a very serviceable and practical model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5½ yards of 40 inch material. For sash, plastron and pockets of contrasting material ¾ yard is required.

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A Practical Apron Model, 4268—Gingham was selected for this design, with white bias banding for a finish. Sateen, cretonne, chintz or crepe could be used with stitching or braid for trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Style for the Growing Girl, 4202—Broad cloth in a new shade of brown with bands of satin would be attractive for this design. It is nice also for serge and kasha cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 2½ yards of 54 inch material. The closing is under the panel at the left side.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Undergarment, 4532—Cambric, nainsook, sateen, crepe and silk are suitable for this style. The Pattern provides for round neck outline or camisole top. Lace and insertion or embroidery will be suitable for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Top Garment for "The Boy," 4248—Here is just the coat to make a boy comfortable and to keep him warm. The fronts are double breasted. The sleeve is in raglan style, with roomy armhole. Serge, cheviot, tweed and other coat materials may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2½ yards of 54 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress Style for the Growing Girl, 4535—Dotted foulard is here shown. The model is one that lends itself well to wash materials, to wool rep and jersey weaves. Woollen crepe would also be nice for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl, 4536—Figured and plain foulard is here combined. This is a pretty style for crepe de chine, with trimming of plaited frills on the panels and waist. The sleeve may be in short or wrist length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3¾ yards of 40 inch material. To make as illustrated will require 2½ yards of plain and 1½ yard of contrasting material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Costume for Masquerade, Fancy Dress Affairs, etc., 4524—This could be developed as "Mother Witch," "Mother Goose" or similar characters. It is also desirable as a Colonial Costume. Crepe paper would be the most inexpensive material; crepe in silk or cotton, cretonne or chintz and sateen, brocade and plain material, all are desirable combinations. The sleeve may be short and finished with a deep ruffle of lace or contrasting material; or they may be in peasant style, with gathers and heading at the wrist. The hat may be in contrast to the costume or of self material.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 11¼ yards 36 inches wide. For drapery and fichu of contrasting material 4¼ yards 36 inches wide is required. Hat alone requires ¾ yard. Without long sleeves ¾ yard less is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New and Pleasing Apron Style, 4517—This model may be made without the facings. It is suitable for all apron material. Linene and percale are here featured. One could have chintz and sateen, or, crepe in two colors, or, damask and organdy.

The Pattern is cut in one size—Medium. To make as illustrated requires 1½ yard of plain, and the same amount of figured material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Girl's Dress, 4528—This is a charming little model for wool rep, crepe or taffeta with a touch of bright trimming. It is also a good style for wash materials. A sash may replace the belt. Blue crepe de chine with trimming of bias folds in white would be a pleasing development.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 1¾ yard of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Work Dress, 4301—This is a convenient popular style, that may serve as a house dress, a maid's dress or as a nurse's uniform. It is suitable for drill, cambric, cotton poplin, percale and other wash fabrics. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The collar is convertible.

This Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5¼ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards.

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Spring on Canada's Prairies

The Spring is here! Oh sound of bliss!
Come out on the dear brown earth with me.
Cold snow-wreaths melt at the sun's warm kiss,
The sap is moving in bush and tree!

I hold out my hands to that black old crow,
What matters it though his greeting is hoarse?

'Tis one of the sweetest sounds below,
Because it says "winter has run its course."

Dear little lark on the willow spray,
With a merry chortle you cry to us:
"Spring is here! come out and play!
Don't mind the things of toil and fuss,
The air of the prairie is sweet today,
And I'm the first bird you have heard for long
Tu-lu tu-lu tu-lay!"

We of the West so love the Spring!
We've had so much of cold and snow;
We greet each tiny sign and thing
Which Springs to birth as the grasses grow.

Oh! people dear, of our Western land,
Let us learn the lesson of Faith and Love,
And cheerfully take from the All-wise Hand,
The cold below and the sun above.

—F. M. P.



Northway Styles included above are Nos. 386, 225 and 289

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This delightful, very becoming coat, and the others shown above are but representative of the many charming designs illustrated and described in the Northway Style Book. It will be sent to readers of this magazine free on receipt of coupon below.



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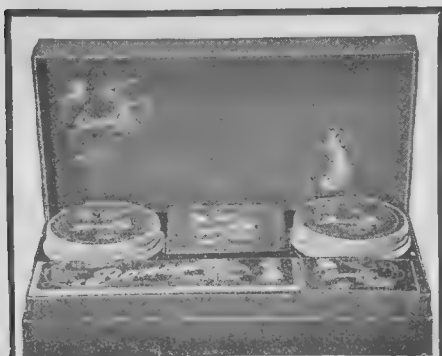
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With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

AFTER the holiday season, the Manitoba Women's Institutes have begun an active Fall and Winter Season.

Many of the programs have consisted of reports of the Conventions, in June—both District and Provincial.

Practical subjects are being discussed. At Arnaud, it was "Balanced Meals" and preservation of eggs. Arrow River and Pipestone are devoting considerable attention to Poultry, the raising of chickens, marketing, etc., with this they ally gardening.

The Berton members are endeavoring to control the housefly pest. They plan to serve a hot drink to the school children at noon.

The Bowsman Institute will give prizes for an Elocution Contest, to take place on the evening of the Boys' and Girls' Club Fair.

The August meeting at Carman took the form of a social afternoon at the farm home of Mrs. Graham. A visitor from Washington, contributed much to the pleasure of the afternoon with several musical selections.

The Coulter and Crandall and Elphinstone women are busy preparing for a bazaar.

Elkhorn are holding an At Home in honor of two members who are moving from the town.

At Ellenville a delightful birthday party celebrated the fourth anniversary of the Institute. Two quilts were sent to the Robertson Memorial House.

Elphinstone held a tennis tournament. They are still working hard at improving the cemetery.

At Hood a social afternoon was given in honor of a bride.

Livingstone members are studying household waste and Home Sanitation.

In Makaroff, the women are sewing for a local family in need of assistance.

Mayfield and Roseisle held social evenings in honor of members who have left the community.

Moline is raising money for a rink. Demonstrations of needlework and milk cookery made an unusually interesting meeting.

In Minitonas, winter clothing is being provided for a few needy families.

Napiinka has a bale of clothing ready to be sent away.

Rosburn is giving assistance to a family who lost all they possessed in a recent fire.

Roysten are preparing a box of clothing and Christmas presents to be sent to the Children's Aid at Christmas time.

The Shortdale Women's Institute Hall is to be used this winter for a school, so that the children will not be obliged to drive eight miles to Bield.

The Sprague Cemetery has been much improved by the labor expended on it during during the year.

In Waskada a clinic is being arranged to remove the tonsils and adenoids of the children who require these operations. Prizes were given for the best sewing done by the girls in a week's class held recently.

News From the Quebec Institutes

A report has reached us from the Publicity Convener of the Quebec Institutes, where much interesting work is being carried on. It speaks of picnics, corn roasts, interesting papers and discussions, cemetery improvement and Community Halls. One society is endeavoring to secure a public watering trough in their town.

The Institute in Sawyerville installed electric lights in the school.

The six Institutes in Stanstead County hold each year at the County Fair, a canning exhibit and competition, to which each Institute is expected to contribute 50 jars of canned food. This has proved an excellent Institute advertisement.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

LOOK—see how the long tufted bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush really reach down between the teeth. Then see how the ordinary brush merely bridges over the crevices between the teeth, without cleaning them.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium and soft. Sold by all dealers in Canada.

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A Mythical Volcano

By Louise Marboeuf

WHEN is a volcano not a volcano? Thousands of people were greatly mystified, sometime around the beginning of April, when what appeared to be a shower of brimstone and ashes, or some such awful manifestation, descended in torrents out of the clear blue heavens one perfectly glorious Sunday afternoon, into the midst of several beautiful, prosperous outlying districts of a charming Canadian city of the far, far West.

Scores of people got extremely worked up over the mystifying occurrence, and carefully gathered up specimens of the unwelcome Sunday manifestation to bring in to a mineralogist for analysis. The mineralogist closely studied the specimens which certainly did resemble sulphur strongly. Had some distant, unknown, volcano erupted suddenly and mysteriously, without giving the slightest rumble as a warning of its impending upheaval? But then again, where was this mysterious volcano situated? There was no pet volcano around those parts, such as Italy and Hawaii hug to their bosoms. But again, where then had this sulphur in torrents descended from, on those lovely outlying districts? The mineralogist closely studied the sulphuric specimens under the microscope, when the granular yellow substance took on a very different appearance from the metallic matter. It now had the semblance of wee salmon eggs,

and burned easily, but reduced itself to ash.

Then, in a flash, the deep, dark mystery was solved! It was not volcanic matter after all, but simply and solely—flower-dust—pollen!

The shower of pollen began suddenly on that beautiful, heavenly clear Sunday afternoon, and fell continuously and heavily, so heavily in fact, that motor cars which drove back to the city through those charming districts, were simply a different color to what they had been when starting out in the morning, in response to the siren call of the wilds. People walking along the city streets that Sunday evening, stopped in their tracks to stare at these strange species of automobiles, and wondered if dull gold was the very latest style in motor cars (one huge car in particular, had a coating a quarter of an inch thick), and each driver hurriedly drove up to the mineralogist's door to have his car analysed in its latest mystifying evolution.

Some of the householders in those lovely outlying areas in the path of that extraordinary shower of gold, were obliged to sweep off their porches four and five times during the afternoon, so continuously did the brilliant shower of gold descend.

The graceful, swaying willows out in those alluring spots, were the real cause

Continued on page 69

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Fairy Soap is the white oval cake of floating purity. It is one of the best and most inexpensive toilet and bath soaps on the market.

Have you a
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"GHAISTS"

By N. Tourneur

TRAVELLERS in Scotland, at any time of the year, can, if they like supernatural phenomena, find abundance of them in the Gaelic Highlands as well as in the Saxon Lowlands. Once upon a time, there was hardly an old mansion or peel-house in Scotland but had its own ghost and spectre haunted chamber; and up and down the broad acres of Caledonia there still are 'ghaists'—real ghosts. Ghosts in shapes less definite or more—ghosts whom you fear in the light of the sun as well as in the dark of the night.

Recently in a well-known country-house of ancient lineage in Fifeshire, a visitor, Mr. C—, from overseas, when going up the great stairway noticed a lady of handsome appearance, and somewhat quaintly but richly dressed, come out of a room opening into the upper corridor and hurriedly turn up the farther stairs. As neither at table, nor in the drawing-room, had he encountered the stranger, Mr. C— mentioned the fact to his host, who adroitly turned the conversation. Two days later, when going through the house with his host, the visitor was shown among other chambers, that out of which the lady had come. The walls were lined with family portraits, save one place where the canvas hung face to the wainscot. Said the host, "Oh, you have never heard of my grand-cousin, who proved rather a disgrace to the family last century. This was her sitting-room, and the portrait here is supposed to be very like her. She was rather beautiful." He turned the picture to the light. It showed the face and figure of her whom the American had seen upon the stairs.

As a general rule, it would seem that in Scotland wherever a dark and violent deed has been done there the soul or souls of doers have been doomed to "dree their weird." Many people deride the belief in ghosts. But plain matter-of-fact travellers, as well as Highlanders, when passing just after twilight over the Moor of Drumouchtdar, near Badenoch, occasionally hear on the desolate air, strange sounds, sounds as of the wailing of pibrochs and a hurried drum-rally. Even as on that blood-red evening when a body of Highlanders fell on a troop of Hanoverian soldiery, and hewed them small.

Not for the weight of his or her body in minted gold will a MacDonald of either sex, or any other Highlander, tarry by the cave on the island of Loch Chon when the sun shines or the night comes. None of Highland blood linger here. The cave is the death-place of a maltreated dame, the wife of Dhonnacha Reamhar, kinsman of MacDonald of Glengarry, and her husband, the 'stout Duncan,' imprisoned her, condemning her to an awful death from hunger and thirst. Another badly treated woman, Lady Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh flits around the site of the ancient domicile of Woodhouselee, near Roslyn, Mid Lothian. In the winter of 1569, she, through a change in the fortunes of her husband, was turned out naked into the sleet and snow. The babe at her breast died from exposure to the elements, and she was found with it, dead in the snow.

A restless psychical Thing of longer duration than Lady Hamilton has its abode in Glamis Castle, ancestral home

of the Earl of Cawdor. Here, apart from Earl 'Patie' who died in 1454—he who played at cards with the Evil One, which carnival was repeated until at last the family had the room built up—is the apparition of a bearded man who haunts the keep, and has haunted it for four centuries and more. Glamis Castle has an orgie of the supernatural, for here, too, is the oppression of a hideous secret—the secret of an inaccessible chamber and a Thing, the mystery of which is known only to the Earl, his heir when he comes of age, and the factor of the estate. It is known that the heir has gone to encounter this ancestral family secret, a gay and debonair lad and next morning is a grave and taciturn man.

Again at the seat of the Airlies there is a ghostly drummer, whose faint and eerie rub-a-dub along the battlements invariably has told for the last nine generations of the approaching death of some member of the family. The beautiful residence of Allanbank in Berwickshire is haunted by another form of supernatural manifestations. 'Pearlin' Jean, so called because of her fondness for a particular kind of lace, was a lovely serving-maid here, who was betrayed and abandoned by her master. She died of grief, and her apparition took to rustling up and down the stairs in silks. Occasionally the house is not troubled by her for several years.

Other real Scottish Ghosts are the 'Green Lady' of Newton Castle, termed so from her green silk dress; her sister spirit, 'Lady Greensleeves', of Huntingtower, in Forfarshire; and, the awful spectre at Spedlin's Tower in Fife, which can only be kept quiet by keeping a certain black-letter Bible in the house. Not so long ago this extraordinary phenomenon began its disturbances afresh, on the Bible having been sent to Edinburgh for re-binding.

There have been four great manifestations of it—of that terrible old man covered with a mantle, whom the wise woman bade arise at Endor to fortell to Saul the doom of Israel—and of the awful ghost that startled Brutus in his tent, and told him of a second time at Philippi—and of those spectres that gathered round Richard Plantaganet on the eve of fatal Bosworth Field. But the fourth, which history records so vividly with reinforcing details—that dread summons at the Market Cross in Edinburgh of them that were to fall on Flodden Field, 1513—is the most tremendous and affecting manifestation of the invisible on record. It came not to one individual. Hundreds in the vicinity heard it in the mirk of that silent July night.

Yet the Scots can tell a tale against themselves. Witness that minister who set out with candle and Bible to lay a Thing haunting a peel-tower in Gallo-way. He began to sing the Psalms. To his horror a ghostly voice struck in more loud than his, and so hour after hour the twain strove on. At length, the visitant gasped, "Sing on, sing on, Marshall, for I can sing nae mair!" And, henceforth, that peel-tower was free of its troublous occupant.

Scotland is worth visiting for its ghosts alone. Ghosts—real 'ghaists'—not mere table-turning spooks!

A MYTHICAL VOLCANO—Continued from page 68

of that mystifying phenomenon. There is a dense growth of willows in those districts, and that particular Sunday being an exceptionally hot day, more than 70 degrees, the willow bloom and its pollen rapidly matured, and then, the strong wind sprang up that sunny April afternoon, wafting the light spores to various parts quite some distance removed one from another.

Thus it is that things are not always what they seem to be! What seemed

at first a visitation of brimstone and ashes turned out, after all the excitement, to be nothing more serious than a heavy pollen shower.

The worthy people of those beautiful outlying districts were most thankful, however, to find that Nature had not, after all, visited them in anger with sulphur and ashes, but had in reality, sweetly told her message with golden flower-dust.

You'll
feel better
after
Bovril

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Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes:—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."



(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

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TRIBULATIONS OF MR. BELLAMY

—Continued from page 7

Well, he's back for a couple of days, and to-night the bunch are going to—why, what the—what's the matter with you all, anyway?... Oh, you think just because— You thought I had forgotten about the pain in my right side. I tell you, I was thinking about it all the time! What did you expect me to do, stand there talking about it? That's one thing you'll find I don't do!"

There was a faint, worried line between Mrs. Bellamy's brows.

"It isn't that, dear. It's just—I am afraid of your catching cold, that's all. You remember the pneumonia you had ten years ago—"

"You women make me tired! Just as if a little game of curling could make any difference— And even if it did! Doc. Rennels hasn't had a game on the ice for five years! He comes back here for a little game—do you expect his old friends to throw him down? Well, I won't, for one! There's such a thing as duty, you know. Duty—"

"I know how you feel, dear. But your pneumonia resulted from your catching cold after you wrenched your back."

"Now, look here! This isn't anything of that sort at all. Just a slight pain that comes and goes—"

"Slight!" Lenore's eyebrows threatened to disappear underneath her hair.

"Slight sometimes! Did I say it was severe all the time? Hang it, everything I do or say, somebody jumps at me and— If you think I am going to let a little thing like that stop me, you're mistaken. And I'm tired of this eternal arguing! I'm going! That is all there is to it.... Lenore, are you or are you not going to pass that pear salad?"

When the door-bell rang at seven o'clock, Mrs. Bellamy with a look of determination in her gentle eyes, answered it herself.

"Come in, Dr. Rennels. So glad to see you gain! Come in. I want you to look at George."

Mr. Bellamy came out from the sitting-room flapping a newspaper in feeble protest.

"Me! I tell you there's nothing...."

"He has been complaining of a sharp pain in his right side, and I thought you ought to see—"

Mr. Bellamy made a disparaging motion with his hands.

"Oh, it was nothing—nothing. Passed off in a moment.... All ready for the big game?"

But Dr. Rennels, his professional cur-

iosity aroused, was not so easily put off.

"In your right side, did you say?" "Oh, look here! It was nothing at all. I merely mentioned it, and Alicia—well," with an assumption of masculine jocularity, "you know what women are!"

Mrs. Bellamy let this pass. "I wasn't really afraid, you know. But I don't like the idea of him going curling and catching cold—"

"Why, yes, yes..... it isn't wise to let anything like that go by. Better have a look at you, George. In the sitting-room, there. Just take a minute."

"Look here—"

"You know you haven't slept for days." (Vida).

"And if you thought it wasn't anything serious—" (Lenore).

Mr. Bellamy was eventually, after much ineffectual protestation, ushered into the sitting-room.

Dr. Rennels emerged from the sitting-room, looking at Mr. Bellamy's wife and daughters in good-natured remonstrance.

"I say—this affectionate concern is all right, you know; but isn't there such a thing as carrying it too far?"

Mrs. Bellamy looked relieved. "Then—he isn't?"

"Sound as a bell! Couldn't find anything wrong with him anywhere. Matter of fact, he couldn't even locate the pain you spoke of."

Lenore's eyebrows immediately went into action; but this was all lost upon Dr. Rennels. He went on in a tone of friendly badinage.

"What gets into you women, anyway? Why don't you wait until something happens before you make a fuss? Here is poor old George, plodding along, enjoying his health, never saying a word; and just because you never hear him complain or make a fuss about anything, you think you have to invent something—eh, George?"

"Yep, sure! I've told 'em repeatedly it was nothing; but they wouldn't listen to me."

"I guess you women are all alike,"—with good-natured resignation—

"all alike. I remember once having a slight pain in my shoulder, and my wife wouldn't rest until I saw a bone specialist about it."

"Perhaps she couldn't." (Lenore).

"Eh? Well, I went to a specialist, just to please her; and it was nothing at all, of course, nothing at all. But you can't convince a woman Well, it's after seven o'clock. Better be getting along, eh, George?"

BLACK DIAMONDS—Continued from page 3

He did not arrive until the morning of the foreclosure.

"Mr. Haywood, where have you been? Do you realize that we have control here only until three p.m. and that we have only a quarter enough cash to meet that note?"

"Never mind," he said, smiling confidently. "How have the old ironclads been working for you? Have you broken any records since I left?"

"Yes and no, but I have had a great many visitors, welcome and otherwise, and a great deal of advice."

"Well, keep what cash you have so that you won't lose it this afternoon," and he smiled.

Ada walked to the uptown office for the directors' meeting with a feeling of impending calamity. Everything "was at stake and would soon be settled for better or worse."

She heard someone say, "There she is now. She has put up a game scrap. It's a crime." Evidently she had a few friends.

The directors arrived in due time and nodded their heads in a non-committal manner. As if to gloat over her downfall, Richmond came, and was granted admittance. At the last was Haywood.

"Fellow shareholders, I move that this meeting be called to order. We know what we're here for. There's been some purty high-handed doings goin' on, and I move that Miss Turner, chief offender

and main shareholder temporarily, take the chair long held by her father." With a wave of his hand Wm. Hogg sat down, loudly blowing his trumpet-like nose.

"I second the motion," said a near-sighted hardware man.

"Gentlemen, I do so on condition that our pit boss, Mr. Haywood, be allowed to accompany me."

"Agreed," answered a chorus of frigid voices.

"I now declare the meeting open for business," said Ada in a tremulous voice.

"Being the accredited agent of the Mutual Bank, and, ahem, an old friend of Miss Turner's, I have been placed in an uncomfortable position by the force of circumstances. As I understand, Miss Turner has made no provision to discharge her indebtedness towards the bank. As a result, I will be forced to relieve her from the position she now holds as soon as the time limit set by the court expires," Richmond said, unblinkingly, and resumed his seat in the front row.

Haywood rose slowly to his feet, the centre of all eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Miss Turner is still chief shareholder, for at least an hour, but lest there be any misunderstanding, as to whom we are dealing with, I wish to make a few things clear. Here is the man," and he pointed to

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BLACK DIAMONDS—Continued from page 70

Richmond, "Who imagined that he owned Miss Turner, body and soul, and as a result, has harassed her in every possible way, financially. Failing in that, and the police hold conclusive proof, he hired thugs to demoralize the men, and finally tried to dynamite the plant, in the hope of shattering her resistance to his schemes. In the light of the foregoing, and the progress we have made at the mine, under her management, I ask your permission to use this accepted cheque for eighty thousand dollars from the Arctic Fuel Company, being a deposit on contract for the mine's entire output for a year at full capacity."

"By—yes," roared Mr. Hogg, springing to his feet, "And as much more if you need it."

"Kindly sign this receipt and discharge of mortgage," Haywood said blandly to the crumpled banker. "The meeting is anxious to proceed, and, besides, the Sergeant is waiting outside for you."

"I move that Miss Turner be elected president of the company," said the hardware merchant, after Richmond's ignominious exit.

"Second it," came in a chorus.

It was carried unanimously.

"I move that, providing we can secure his services, this Jim Haywood be appointed general manager of the Black

Diamond Collieries," Mr. Hogg said sonorously.

"Second it," came from all sides.

It was carried without a dissenting voice.

The meeting finished with a vote of thanks and a round of applause for the president as she left the room.

"Has our general manager any fresh plans for the betterment of the company?" she asked of the now silent Haywood as they walked along the deserted street.

"Ye-es," he answered in a hesitant voice. "Let's go toward the mine and talk it over."

"Is it as great a venture as this?"

"It is," he said ominously, and he rested a trembling hand against the tippie wall. "Yes," he continued. "It is the greatest of all. I think for the benefit of all concerned that the president and general manager of this company should operate under the name of Haywood."

"What do you mean, Jim?"

"I mean will you marry me? Will you make me happy for life?"

And that mighty sentinel under whose shadow they stood, told not a word of her assent, while from the depths below rolled the muffled boom as the night shift fired their shots for the morrow.

THE COWARD—Continued from page 12

door into the garden, and Audrey Maynard turned to the doctor. "Why, Doctor Harding!" she exclaimed in surprise, for his face was ghastly pale and his hands were shaking.

"I can't—I can't operate!" he stammered. "I'd forgotten about it until I saw you—that day in the operating room, I mean!" His teeth were chattering so violently that he could scarcely talk. "I might"—he lifted his hand to his throat, choking hysterically—"I might make a mistake! I can't operate," he repeated, wiping his forehead and hands, wet with perspiration, with his handkerchief. "It wouldn't be right!"

Audrey Maynard turned on him. "Control yourself!" she ordered sharply. "Would it be right?"—she emphasized the word scornfully—"to let this child die for want of the help you can give? You can perform this operation—you've done it scores of times—but no!—you'd rather let him die because you're a coward! You're a coward!" she repeated as she saw him wince; "you're a selfish, cringing coward!"

White-lipped, he faced her, his dark eyes flaming with anger, and his mouth drawn up in a thin, straight line. "You won't get a chance to say that again!" he said quietly, but the nurse's heart rejoiced as she noticed that the hand with which he lifted the knife from the dish was quite steady. His nerves had responded to her goad!

She saw the almost instantaneous change in the color of the child's face, as air reached the empty lungs through the opened windpipe. Doctor Harding placed the cause of the obstruction, a scarlet-runner bean, in the dish she held out to him.

"He'll do all right now," he said a few minutes later. "You can look after him, Miss Maynard. I have to return to the city tonight. I'll wire Dr. Osman from Long Portage and tell him to come up." He was thinking as he spoke that she would have another story of his incompetence to tell her uncle.

"Oh, that reminds me!" she exclaimed. "Uncle asked me to give you a message. He said it wouldn't be a surprise to you because you had evidently expected it the last time you were talking to him. There was a meeting of the Board of Governors at St. Luke's yesterday."

Geoffrey's face blanched. "Yes?" he said hoarsely.

"Doctor Cameron handed in his resignation to take effect three months from now," she went on. "Uncle said there was no need for you to hurry back, but he would like you to let him know if you would be willing to take

the appointment when Doctor Cameron goes. He thinks you should."

Then she had not told and he could take the appointment! It was all he thought of for the moment. Then the glow of happiness which had lighted up his face faded as suddenly as it had appeared. He was remembering what she had called him a few moments before.

"And I want to congratulate you on what you did just now," she continued. "It was splendid!"

"The operation?" He shrugged his shoulders. "It was nothing. As you told me I've done it before scores of times."

"No, I don't mean the operation exactly." Her eyes met his frankly. "I mean the way you pulled yourself together."

He stood biting his lip for a moment; then he said quietly: "I'm glad if it made you think me less of a coward."

"A coward! Doctor Harding," she protested, "You must know I didn't mean it when I called you that. I had to do it. You weren't being fair—to yourself, I mean," she added quickly. "You were afraid and while it isn't wrong to be afraid one shouldn't give way to fear. I knew if you didn't control yourself you would never be able to do Doctor Cameron's work. Won't you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" he exclaimed. "There's nothing to forgive only a great deal to thank you for. Please God, I'll prove worthy of it!" His heart rejoiced for he knew that in winning the victory over his fear he had earned the right to take over Doctor Cameron's duties, and to ask Audrey Maynard to be his wife. He was no longer—he straightened his shoulders at the thought—he was no longer a coward!

THE CITY SQUARE

Spring spread her mantle o'er
The city square
The fresh green grass
Grew everywhere.
So when my eyes were dimmed
With pavements grey
They found delight again
In grass, and May.

Where blue-birds wakened joy,
And trees were green,
And flowers were flashed anew
On earth's dark screen.
But passers-by walked carelessly
Across the square—
And slowly like my dreams
The green grass withered there.

—Lereine Ballantyne



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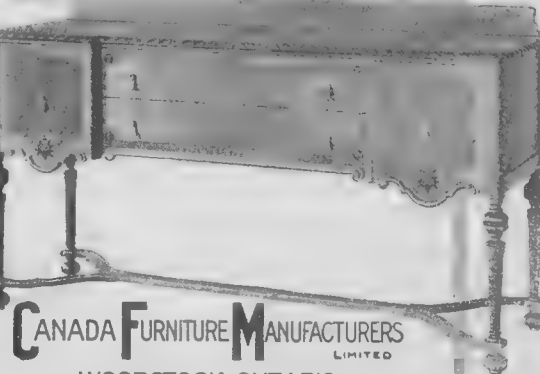
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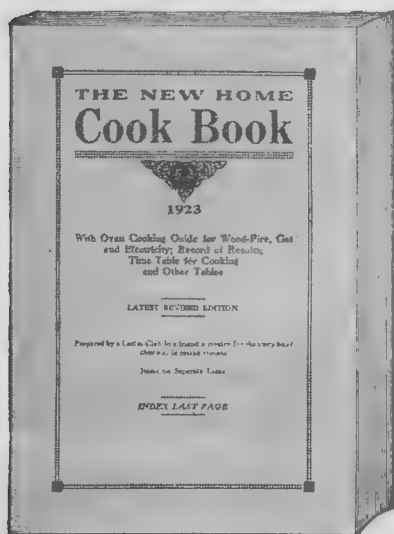
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MOON TOURIST OR MANIAC?—Continued from page 16

I rushed to him. My expectations were fulfilled; the fear in the mind had overcome the strength in the body. The man was dead—brain arterio sclerosis.

And till this day, I have kept this story secret. What do you think of it? Insane, you say? I hardly think so.

It is difficult to ascertain in such a case. I had his mind examined at the Medical college in the post-mortem; there was no definite symptoms of insanity; but it could not be ascertained. It was a difficult case. He well might have been. Had I not run across an item in a London paper, I would have dismissed the whole incident as unusual and interesting, but the result of an overstrung mind, insanity perhaps, a passing mania, sheer hallucination, nothing else. But this item added another strange factor in determining the case. I found it in the London Daily Express—it was in the window of a news agency, and I saw the heading of the story just by accident. I'll read it you.

"Three Years' Search For Scientists Ends

"Organization seeking the astronomers who planned trip to moon abandoned
—Detective agencies report that no trace found anywhere in the world

"Organizations seeking for the three astronomers, planning a trip to the moon have abandoned their efforts after three years' search in all parts of the world. No trace has been found of the projectile which they had erected on Dartmoor, and relatives and friends have had no word from any of the three since the day announced for the departure of the projectile. The three scientists are Baron Nondsejuns, of Christinia, Monsieur Negombo, an Arabian mathematician, and Mingaye Olenus, of Paris, editor of the International Astronomer.

"The disappearance is characterized as a mystery of remarkable circumstances. The three scientists first announced four years ago that a method of projecting a machine to the moon had been discovered, and that a trip to the moon was planned. They claimed a new principle of propulsion had been discovered, and that a trip in a specially constructed projectile was possible.

"Their announcement was greeted with ridicule by the press and scientific men of the day. The astronomers' claims were compared to the ideas of Jules Verne, and Edgar Allen Poe's "Moon Hoax" was recalled. No reply was made by the scientists to the ridicule, and reports continued to appear stating that they were at work on the projectile in a work-shop east of Exeter, on the Dartmoor.

"No date was set by the astronomers for the departure of their projectile, and they continued to work in silence on their discovery. On March 23, visitors to the workshop discovered that it was vacant, and that the projectile which had been erected in a hangar had disappeared. Villagers reported that the men seemed very active in the previous days, and had taken great care in studying the sky. The manager of Harrod's provision department stated, also, that sufficient food supplies for two months had been delivered to the scientists. Beyond claims made by villagers of hearing a number of explosions in the evening of March 22, no further evidence of the expedition has been discovered.

"Police investigations following the disappearance failed to reveal any traces of the astronomers, and astronomical societies organized a search throughout the world. Branches of the Royal Astronomical Society throughout the British Empire were asked to co-operate, and grants were made by other organizations to secure the services of various detective organizations. The search has been proceeding for three years, and has proved unsuccessful. No trace of scientists was found anywhere, and has been finally abandoned.

"The mystery is one of the most remarkable that has arisen in recent years, Sir Charles O'Neil, a leading scientist, said today. Various theories advanced to account for the disappearance of the men have proved of little

value, and the only conclusion to be drawn is that some means of propelling a projectile into space was discovered, and that the projectile did leave the place where it was erected. It seems impossible to ascertain whether it fell into the sea, or whether it actually did reach the moon, he said. The matter remains a baffling mystery."

Such is the news item. It is the only clue I have to the identity of my strange visitor. He had no letters or documents giving his name. He was buried nameless.

Only one document was found in his clothes. He had no money, no jewelry of any kind. But sewn in his vest was a leather wallet. It contained some drawings on copying linen, and some formulae. A sketch indicated that the plans were those of a projectile....

The bottle? I had its contents analyzed. I had the analysis carried out under the best of conditions. The vapour was the only vapour heavy enough to remain on the moon. It was the only form of atmosphere which would not float away, molecule by molecule. The vapour was gold vapour. Yes, gold....

THE RETURN OF KEITH McDIARMID

Continued from page 15

And that scar is there yet. He was coming home. His mother... his mother's home making his favorite dessert....

He looked around uncertainly, stricken, suddenly very old.

"He was our Benjamin, the best of them all, so brave and gay... He was coming home, the day..." the words trailed off vaguely.

Gentle hands drew the father away and covered the pitiful face. The kind machinery of the neighbourliness that comes suddenly into being in time of grief and bereavement had started its ministrations.

The body was taken to the little shack dignified by the name of "Court-house" until arrangements could be made for its removal to the McDiarmid's home. Left alone with the dead man, Constable Marsh took an official looking envelope from his pocket, and drawing out its contents selected a photograph from among the papers. He looked at it closely, then, removing the cloth from the still face before him, compared the two. From the papers he read, half aloud, the description of "Dick Darby" the escaped convict, glancing ever and anon at the form on the stretcher.

When he had finished he nodded and said softly.

"Five hundred dollars reward, alive, or... dead. Aye, aye. Poor David. Poor Jean..."

Gently he covered the face again. "Poor chap... who knows..."

Deliberately he tore the official-looking papers and the photograph into very small pieces and meditatively fed them to the roaring base-burner.

Jack Miner on Conservation

"I am a forest conservationist first, last and all the time," said Jack Miner, the noted wild-life advocate, in a recent interview. "A man couldn't run fast enough to give me a home where the trees are already grown. I want to grow my own. I have studied the woods all my life, and, while I have never read any books on forestry, I have done some tall thinking and studying in the woods themselves. In the last ten years I have planted fully ten thousand trees on my own place at Kingsville, and I just want to say that I consider it one of the most important and satisfying jobs I have ever done. The last four thousand trees I got I planted in clay soil where trees wouldn't grow. This had been proved because another fellow's father, and Uncle Dave, had tried it and found it couldn't be done, but my old backwoods education refused to be discouraged. I planted these trees in 1914, and although, when planted, they were no higher than ordinary tomato plants, they are now, in the eighth year, twelve to sixteen feet high, and the naked clay field, as it was in 1914, now attracts the public so, from far and wide, that I have had to fence it in, something I never dreamed of doing."

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POLLY GROWS UP

Continued from page 19

THAT night, as they jogged on towards the ranch, with the cold wind blowing around them, Polly was more silent than she had been for many a day.

"Ye've been a good friend to me, Tim," she said suddenly, "And I thank ye fer tellin' me I wasn't grown up." Tim made no answer, but the good old moon up in the heavens could see his eyes twinkling more than ever.

It was pitch dark when they reached the ranch, and the late spring snow was beginning to fall. Polly jumped down like a deer, and ran towards the house. Old John was out, and there in the kitchen sat Mary, more than one and a half years older, indeed, her face drawn with hunger and anxiety, watching over her sick child. Then as a contrast came Polly with her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, all tingling with the cold north wind. Mary smiled a faint wan smile, and Polly put her arms tightly round the frightened little woman.

"Never ye mind, Mary Jackson," she said tenderly, "I've come back to nurse the kid." Then with the practical cheerfulness which she had learned from her friends the nurses, she set the room to rights, led Mary off to rest and, herself bent over the sick boy.

"It's a bitter night, this," she went on, "And I reckon I could never have got back the way I went. Good old Mike—he has a good master now, an' you remember Tess? Why, she's the finest hospital dog ever. Sit down, Mary, acushla. an' don't fret about the boy, and I'll tell ye all about the wonderful things I've been doing.

The tables were turned, and Mary lay back in the chair while Polly with her strong young arms piled wood upon the fire. Polly the rebel no longer, but the reformer, and the one in charge. Even old John, when he came in seemed to see the change, was told what he should eat and what he shouldn't, and, since it agreed with his tastes, complied easily enough. As for the little boy, he became at once Polly's particular patient, for whom she worked and cooked more carefully than she had ever done. Tim was welcomed into the family as the bearer of a good surprise, and through the hustle and bustle of that night, his eyes rested affectionately and almost proudly on his little foundling.

Next morning, when John had gone to do his chores, and Mary was resting after all her weary days and nights of worry, Polly was singing gently to herself as she washed the dishes.

"For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all,
There is ne'er a real care or regret,
And this springtime is ours throughout
all of youth's hours,
Let us smile each chance we get."

"Faith, ye're right, girl" said Timothy, as he came into the room.

"Tim," said Polly suddenly, lowering her eyes, as she dropped the dish cloth. "Tim, boy, do you notice anything different anywhere?"

Tim was silent. Then his face lit up, as he said tenderly, "Faith I do, Mavourneen, you're growin' up!"

God's Abiding Peace

By Fred Scott Shepard

As the shades of evening fall
O'er the earth, at twilight's call,
So may peace be on us all—
God's abiding peace.

Hath the day been full of care,
And of burdens hard to bear?
May we in God's favor share,
Know his love and peace.

Have our hearts been filled with fear
Of the ills which seemed so near?
May our faith, with vision clear,
See in God our peace.

Have the clouds obscured the way
With their shadows dark and gray?
"Be not troubled," Christ doth say,
"I will give you peace."

If the day be short or long,
In God's strength we may be strong,
Sing at last the victor's song
And in heaven find peace.



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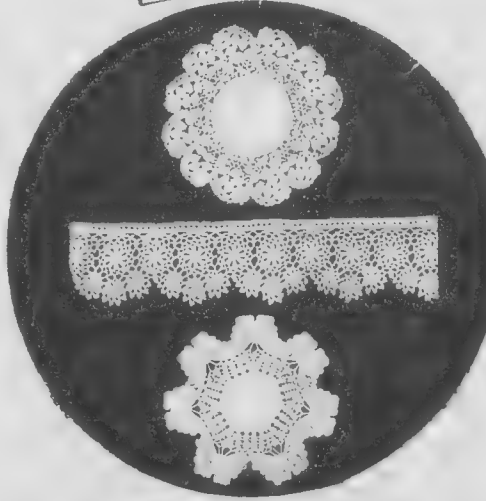
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FROM

THE VALUE OF AN IDEAL

By Hugh Fraser

SOME months ago, the newspapers told of a questionnaire being submitted to the pupils of a high school somewhere in New York, I think. The average age of the pupils was seventeen. They were each asked to write down what they hoped to do in later life. The result of that questionnaire was something of an eye-opener to those who conducted it. Only about ten per cent. of the pupils had made up their minds what they intended to become. The large majority evidently had not the faintest idea what vocation they intended to follow.

It is very hard to believe that the youth of seventeen, who hasn't any idea what he intends to become, will make very much of his life. Read the life story of any man who has ever amounted to much, and almost without exception, you will discover that, generally long before he was seventeen, he had made up his mind, pretty definitely, what he purposed doing. The people who know what they want generally get it. A clear aim and a strong purpose will carry many a person over bits of rocky road, that would totally discourage those whose aims are indefinite and who have not the inspiration of a clear ideal.

In his latest book: "To Him That Hath," Ralph Connor makes one man say to a younger one, "The roads are full of clever tramps." Yes, that is true, unfortunately. Many of the hobos that loiter along the roads are genuinely clever and resourceful, but they lack the magnificent inspiration of a true ideal. Let us make no mistake about this. The young people who just live from day to day, looking lazily to the future, but never committing themselves to any noble ideal, are almost sure to swell the ranks of those who complain that life has been unkind to them.

Some time ago I visited St. Paul's Cathedral in London. It would be impossible for me to describe that building; it has to be seen for its grandeur to be even faintly understood; but this thought came to me as doubtless it has come to scores of others—what a wonderful imagination Sir Christopher Wren must have had to think out such a sublime building. To stand in that building and look around, and say to oneself: "There was a time when not one brick of this great building was here; nothing but a great, wide space"—that kind of thinking makes us admire and marvel at the genius of the great architect.

Can we conceive, for a moment, of Sir Christopher Wren starting to superintend the erection of St. Paul's without having first erected that cathedral in his own mind? That great spreading dome, those marvellously fine transepts, and all the strong, stout walls and arches of the massive building were seen by the architect before the foundation was dug. He saw before he built. He saw—not in a dim, hazy, and indefinite manner—but with every thought as clear as crystal. He knew where every stone must go, and every arch must bend. And the glory of that building—and there are few buildings in the world to compare with it—is largely owing to the fact that its great designer knew exactly what he wanted.

Sir Christopher Wren had an ideal and he realized it. If his ideal had been a hazy and confused one, then St. Paul's would have been an indifferently poor, and confused building. But his ideal was as clear as crystal, hence his wonderful achievement.

Not very far from St. Paul's is the Tate Art Gallery, where is to be found one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. There are pictures there which represent fortunes, and are so valuable, that, as someone has said, if any accident should happen to them, the world would be poorer. How did these wonderful pictures come into being? Did the artists sit before the canvas without any preconceived plan and simply go on

aimlessly smudging up the canvas, adding one blotch after another, until the picture was complete? We know that such a thing is impossible. Each artist—before he ever put his brush to the canvas—thought out very clearly what he wanted. He saw the picture in his mind's eye. Not merely had he a vague idea. He knew exactly just where every subtle scheme and intricate design must go.

If men cannot erect buildings, or paint pictures, without having a fairly good idea of what they want, we may be sure they cannot attain to worth-while character. To drift along without aim is to invite disaster.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson insists that forethought marks the difference between the child and the man. A child takes no distant views; he thinks only of immediate gratification. On the contrary a man looks into distant years and regulates his present conduct by remote considerations. In very much the same way this looking into the future marks the difference between the savage and the civilized man. The barbarian takes no comprehensive views of life. He thinks only of immediate fighting and feasting. If you were to ask him to refrain from feasting today for the sake of some future advantage, he simply would not understand you. He is a being without a future. He has no ideals. Civilized man, on the other hand, recognizes the future, lives in the future, and is always making sacrifices for it. If we are to make the most of life we must know life's object; its true goal; its plan and its programme; its law and prize.

There are many people who pride themselves on being practical. They scoff at what they call theories and sneer at people who have "visions." But, surely, even a fool can see that good is based on good thinking. You cannot have good practice without good theory, and you cannot have good practice without ideals. Great deeds without good thoughts never were and never will be. Of all the dangers that confront young people, there is none more perilous than that of having no high ideals.

That great critic of art, John Ruskin, used to insist that all truly great art must imitate the divine, otherwise its representation would be more or less ineffective. The artist must study the works of God—the flower of the grass, the leaf of the tree, the fruit of the garden, the human form divine. Leaving the matter of life's vocations aside for the present, is it not true that life itself will be successful in the highest sense of that term, only as far as our ideals are kindled and sustained by the breath of God?

During the past few years hundreds of books have been written about getting on in the world. No doubt there is a useful place for such inspirational literature. We need to be careful, however, in our use of the terms "success," and "failure." Last year seventy-nine millionaires committed suicide in the United States. No doubt many of these men were eminently successful in their particular vocations, but we find it extremely difficult to believe that their ideals were very high. After all it is true that: "The one perfect life that has been lived in this world is the life of Him who owned nothing, and who left nothing but the clothes He wore."

Natural Protection

A farmer walked into the office of a London fire insurance company and said that he wished to insure his barn and a few stacks.

"What facilities have you for extinguishing a fire in your village?" inquired the superintendent of the office.

The man scratched his head and pondered over the matter for a little while. Finally he answered, "Well, it sometimes rains."

Alfalfa Has a Place on the Average Farm

WITH the increasing demand for fodder crops of high production to meet by the most economical means the feed requirements of various classes of live stock which are being introduced on the erstwhile grain farms during the gradual evolution toward mixed farming, alfalfa should receive a greater amount of attention than it has up to the present time. Some ten or eleven years ago it had a considerable vogue, as, what was claimed for it appealed to the farmers of the West insofar as its flourishing during drought, its beneficial effect on the soil, and its high feeding value. However, owing to several causes it did not prove a success on a good many farms with the result that discouragement set in and it now lacks a number of friends through no fault of its own.

One of the causes of failure is the purchasing of imported seed such as that grown in hot southern latitudes. This seed, not being acclimatized to our northern climate could not be expected to survive our winters without a great deal of winter killing. Other reasons for failure are faulty inoculation, and sowing on the wrong type of land.

When undertaking to grow alfalfa, select land that is well drained, that is land in which there are no pockets or depressions to collect and hold water during wet periods. One gets a good idea of the requirements of alfalfa in this regard by committing to memory the fact that it will not tolerate "wet feet."

The ideal condition of soil on which to seed alfalfa is ground on which potatoes or other hoed crops have been grown, or summer fallowed land. Stubble land may be used by ploughing and preparing a good seed bed, after the land has been suitably firmed by packing.

It is very important to inoculate the soil when sowing the alfalfa seed and this may be done by the use of nitro-culture which may be purchased at a reasonable price. This process ensures the presence of the necessary bacteria which live on the roots of the plant and absorb the nitrogen in the air, this nitrogen in turn greatly enriches the land.

The presence of bacteria on the roots of alfalfa is indicated by small whitish nodules, about the size of a pinhead. These often form in clumps, resembling somewhat a miniature bunch of grapes, and are more often found on the newer roots. It can be readily understood how over-worked land may be brought back to productiveness by the sowing of alfalfa.

For the first season no hay crop should be expected from alfalfa but one or two clippings should be made by the mower to keep down weeds and help the alfalfa to form a good root system. Do not make the last cutting very late in the season, say about the tenth of August and the cuttings may be left on the field to act as a mulch.

In Manitoba very satisfactory yields have been obtained from this crop, and as two cuttings may be made each season about three tons per acre can be obtained. Among the best varieties are Grimm, Turkistan and Cossack.

Alfalfa is ready to cut as soon as the blossoms appear, or, as it is expressed by some, when one-tenth of the field is in bloom. When coiling this hay into cocks, care should be exercised to see that the leaves are not unduly broken off as the leaves contain the nourishment.

An alfalfa field will continue to produce this hay crop for a considerable number of years and though the plants are tender when young, they are extremely hardy when once established and need but little care and attention. The feed from alfalfa is high in protein and is of considerable value for milk cows and is also valuable in the poultry plant to aid in egg production. It may also be fed to other classes of live stock with great success.

The fact that it will produce hay under severe drought conditions should be a good recommendation. It is able to withstand the above conditions owing to its ability to bore for moisture with its deep-going root system.

It may be sown in May or June at the rate of twelve pounds per acre. A hardy variety should be selected and one free from weed seeds.

Do not be tempted to make a third cutting, however a luxuriant growth it may appear to be, as the growth that comes after the second cutting has been taken off must be left to serve as a retainer of the snow which is thus held in

About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

place and acts as a mulch to protect the roots from winter killing.

Some farmers have attempted to grow alfalfa without inoculation and though the first season has produced healthy plants, the following one has produced plants of a yellowish-green color and lacking in vigor.

From the foregoing, this crop may appear to be rather fastidious in its various requirements, but taking into consideration the fact that with a little care the first season one may be assured of a crop yielding large quantities of valuable hay from year to year, it is certainly worth the endeavour.

Notes on Ventilation

FRESH air is a cheap commodity and if well regulated is an economical means of keeping live stock in good condition during the long winter seige. Animals that are kept in stuffy overheated buildings will not keep in the best of condition and are subject to a good many forms of ailment.

Should a ventilating system be installed in any barn, it should be used with due appreciation of the fact that wind velocity and direction are both subject to repeated changes. It is hard to keep the walls free from moisture if the construction of the wall is lacking in insulation. The only way to bring about this condition with uninsulated walls would be to bring the temperature down to the same as the outside air, which, of course, would be very unsatisfactory.

A very satisfactory and economical system of absorbing the surplus moisture in a building is to have the ceiling protected by a thick layer of straw. This has been found to give good satisfaction.

When a ventilating system is installed the most common fault to be found is that of limited capacity for carrying the air. These systems should have size enough to perform their task efficiently and constructed so that the dampers or cutoffs will easily control the out-going of the air.

A good plan is to have the fresh air enter the barn by means of a tunnel constructed like a box culvert. This should start just outside the barn wall where it may be protected by a hood, and then be carried under the floor to a convenient place against the inside wall of the barn; a place where the cool air will not strike directly upon any of the animals. This inside end should also be protected by a hood. The foul air outlet should be placed about the centre of the barn and the chute go right up through the mow from the ceiling. The cool fresh air coming in under the floor will begin to expand with the warmth of the barn and eventually seek the outlet in the ceiling. The cold air in the mow would naturally cause the sides of the chute to become so cold as to form moisture from the warm air inside which would adhere to the inside of the chute under ordinary circumstances. However, there is a way of overcoming this, and that is, to have the foul air chute protected by double boarding made to form a dead air space that will form a neutral ground between the cold and warm air.

This system is intended to meet the requirements of a building where many head of cattle or horses are kept and will mean a little outlay to put into operation, but for the man who is farming on a smaller scale and having to economize rigidly in regard to building expenses, an open ceiling or partly open ceiling covered with two or three feet of straw, will carry off the foul air and absorb the moisture-charged air coming from the animals. It only costs a little labor and is far better than no system of ventilation.

Preparing for the Winter Egg Crop

ONE of the first essentials in regard to the production of winter eggs is that of proper housing. The drastic change from free range with the accompanying sufficiency of exercise, to the limited scope of the pens, the lack of natural feeds, and the upkeep of body heat during the months of low temperature must be amply compensated if the birds are expected to render a good account of themselves as winter layers.

When the birds have the free run of the summer months the matter of keeping them in good health is not a very hard one, but with many birds concentrated in a pen the question of health and sanitation is a live one. A box of ashes placed in the pen will provide a place where a dust bath can be indulged in, and plenty of clean litter should always be on the floor so that any grain fed to them by scattering will have to be worked for by scratching and thus exercise will be provided. The "stall fed" hen soon fattens up and goes on strike.

It must be remembered that fowls are able to keep warm in very low temperatures, therefore the poultry house may be ventilated by the use of cotton fronts instead of windows of glass thus keeping the air dry and always fresh. These cotton fronted houses should need but little recommendation at the present time as they are giving excellent satisfaction where adopted.

Having arranged for clean and well ventilated quarters, the next consideration is that of feed, and it is important that the latter be varied so as to keep up a lively interest in meal-times on the part of the birds. As a substitute for the animal feed in the form of insect life which they lack during the winter, buttermilk should be provided, and it would appear that this is unsurpassed even by beef scrap, meat meal, etc., as it is a prime favorite among poultry experts.

Vegetable feeds are also very necessary to take the place of the green run. Alfalfa scalded, provides an attractive-looking bright green feed which is greatly relished by the fowl and being high in protein content has a decided influence in the production of eggs. Clover hay and clover chaff is also a good feed.

Succulent feed such as mangels, cabbage, etc., should be available, and by suspending such vegetables by strings just high enough from the floor of the pen to make the birds jump to peck at them the latter will be all the better for the exercise involved. A good conditioner is obtained by having a hopper filled with crushed charcoal; this helps materially in keeping the birds fit as it absorbs the gasses in the digestive tract.

It takes more feed to produce eggs in winter than summer because it takes more heat and energy to maintain normal body temperatures.

It is somewhat difficult at the start of the winter season to know exactly the amount of feed to give so as to be feeding sufficiently beyond the maintenance ration to enable the fowl to have sufficient surplus beyond their body needs. It pays to study the flock and as far as possible the individuals in the flock. The attitude of the birds at feeding time is a good indication; they should be just hungry enough to have an alert attitude, and in order to lay well they must eat heartily.

Pullets should be carefully selected and placed in winter quarters early; not later than the middle of October. It takes them, as a rule, a month or more to become fully accustomed to their new surroundings, and in placing stock in winter quarters, pullets should never be placed in the same pens as hens, nor late-hatched pullets in pens with those more mature. For best results, only those that are of same size, age and maturity should be placed together. Care should also be taken to provide against overcrowding, from 4 to 6 square feet of floor space being provided for each bird.

She Was No Labor Saver

A travelling man was eating in a stuffy little restaurant one very hot summer day. There were no screens at the windows or the door. The proprietress herself waited on her customers and shooed flies from the table at the same time. Her energetic but vain efforts attracted the attention and roused the sympathy of the travelling man, who said:

"Would it not be better to have your windows and the door screened?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose that would help some," replied the woman, after thinking a moment, "but 'twould look mighty lazy like."



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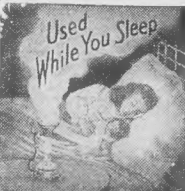
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CORRESPONDENCE

OPPOSES CHRISTIANA

Dear Editor and Readers:—

For several years I have been an interested reader of your column, but never got up courage to write until I saw a letter from "Christiana" in the August number of your valuable paper.

I am of an entirely different opinion on dancing than she is. I don't believe there is any more harm in dancing than you make for yourself.

If Christiana would stop and consider, she would find more ways of catching a cold in summer than on a dance floor. You also say that a man will let his wife dance with a hired man as much as he pleases. Why do you seem to look down on the hired man? Haven't they any rights? I'm sure a man doesn't wish to dance with his own wife always, and all the time. I wish some hired men would speak up and give us their opinions.

I am as fond of dancing and out-door sports as anyone.

If people wish to find harm, they will find harm in everything.

"Yankee Bill," I wonder how far we live apart. I live one-and-a-half miles from the boundary on the north side of

If any care to write to me, my address will be with the editor. Best wishes to all.

Musician No. 2.

FOR THE DANCE

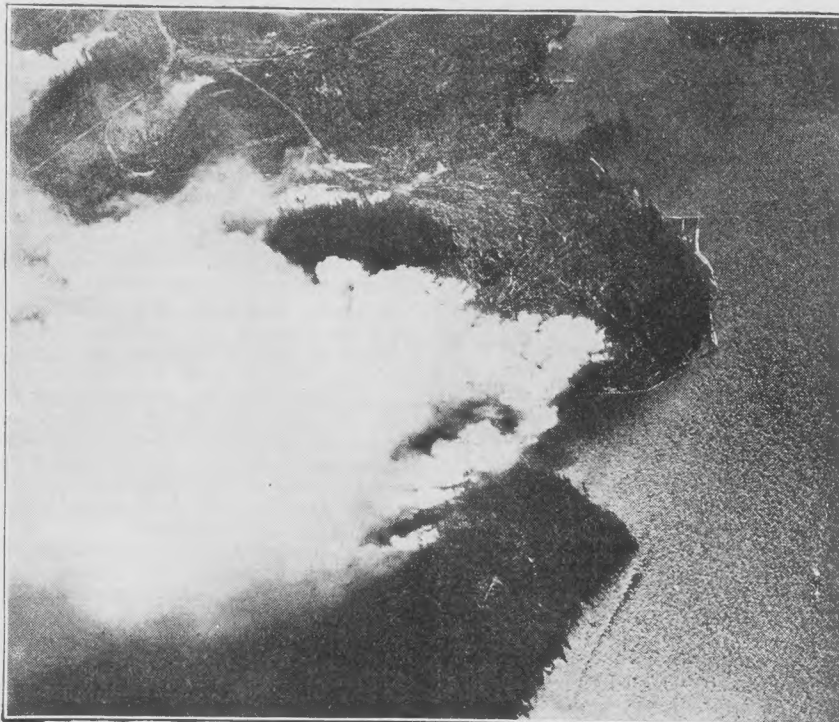
Dear Editor:—

For a long time I have been reading your wonderful page, and think it grand. I have been a long time mustering enough courage to write, taking the chance that my letter will escape the W.P.B., and also be published.

I, too, like so many others (who have had letters published) am a lover of dancing, though I don't think I shall say anything about it, as I have danced so much I'm almost tired of it.

At present I am studying music, and am preparing for my examinations. I wonder would a member of the Club, if they notice my letter, send me the music of that waltz called "The Pink Lady." I will promise to take good care of it and return it again.

Well, I am sure that this letter is quite long enough, though by now it is likely resting in a peaceful corner of the W.P.B. Wishing the Editor heaps of good luck.



Locating forest fires from airplanes. Taken at altitude of 800 ft. See page 8.

the line, and live on the farm. I would also like to correspond with you if you'd care to write to a "Farmerette."

I suppose I have got in wrong with "Crank" and "Christiana," but isn't it great to think that everybody isn't of the same mind?

As my letter is getting lengthy, and the W.P.B. is hungry—

If anyone would care to correspond with me, my address is with the Editor, and any letters will be appreciated.

Best o' luck to all.

Sincerely,
Winona.

B. C. THE SPOT

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this interesting page, so hope it does not drop into the mouth of the W.P.B., which, I expect, is always "gaping" open, ready to devour some letters that may pass that way. I have been an interested reader of your paper now for two or three years, and would not be without it in the house.

I now live in the lovely climate of B. C., but formerly lived on the prairie, and as far as climate goes, B. C. for me! We live not very far from Vancouver.

As a reader, I am very much interested in the discussions on "dancing" that take place in your columns. I have no use for dancing and think that one can have just as enjoyable a time by playing clean games, and by having lots of music in the form of singing, etc.

If anyone cares to correspond with me, I shall be pleased to answer. My address is with the Editor.

Girl of the Golden West.

A VOICE FROM YORKSHIRE

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Can you make room for still another one, please? I have been a reader of your paper for years and enjoy every page of it, especially the Correspondence Page, but where were all the letters gone to in the May issue? I think all the friends must have been very busy. A few years ago there used to be two or three pages of letters. Now then, readers, brighten up.

Do any of you cycle? My sister and I are very fond of it. We have a cycling club and go for runs every Saturday afternoon, which is our half day off, and surely do have some good times.

I work in a mill in the West Riding, but there is not much work at present, so we are working one week and having a holiday the next. It is awful, but cannot be helped. How would farmers like that? We start at 7 a.m. and have half an hour for breakfast at half past eight, then work till half past twelve, when we have one hour for dinner and work till a quarter past five. They are not long days, and we have a good time while we are there.

Perhaps you are wondering how on earth it is that I am writing to a Canadian paper. I have an uncle and aunt and cousins in Saskatchewan, and they

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CORRESPONDENCE—Continued from page 76

have always sent your paper to us, besides others; we like the others too.

Well, my letter is getting rather a long one, so I shall have to dry up. I have a vest-pocket kodak and would like to hear from someone who has one as well, so we could exchange snaps. I get some very good ones, and I will try and make my letters interesting, so will someone oblige?

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for lending me space, and wishing your paper and every reader good luck, I remain,

Sincerely yours.

Em 1897.

AGAINST DANCING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have written to your page once before, but I guess that awful W.P.B. must have swallowed my letter up. But as the old saying is: "Try Again," so here goes.

We have taken your valuable paper for a great many years and would hate to do without it now. "Buffalo Gal's" letter was very interesting and I agree with her about the country being the best place. The city is all right, but a few days of its noise will satisfy me—me for the country.

of us reach this purpose, or do some of us land in the W.P.B.? Do we all work with the aim in view of making this a better world to live in for our fellowmen, or do we work for our own selfish gain? Do we try to spread sunshine and happiness around us wherever we go? Do we, when we are at a dance, party, etc., try to give everybody present a good time, or do we let some poor fellow sit over in a corner all by himself? I once heard a story about a certain man who, whenever he was at a dance, would dance all the time with old ladies whom no one else would dance with. I greatly admire this man, and I hope many of us will acquire some of his spirit. It is up to us to make Canada as pleasant a place to live in as possible. But to do this you must begin with yourself: "Charity begins at home." I hope all of you will be a success, and that none of you will land in the W.P.B.

It looks as though most of the young people who write to the page live on the farm, and so do I, (which I have told you before). We sure have had a terrible lot of rain this summer, but the crop turned out fine, and believe me, we old bachelors go about with a smile that reaches from ear to ear.



Great Lakes Fishing on St. Mary's River. (See article on Page 52.)

Like most of the members, I am very fond of outdoor sports, especially horseback riding, which I do a lot of. Christiana's letter was very interesting, and I quite agree with her about dancing. What she said about the teacher was right, because it has happened around here, too. What pleasure can they see in it when you are sick for a day or so after? Christiana, I would love to correspond with you.

Well, I must stop now or the W.P.B. will swallow this letter too. Hoping to gain some correspondence.

Best wishes to all.

"Georgie."

DO WE ATTAIN OUR PURPOSE?

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It is quite a while since I last wrote to the correspondence page, but now I will let you hear from me again providing my letter escapes the W.P.B. I know it is going to have a very poor chance in a competition with such interesting letters, and therefore I send with it the best wishes in the world.

It is a very sad fate for a letter to be thrown into the W.P.B., where it will only take up space and be a nuisance until it is removed. I wonder if people are not more or less like letters that speed towards a certain purpose. Do all

Yes, "A Farmerette," I most heartily agree with you. It seems as though there are enough girls to go around, but it doesn't seem to improve the lonesome condition of the bachelors. Perhaps the old bachelors are too bashful to pop the question? But now it will soon be Leap Year again, and I hope all you girls who intend to make an old bachelor happy will not let the glorious chance slip by. If he should refuse, he will at least have to get you a new silk dress. But, never fear, I am sure all of us old bachelors would gladly accept, and give you two or three silk dresses also. As for myself, I haven't advanced any further than the last time I wrote to the page. My love affairs are still at a "stand-still," and the future prospect remains dull.

How many of you bachelors have tried to make "hot cakes" without using any baking powder or soda? I did once. Were they good? Well, I gave one of them to my little dog. He chewed away at it for about ten minutes, but then he looked up at me with tears in his eyes, as if he meant to ask if I expected him to eat shoe-leather.

I guess my letter is getting long, so will close with the best wishes to the Editor and Readers.

Launcelot.

SKIN
HEALTH

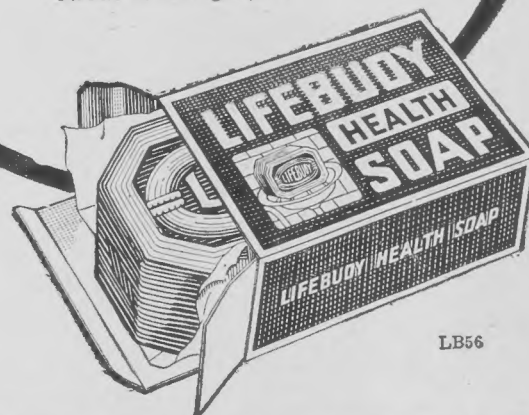
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LB56



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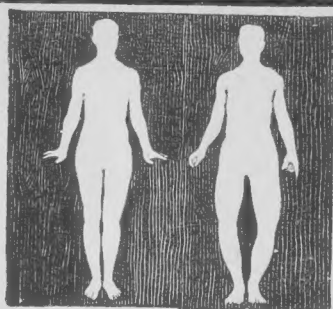
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Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Something to Learn November

No sun, no moon!
No morn, no noon!
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view!
No distance looking blue!
No road, no street, no "t'other side the way,"

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
November!

Thomas Hood

City Mouse and the Country Mouse

The city mouse lives in a house,
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese,
The garden mouse eats what he can,
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
Poor little timid furry man.

Christina G. Rosetti

Autumn Fires

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the Autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail.

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer
Fires in the Fall!

R. L. Stevenson

A Little Talk Together

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner,
It is not often that Bobby Burke takes up room in this corner to talk to you, but there are several things to say this month, because slowly but surely the days are creeping away towards Christmas and so our thoughts are beginning to turn towards that very best time of all, getting ready for Christmas. There is something about the very words that have a lovely sound, and it should be a time of pure happiness to every one with no disappointments or hard feelings. One of the best ways to avoid either or both is to begin to plan for Christmas and work for Christmas now. Save your coppers and your five cent pieces, spend your spare time making things, and puzzle your brains thinking of things, and be sure you remember that it is not the cost of the gift that matters to any one, but the thought behind it and the love that prepared it and goes with it. Now are the days when bulbs are on sale. They are quite cheap and what could make a nicer gift than a box of pot of bulbs growing nicely? Farther on I will tell you about planting them. Could you not beg a few slips of geranium or patience plant from your mother, and root them carefully in water, plant and tend them yourself so that by Christmas you will have a healthy little plant to give some aunt or teacher? Then how about the grandfather or grandmother or aunt or uncle who live far away where

they do not see you often? Do you not think they would love to have a little book of snap shots neatly pasted in, showing you and your friends and brothers and sisters picnicing, playing and working, and your pets and your house. Can you carve or carpenter or paint? If you can there are many little things you can make such as hat racks, footstools, tea pot stands, paper knives, and wood or coal boxes. If you are a girl and can sew at all, how would it be to make a holder for newspapers that litter up the house so (I will tell you how to make one later on) or a bag to hold the dusters or covers made of flannelette to slip over the broom so that you can use it to dust pictures and high places with. Could you not make a set of holders for hot saucepans? (I will tell you about these too) and for your big sister or your best friend a shoe bag of chintz or unbleached cotton so that it can be tacked on the cupboard door and all the shoes are kept neatly.

These are just suggestions, but perhaps you will find something among them to help you out so that you may begin on Christmas things now. And now, before I stop, just a word of warning. Perhaps some of you who live in the country or in smaller towns may go to a city to shop this year, and all of you everywhere will be wandering around in the stores looking for things. Now it is a pity, but many of the stores fill their tables and shelves with very cheap showy things at this time of the year just to coax your money away. When you stop to look at glittering boxes, and satin handkerchief holders and fancy brushes and combs, just remember that very few of these things are really any use to people, and that you can nearly always make yourself, something nicer and much more beautiful than these "bargains." Don't buy perfume in fancy bottles for it is nearly always poor, cheap, stuff. If you want to give perfume buy something good like English lavender, violet, lily of the valley or rose and have it put in a plain bottle; if you want to buy candy don't buy a fancy box with poor candy in it, buy good candy and make the box yourself, or decorate a little basket for it. That is the little sermon I want to preach you, buy good things, not cheap glittering things for gifts. It is better to give one little handkerchief or a tiny nosegay from the ten cent store than a big showy thing which will be really of no use to any one.

Something to Make

A Christmas Gift of Bulbs—Half fill a flower pot, a wooden box or a tin (with three or four holes punched in the bottom) with sand or soil well mixed with ashes. Place your bulbs with the pointed small end up about two inches apart, cover with more earth, and soak well with water. Stand in the coolest corner of the cellar or attic in the dark, and cover with a paper or old cloth, water once a week. When the bulbs have sprouted about two inches, bring them up to the light, water every day or two and just watch them grow and blossom.

A Newspaper Holder—If you can get a piece of the heavy matting that comes wrapped around tea boxes, or a piece of black oil cloth you will find this splendid. Take a piece of matting 20 in. wide, by 30 long. Bind the

edges neatly with chintz cut 3 in. wide and sewn together in a long strip. When it is completely bound, fold the matting in half the long way, fasten the two outside corners together with strong stitches, make a loop of the chintz and fasten over the stitches and your holder is complete and ready to hang up. If you are clever with your needle you can add some wool embroidery on the matting or applique a piece of the chintz on.

To make Pot Holders—Take a piece of unbleached cotton about 18 to 20 in. long and about 8 in. wide. Cut out an apple from red cotton, or a pear from yellow, buttonhole this on to the cotton on one corner, and make a short stem with outline stitch in green, and put a few stitches to represent the blossom at the other end of the fruit. Now make a pad 9½ in. long by 7½ in. wide, either of several layers of cotton batting basted together, or of old flannel or cotton. Fold your holder in half, lay the pad in between, turn in the edges of holder and baste, and then overcast the edges with wool in blanket stitch; sew a loop of tape in one corner and you will have as dainty and useful a gift as any one could wish.

Something Sent In

Too bad girls, but here are two very nice collections of named leaves, and a very good story of harmful insects both too late for the competition, but because both Marvel Jane Smith, of Elkton, Alta., and Florence Money, of Gledhow, Sask., did such good work and neatly mounted so many leaves, we are going to send them each one of our gold membership buttons which I am sure they will wear with a great deal of pleasure and pride. Florence has mounted and named twenty-four varieties of leaves and has given a short account of many harmful insects found in their neighborhood. Marvel has mounted and named fifteen varieties of leaves, but tells us that there are no harmful insects in her part of the world. What a lovely place it must be! I think we must all move out there, where no flies or cut worms or grasshoppers make life miserable.

Something to Do for this Month

The other day I was talking to a girl who is living in town now, but whose home is on a farm, and she was asking me about some wild flower that we all should know. She wanted a picture of it. I was quite surprised that she didn't know it, and she said "Well, I have lived in the country all my life but I never noticed those things." She had to come to the city to learn to appreciate the beauties of the country. Now I don't want you boys and girls to be like that, and that is why we have so many competitions that have to do with leaves and flowers, and this time another one that has to do with the country, and something you see every day. This is all a chance to show how observing you are.

What do you know about hens and chickens? How many kinds do you know of? What does each kind look like? Where do they lay their eggs? Tell us any other interesting things you know about the chickens on your own farm or in your own chicken yard. The best stories will be printed in the January Corner, but they should be sent in before the end of November. There will be a gold button for the best story written by a boy, and one for the best story written by a girl.

Something You Want to Know

DID you know that many animals have tools and machinery for making things? All the silk that is used in the world is made by worms. The

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg

